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Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The Little Sleeper.

She sleeps, but the soft breath
No longer stirs the golden hair,
The silver hand of Death
Has stolen thither unawares;
The little sleeper,
In all her beauty and fair,
But so peacefully we miss
The little hand that sojourned there.

With a lady pass he crept
To the guest-chamber where it lay—
That angel thing—so sweet,
And whispered it to come away;
He broke the fairy tale
That light with laughter used to play
And left all dull and dead
The strings that tinkled forth so gay.

Then with his finger cold
He stroked the glancing window too;
With a sigh of drooping gold
He drew the small panes of blue.
She rose from the marble floor
He swept the flowers of crimson hue;
He closed the ivory door,
And on the porch the rosy curtain drew.

The angel guest is gone
Upon the spoiler's dark wing borne;
The road she journeyed on,
Winds evermore, without return.
To rest and decay
The young palace now must turn,
For the sun's early ray
Upon the walls and windows, shall not play,
Nor lift its golden roof to-morrow morn.

ZELEA GERTRUDE GREY.

Select Literature.

THE YOUNG BARON OF LIEBERACH.

Agat many years ago—some hundred, for all I know—there lived a proud and puissant baron, named Rodolph von Lieberach, in whom a good many of the virtues, and all the vices, of his race seemed combined. His life was passed in his castle, in a sort of semi-barbarous retirement, except when foreign wars called him abroad; and the sudden change from the bustle of the field to the solitude of his castle, and the many weeks at a time. In his youth he had spent much time abroad, and had for two years—served in the armies of the Greek emperor, at Constantinople, in whose service he had won much honor, but little reward. While in the capital of the Eastern empire he had seen and loved the fair daughter of a certain Greek noble attached to the court, and when he offered her his hand, her father and the emperor compelled her to accept it, because they feared to offend the rude Frank warrior, though she loved him not. But, alas, what a change for her!

About a mile from the city, a luxurious villa stood on a rising ground overlooking the Bosphorus. Spacious gardens stretched from the house to the shore, perfumed by the surrounding orange groves, and shaded by the cypresses and olive trees which overhung the calm water, as if by long to kiss it. A fountain played in the centre, and arbors at every corner invited to ease and retirement, while the nightingale sang all day long in the branches overhead. The rarest plants and flowers of Europe and Asia grew side by side, and in every sight and sound there were music and beauty. The interior of the house was in keeping with the garden. Gorgeous tapestries—couches radiant with gilding, and covered with the richest silks which Venetian enterprise brought from the mysterious East,—busts of the ancient philosophers of Greece, and of the early martyrs of Christianity—piles of manuscripts richly illuminated, and written by cunning hands—small marble fountains to cool the hot winds from the desert—verandahs in which the inmates might sit at leisure to inhale the refreshing breezes from the water, and hear the barking of the dogs, the laughter of children, and the song of lovers from the farther shore,—met the eye on every side. Here the youth of Agatha Kile was passed. She was the only child of her father, and he was a widower. She had been carefully educated by an old priest, who had retained a large leaven of the ancient philosophy mingled with the doctrines of the Christian religion. Plato and Pythagoras had shared his attention with Paul and the early fathers. He had not fallen into any of the extravagancies or corruptions which time and foreign influence had introduced into the bosom of the church. He had, to let one gross thought pass beyond him and the objects of his love and admiration; but he had in him too much of the ancient philosophy to become a missionary, or a martyr. He was a priest because it was an opportunity of indulging his love of research, without coming in contact with any of the common cares and passions of life; but he had little of the ardor of devotion which reigned amongst the common people. He was in fact born out of his time, and spent many an hour in bitter regrets that it had not fallen to his lot to mingle in the solemn groups who a thousand years before had sauntered in abstraction amidst the groves of the Academy. He undertook the task of Agatha's education with joy; it gave him an opportunity of moulding a human being after his own mental image—to reproduce his own thoughts and aspirations, and regrete in a mind to which everything was new. Teaching was not to him, the wearisome drudgery which so many now regard it, but an art which Socrates had

ennobled. Under his tuition Agatha grew up all he could wish her, refined, speculative, fond of reading, and prone to doubt, but holding all that she embraced with tenacity, and defending it with subtlety. She grew up a model of Greek beauty—that beauty which had lent inspiration to the chisel of Praxiteles, and the pencil of Appelles, a thousand years before, when Greece was in its prime, and which then, and ever since, has been continually reproduced, as if it clung to the soil, when "living Greece" is no more. The high arched head, the lofty forehead, the straight nose, the thin delicate lips, the energy in the lines of the mouth, the smouldering fire in the soft light of the dark eye, bridged over by brows black as ebony, the swan-like throat intersected by veins "like streams through fields of snow," the graceful wavy outline of the figure, which had never known an hour of constraint, and the soft, white roundness of the arms, were all Greek. The priest Demetrius took care the intellect should be Greek too. Every evening, from the time when she reached her fifteenth year until her marriage, the old man tottered into the garden two or three hours before sunset; and, sitting in the arbor, with a volume of the Republic, or the Phædo open before them, they talked over the anticipated Christianity of Socrates, the sweet-souled piety of Cimon, the patriotism of Epaminondas, and examined the speculation which had in later years been built upon the Gospel, until the sun sank into the blue waves of the Ægean, and with his last rays turned the waters of the Hellespont into gold. During the last year they were together, their conversations assumed unconsciously a tone of sadness. Dire calamities were hanging over them. The Turks had come down from their mountains, fiery and fanatical, and threatened to beleaguere the imperial city, and extirpate the Christian faith. Strange rumors were abroad. The emperor held councils by night, and from these Agatha's father returned anxious and thoughtful. What if their dreams and happiness should end under the scimitar of the barbarian, their faith in their own doctrines be rudely tested by torture and violence, and their names added to the long list of martyrs and confessors! From this time their conversations, as well as their thoughts, turned more upon themselves—upon the fragility of their own hearts—more upon their feelings and less upon opinions and doctrines. They were often sad and fearful, but often far, hopeful and courageous. The old priest had not lived so long a life, with great thoughts and great examples constantly before him, without being able to rise to the level of the heaviest misfortune or calamity; and his precepts availed so well, that at length, amidst the wars, rumors of wars, fears, and misgivings which agitated all hearts in the great city, the only spot where calmness reigned was the summer-house of the senator's garden.

Thus matters stood, when the sorrowful morning arrived on which she was arrayed in bridal dress, and stood before the altar to be united for life to the Latin knight. Demetrius married them. His snowy beard seemed to quiver on his chest, and his voice faltered as he pronounced the church's blessing on their heads. His farewell was calm and solemn.

On that evening the bride and bridegroom were rowed on board the galley in the harbor, and Agatha, standing on the deck, saw the palaces and spires of Constantinople, and the vine-clad hills above it, slowly fade from her view forever.

When the honeymoon was over, her life in her husband's castle became weary enough. He was not a man after her heart; his tastes were not congenial. The summer brought pleasant walks in the woods, and rambles along the banks of the neighboring stream, but neither summer nor winter brought back the sunny skies and loved friends amongst whom her youth had been passed. They had one son, born the second year after their marriage; and when he was but three years old his father died suddenly.

Time wore on. Agatha was becoming an old woman, and Hugo her son a young man. He had reached his nineteenth year; was skilled in the martial exercises of the Germans, and well taught in all the lore of the Greeks, generous to a fault, ardent in his love as in his hate, fiery and proud. She died before he had attained his majority. When she was on her death-bed she called him to her side, and gave him a box, containing a small phial, informing him that it was the gift of a certain Jewish rabbi, whom she had once succeeded when pursued by a mob, and who, on giving it, had told her that if the liquid it contained were drunk by her, or those nearest and dearest to her, when in their greatest earthly need or peril, a way of deliverance would be speedily pointed out to them. With a romantic trust in the marvellous, which was quite in unison with the enthusiasm of her character, she had preserved it carefully, and never having been placed in such a position herself as in her opinion to call for its use, she bequeathed it as a legacy to him whom she most loved, and in whose path most snares and dangers were likely to lie. In some petty wars which followed he was driven from his ancestral domains, and placed under the ban of the empire for taking part with the burghers of an adjacent town against the nobles. For several days he found shelter in the cottage of one of his vassals; but at last, fearing to involve his faithful follower in danger, he left

his retreat, and sallied forth to find aid and refuge where he could the wide world over.

After undergoing various toils and anxieties, and passing through sundry "hairbreadth escapes," he arrived in Paris, and for awhile, with characteristic thoughtlessness, abandoned himself to all the dissipations of that metropolis, which was then, as now, the gayest and most frivolous on earth. But his funds were soon exhausted. Those who at first smiled upon him, in deference to his birth and his romantic career, began to look on him coldly, or avoid him, and he was at last driven to cast about for some course of life that would afford him the means of subsistence. He was one evening musing mournfully in his lodgings upon his position and prospects, when he bethought him of the phial, and coming to the conclusion that he could never be in greater straits than he was then, he drank of its contents. He instantly fell into a deep sleep—a sleep as deep as death—and saw a vision. He was walking, or dreamed he was walking, along a broad avenue bounded on each side by lawns of surpassing verdure. The gnarled oaks, green with the moss of a century, threw their broad branches across the path, and streaked it with shadow. A refreshing breeze sighed gently through the leaves, and played amongst his hair, and at a little distance a brook ran parallel with his course, and though hidden from his view, murmured gently and musically in his ear. In the trees overhead birds of the rarest plumage sang in strains of more than earthly melody, without a single pause, and it seemed to his enraptured senses as if there was hope and courage in every note. A grateful perfume seemed to pervade the atmosphere. And far away in the long vista a bright lake appeared dancing in the sunshine, with water fowl of snowy whiteness gliding gently and gracefully over its surface. He was enchanted. His blood coursed swiftly through his veins; his heart throbbed with rapturous excitement. It seemed as if he could never grow tired of wandering here.

He walked on thus the greater part of a day, but to his astonishment he at last began to perceive that he was making no progress. The lake seemed still as far away as ever, the same trees grew by his side, the same brook murmured in his ear, and the same birds sang overhead. Little by little he found all these features of the scenery which had at first given him so much pleasure begin to pall upon his senses. The perfume seemed to sicken and enervate him; the voice of the birds sounded heavy and dull. He longed wearily for a mountain side, with a clear prospect, a refreshing breeze, and where at least he would find the fruits of his labor in making some progress on his way, and meeting some change of scene. Pondering over the time he had lost, and the strange position in which he found himself, he sat down upon a mossy stone by the way-side. Absorbed in reverie, a voice whispered in his ear, clear as a trumpet, but he knew not from whence it came. The tone seemed to be his own but he had not opened his lips. In energetic accents, but mournfully, reprovingly, and persuasively, it seemed to say:

"Thou art treading a perilous path. Delights are on either side of thee, but danger and destruction are ever in front. Turn boldly to the right, pass through the wood, follow the road that leads up yon hill, and at the top thou shalt find rest and peace."

Rising in obedience to a sudden impulse, he pushed boldly forward in the direction which had been indicated to him. He soon found himself in the highway. Great numbers of men were travelling along the same road. Some were strong, vigorous, and hardy—a flush of hope, courage, and ardor in their cheeks, and their eyes ever looking upwards. Others seemed faint and weary, as if they were unused to the work, and tottering feebly seemed ever prone to down and rest, and think no more of ascending. And, alas! at every step were the prostrate forms of those who had fallen and perished with the smile of expectation on their lips, and many vigor in every limb. Some appeared to have sunk only after a long struggle and had left heavy footprints in the dust; and their features had scarcely yet lost the glow of the combat, and settled into the dreary composure of everlasting rest. But others seemed to have fallen almost without an effort—terrible wrecks, like

"Ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity."

These last formed by far the greater number. Hugo prayed inwardly to be preserved from such a fate, and now that he travelled in company, and that the eyes of many were upon him, he determined to strike them by the fiery impetuosity of his onward march. But the ascent was steep and rugged, and the sun shone fiercely upon his head, and upon turning round to look for sympathy he saw no look of pity for his faltering steps, and received no offer of aid. All were intent upon themselves. Worn and disheartened, he at last sat down by the wayside, and leaning his head upon his hand, he wept bitterly.

While in this predicament, those with whom he started upon his journey passed on, leaving him behind alone. He abandoned himself to despair; a black curtain seemed to hang between him and the future, shutting out all hope of rest and peace. He raised his head, half-mechanically, and glanced vacantly along the road he had traversed. A figure appeared in the distance approaching rapidly; a little nearer, and Hugo's at-

tention was riveted upon it. It was a man in the prime of life, tall and athletic in appearance, and bearing in his face every mark of great internal strength. A broad and open forehead, on which thought had ploughed some furrows, was half covered by luxuriant hair, which waved carelessly in the fitful breeze that now and then blew up the valley. There was fire in his dark eyes, subdued by many a year of meditation and watching; in the thin nostrils and firmly-set mouth there were traces of energy which had gathered fresh strength with every roll of time, and now seemed to hurl defiance at the world and at fortune. His figure was such as the sculptor would love to copy. There were united all that collection of excellencies in each part which are said never to have been seen together save in the statues of the ancient artist—the snowy limbs, the broad shoulders and expansive chest, that seemed able to fling off the heaviest load of grief that ever fell on mortal man, with one impetuous heave. There was no sign of faltering in that rapid stride and firm tread which seemed to claim the ground they measured for their own, and no backward shrinking in the lofty glance that was ever fixed on the hill top, save when he looked hastily and half carelessly aside, as if to measure his progress. Onward and upward he came, and at last stood for a moment silent and thoughtful before Hugo. At length he passed over and laid his hand on his shoulder:

"Young man, thou art weary and worn," said he; "but knowest thou not that delay is death? He who lingers here, goes backward."

"Leave me, I pray thee," said Hugo, "and continue thy way, friend. I can go no farther."

"Nay, I will not leave thee; I have been as thou art, and have overcome my weakness; I have gained all my present strength from striving, and now find it holy and joyous to be strong; by persevering here, I have gained the power to persevere farther; by daring I have gained courage; by refusing to despair I have found my hopes fulfilled. Come on with me; I will teach thee to do as I have done, and then thou shalt become such as I am. On the summit of yonder hill, all the brave, and wise, and good, who have since the world began, battled for truth and justice and humanity, and died for them, await our coming. It needs no brilliant exploit to qualify thee for admission to commune with them. They heed not thine abilities, but thy courage, and thine acts. All thou doest, do well; march right onward, and let not this dread weariness any longer detain thee. Shed no more tears on the barren wayside; keep them for the sorrows and weaknesses of others, and they shall make the ground beneath thy feet blossom as the rose. Arise, and let us go; when thou art weary let thy courage avail thee. If thou hast none, thou art not worthy of the goal to which thou aspires."

And Hugo awoke, and beheld it was a dream.

Fifty years afterwards an old man died in Paris, a priest of great reputation. The poor wept in crowds outside the doorway, and followed him sorrowing to his grave. The learned said a star was gone from the constellation of genius and intellect; and even the reformer, who declaimed against the Romanist clergy, extolled his virtues, his piety, faith, hope, and charity, and said, "Would that all were like him!"

Rogues and Impostors in the Animal Kingdom.

This pleasant little sketch is from an English literary journal:—

"Waterton has vindicated the reputations of certain aspersed animals, and set their characters right with the world. He has shown that the sloth is an active creature in its way; that the goat-sucker is no thief, but the devourer of the insects that tease the goat; that the woodpecker preys upon the worms that eat into the trees. But the error does not at all lie on the side of defamation, and as some creatures have a bad name which they do not deserve, so others have a good name no less unmerited. The lion, for instance, is a poltroon, that only exercises his mighty strength under the stimulus of hunger. The seat of his courage is his empty belly. The dog we praise for his fidelity and sagacity, overlooking his matchless bravery, which should make him the type of courage instead of the lion."

"In the animal kingdom detectives are at work making their discoveries and exposing hypocrites and impostors. Among those who would have suspected the bee to have a very prominent place? What creature has enjoyed a higher reputation than the bee in all ages? He has been the type of honest industry, and mankind has been exhorted to take pattern by him."

"It turns out that this much extolled busy bee is an arrant thief when he has an opportunity, and that he only labors honestly when he cannot steal wholesale. A broom-seller asked a brother of the trade to tell him frankly, how he contrived to undersell him, for, said he, I will not disguise from you that I steal all the materials of my brooms. Ah, replied the other, but I know a trick better than yours, for I steal my brooms ready made, and can therefore ask a lower price for them."

"The bee is like the broom-seller when ever the opportunity offers. He steals his sugar ready made. The Entomological Ga-

zette of Stettin gives the following curious account of the bee's offences against property:

"The extensive meadows on the banks of the Oder naturally induce many farmers to keep bees; but these *wise insects* seem to prefer obtaining their honey with as little trouble as possible, and have for years past been in the habit of frequenting two sugar refineries at no great distance. Under such favorable circumstances the yield of honey was very great, and the farmers came at last to keep ten or even twenty times more hives than formerly. The sugar refiners, however, made the discovery that they were not only very annoying, but rather expensive visitors, and accordingly, adopted means to destroy them. This was effected by suddenly closing all the doors and shutters, and then opening one small window, to which the bees immediately flew, and were killed by thousands by a jet of boiling water. The dead bees were afterwards thrown into the boilers to extract the sugar they had appropriated. It has been estimated that as many as 11,000,000 have been thus destroyed in a year, and that about 1,200,000 worth of sugar had been extracted from them. It is a remarkable fact that the bees would never touch beet root sugar till refined, owing to the pungent smell of the plant, but cane sugar was equally acceptable to them, whether refined or not."

"The bees are here called wise insects for obtaining their honey with as little labor as possible, and perhaps if there was a journal bearing the same relation to man that the *Entomological* does to insects, our thieves would be commended in it for taking the same short cut to property. The law for the bees is, however, it must be confessed, rather hard and rigorous, and snacks of our past criminal code, when stealing in a dwelling house to the value of forty shillings was punished with death. Death and restitution afterwards might satisfy the vengeance of the sugar refiners, but without so cruel a method of destruction as the jet of boiling water. If bees had a voice for appeal they would make out a strong case against the sanguinary criminal law that punishes their little robberies with death, and by the most barbarous means avenges stealing in a dwelling house to the value of a franc's worth of sugar with the death of nearly ten thousand bees."

Give as you would Take.

My hairpins dear, when you go out
With other bairns to play,
Take heed of everything you do.
Of every word you say:
From tricky, wee, mischievous loons,
Keep back, my hairpins, keep back,
And aye to all such usage give
As you would like to take.

To twist the mouth and call ill names
Is surely very bad;
Then all such doings still avoid—
They'd make your mother sad.
To shield the weakly from the strong,
Be neither slow nor slack,
And aye to all such usage give
As you would like to take.

A kindly word, a soothing look,
Have ready aye for all;
We are one Maker's handiwork,
He made us, great and small.
We're all the children of His care;
O, then, for His dear sake,
Be sure such usage still to give
As you would like to take.

—Nursery Songs of Scotland.

Circumlocution.

A few weeks ago, an unsophisticated dandy waited upon a certain military gentleman with a bill of \$1.15 for washing done at the camp hospital, which, after undergoing a rigid scrutiny by the officer, was returned with the following explanation, which the astonished son of Ethiopia listened to with an equal amount of wonder and perplexity.

"This bill," said the military gentleman, "will first have to be sent to the Quartermaster-General at Washington, and he will report to the Adjutant-General, who will lay it before the Secretary of War for his approval."

"The Adjutant being satisfied, it will be sent to the Auditor of State, who will approve of it and send it to the Secretary of the Treasury, who will send it to the United States Treasurer, who will at once despatch an order to the Collector of this port to pay the bill."

The dandy relieved himself of a long-drawn sigh. "Then, massa," he remarked, "dat last gemblum you spoke of pays for de washin', does he?"

"No," continued the other, "he will hand it to the Quartermaster; but as there is no such officer at present, some proper person must be appointed by the Secretary of War, under direction of the President, and his appointment must be approved by the Senate. Congress not being in session now, the commission cannot be issued until after it meets."

"When this commission is received, the Quartermaster will show it to the Collector, and demand the funds. You will then call upon him. He will examine the bill, and if correct he will pay it, you giving your receipt."

The unfortunate nigger first scratched his head, and then shook it, and finally said, "I guess I'll hab to let dis washing slide, but it am de last job I does for Uncle Sam, shu!"

A hypocrite may spin so fair a thread as to deceive his own eye. He may admire the cobweb, and not know himself to be the spider.

Dr. Stebbins' Fast Day Sermon.

Jeremiah 6: 14. Isaiah 57: 21.—"They have healed also the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying, Peace! Peace! when there is no peace."

"There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

We have been summoned by the double proclamation of the Chief Magistrate of the Nation and of the State to observe a day of "Humiliation, Prayer and Fasting," in view of the "civil war" which rages in the country. It is a great attainment in a nation when the discovery is made and confessed that there is a Ruler above all national magistracies, laws of his supreme above all congressional enactments above all constitutional articles; but it is a far greater one to conform to the nation's acts to the nation's confessions, to confirm legislative enactments to the everlasting law of righteousness. As the nation seems to be rising from the creed of atheism and practical godlessness into a consciousness and recognition of the supremacy and universality of God's government, I hail this day as one of thanksgiving, as well as, nay, even more than as one of penitence.

I. It would be no less than blasphemy for me, for us, to bow here in penitence before God for our national sins, unless we believed that our nation had sinned, and no nation, as such, can sin, unless there is a "higher law" which our national statutes have disregarded, broken, or defied. This is the great sin which as a nation we have committed. *God's law has been trodden under foot of men.* The nation "right or wrong" has been the axiom and the rallying cry of the leaders and of the blindly led. A more false and fatal rule of conduct never was proclaimed; a people never followed a more pernicious delusion. When, a few years ago, three thousand clergymen of New England sent up their earnest address to Congress that the principles of eternal justice might be recognized, that the existence and laws of God might be regarded in legislation, their petition was spurned; their ability was sneered at; their character and motives malign; and the great roll of their prayer was cast out into the legislative Gehenna. Now we have been summoned to petition the King of Kings, in the majesty of whose presence not only Congresses and Monarchs, but even the heavens, flee away, to relieve the nation, from the very punishment which was there predicted, from which the New England pastors implored them to escape by conforming their laws to the laws of God. I was not of that godly fellowship. I was beyond the Alleghanies. But I remember how my pulses were hastened when I read the contemptuous treatment of that petition. I considered myself as one of the three thousand who had not bowed the knee to Baal; and, had my feet stood on the soil of my native Massachusetts, I fear my indignation would have kindled into a consuming fire.

It is to be presumed that there is no hypocrisy in the present appeal to those who were recently so offensively spurned. It is to be accepted that the discovery has been made "that the Lord he is God," and that the nation which does not recognize His supremacy and the supremacy of His law, will perish. The supercilious manner in which the opinion of those petitioners was treated indicated the peril of the nation. I claim for ministers no more natural ability than for any other class of men in any calling, professional or mechanical. But I do claim that as the engineer is the best judge of engineering, as the physician is the best judge of law, other things being equal; so I maintain that ministers, other things being equal, are as good judges, not to say better, of the moral law, and of the revelation of God's will in the scriptures, as any other men. We must be of very greatly inferior natural ability if we are not vastly better judges of the law of righteousness as revealed in man's nature, in providence, in the Bible, which are our perpetual study, than those who are almost exclusively engaged in other pursuits. Yet, when those whose life is devoted to the study of man's nature, the history of God's dealings with nations, and the record of his will in the Bible, seeing that the nation was plunging to ruin, by violating the everlasting law, sent up their humble remonstrance and implored the men in power to pause, their petition was spurned and they were sneered at as imbeciles and dotards. Thus in one way was the godlessness of the nation manifested. The "higher law" was ignored, its most obvious statutes were trampled under foot, and the nation went on shaking its hands at the Eternal in defiance, trampling his feeble children under foot in contempt, till the gathering storm of everlasting justice broke, the glowing fires of deserved penalty flamed, and the nation rocked, and staggered from sea to sea. Now the cry is reiterated, "Pray for us. Implore the divine aid. There is a God. There is divine justice. There is a law higher than our inscribed parchment. Pray for us." We are bound to believe that this request is honest, made to us in good faith. We so accept it. We rejoice in this returning consciousness that the laws of God are supreme and cannot be violated with impunity by either individual or a kingdom.

We are the more bound to believe this appeal is honest because the acts and words of those in authority correspond. The nation is doing something. The government is trying to weed out the traitors in office, and defeat the rebels in the field. When the government sat with folded hands, traitors who were mere

robbers sitting at the table, all attempts to prevent the destruction of property and the seizure of forts and custom houses, forbidden or restrained, and then called upon us to pray that God would deliver us, it seemed an insult to us as our petitions would have been an offence to God. Duty helps us as we help ourselves. Not otherwise. If a citizen, whose house is on fire, sits quietly, or moves only to forbid the application of water to the flames or to cut the hose of the engines, should call upon his minister to pray that the fire may go out, and to ask the forgiveness of his sins, the whole community would be filled with amazement and indignation. The pastor of such a man would respectfully yet most decidedly decline the absurd, not to say blasphemous, service. To-day, the government is aroused, is putting forth its strength, and we can pray in faith that our sins may be forgiven, that our iniquities may be blotted out, and our enemies defeated.

The great sin of the nation, from which all other sins grow, is its atheism. Let us this day repent of its godlessness. There is a law higher than any human enactment which must be obeyed, or a nation will perish. Our government is to be sustained only when it is right, not when it is wrong. When it "doeth wickedly" it is to be opposed by every means within the limits of law; and if when this has been done and the end is not attained of "establishing justice," and securing the "inalienable rights of man,—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,—it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off that government," and to establish another which will respect human rights. Our country when it is right is to be sustained and vindicated. Our country when it is wrong is to be corrected, or revolutionized, but never to be sustained. It cannot be sustained—God's everlasting law is violated, and destruction will come, as sure as he is sovereign. This is history; this is revelation.

II. Out of this sin of disbelief in the supremacy of God's law has grown the *sin of compromising with iniquity*. Some statesmen as well as citizens, who perceived that some of our statutes were antagonistic to eternal justice, have sought to satisfy their sense of right and escape the divine penalty by accepting a compensation for striking hands to do evil. Now compromises are not only well enough, but necessary in government as well as in society. They cannot be justified, however, where they involve a violation of God's law. In matters of policy, revenue, representation, improvements, and on subjects where expediency is the only light to guide us, we may compromise. But where the law of righteousness is violated thereby, where the "inalienable rights of man" are infringed, compromise is guilt; persistence in it, ruinous. We have no distinguished between "inalienable human rights, life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," and the method of raising revenue, of encouraging manufactures, of protecting commerce; and this was our fatal error, this our deadly sin. Our wise men, our mighty men, our great statesmen, told us every time they bartered human rights for pottage, that this would be the last concession; this would satisfy ambition and satiate greed; the country would now be at peace evermore. We told them it would not be so. We said, "Nay verily, but by and by the lust of gain and the lust of power made stronger and greedier and bolder by what it has fed on, will rage with fiercer determination and demand greater concessions." And it was even so. Yet again and again were we told that we knew nothing about such subjects; and the great ones of the nation went down on their knees before the tread and rod of the pampered tyrant, and stretched themselves on the ground at his feet, and fawned, and cringed and compromised till there was absolutely nothing left to give but personal liberty, hardly that, and then the monster, who had been thus fed, threw off all disguise, like Satan in Eden, and seized with a robbers' clutch whatever he could reach.

These three thousand petitioners were not surprised at this. They knew that the day of judgment would come. They trembled for their country, for they knew that God was just. The wisdom of the wisest statesman, who knew the constitution but not God, was folly. All the edifice of a third, nay, nearly a half of a century of compromises went down and was scattered like chaff before the whirlwind when the pampered minions could gain no more. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked," or with them. Our statesmen by their compromises with injustice had healed the "hurt" of the nation "slightly," and when they cried "Peace, peace," there was no peace; there was only a lull before the final tempest bursts. We repent to-day of all such compromises. They have led us into the roar and blood of civil war. We have fed the cub till the full grown lion has sprung at our throats. We were told that if we fed him well on his chosen delicacies he would grow up an ox; and we were given up to "a strange delusion to believe a lie." God forgive our folly and sin. We must strike hands with injustice no more. The word compromise must bluster our lips if we attempt to utter it when human rights, when God's law, are in question. Here and now, by this altar, we must take a vow to resist them always, everywhere, more solemn and binding than that which Hannibal swore on the altar at Carthage to bear eternal hostility to Rome, or our fasting today is mockery.

nation and its chief suffering, and having stated the great question before which we all stand, and how it must be answered, I wish, before I close, to make a few miscellaneous remarks upon several points to which our attention has been attracted.

We are often doing ourselves and others injustice by our hasty and ill considered judgment.

1. We have been unjust to our government. We have been accused of doing wrong. We have been told that we were the authors of the work before them. Of the last charge we have all been guilty. Few, if any, apprehended or now apprehend the frenzy of madness which has possessed the traitors, and the wickedness of the man, who respects neither justice nor morality. They seek to hate the very works of civilization. They destroy, they ruin, canals, railroads. They burn bridges to plunge whole trains of cars, laden with passengers, into rapines and rivers of blood. They have been guilty of the very madness of desperation. The very honor of which they boasted is shown to be false. Men who stole the public property, who betrayed the national trust, are honored with high positions, and lauded for their services. The traitors are made more virulent. All ordinary ideas of justice and honor are inverted "evil has become to them good and good evil." For six months, under the thin veil of loyalty, they were preparing to plunder, and they must now fight and die for their country. They will fight with the desperation of both madmen and despair when they dare.

2. The other charge which inconsiderate editors and fast critics have made upon the Government, is that it is tyrannical, and is provoked by facts. The emperor of China is a standing army of four hundred thousand men, more than we now have in the field, with infinite quantities of munitions of war, and tried and loyal officers on land and sea, was engaged in a campaign to subvert his Tzuli-tan campaign which lasted but six weeks. On the 15th of last April, two days after Sum ter was taken, the President issued his call for volunteers to protect the Capital, there were but about twenty thousand men under arms. The Emperor had no plans and territories and on the Pacific coast nearly half of them commanded by traitors. East of the Alleghenies and on the Gulf there were hardly soldiers enough to form a corporal's guard, and their commanders could not do more than to hold the forts. They purposely by the traitorous members of the Cabinet, over all the oceans of the earth, from China round the world, and no one could tell who would not betray his trust. The most traitorous of all the traitors, the Emperor, was acting as a spy. The most confidential officers in the departments of the government were betraying the purposes of the authorities. The arms and munitions of war had been, during eight years of traitorous rule, transferred to the hands of the traitors. They seized when "the hour and power of darkness came." Who could be trusted? No one knew. There were few guns, few tents, few or no military wagons or horses. There was almost literally nothing in the hands of the Government. The traitors could enter the capital, much less defend the country. A city, one of the largest in the country must be passed through to reach Washington, hot, boiling with treason. Most of the Government's army and military organization of arms and whatever could be gathered in the condition of the country the 15th of April. What is its condition now? What has been done in six months? An army of not less than three hundred and seventy-five thousand, armed, equipped, and supplied. The army is nearly ready, sufficient to close or open as we may please, any port in the country. In less time than that in which Napoleon prepared his standing army for their campaign, we have raised and provided with the munitions of war an army of not less than 100,000 in the field ready to crush the foe when the word is given; and nearly a hundred thousand more are prepared to join them. What a gigantic work! What an herculean labor! What a stupendous task! No one knows anything about the labor, such as it could be filled with amazement that so much has been done, and so well done.

And here again we cannot expect everything will be done wisely. There will be great evils, and great wrongs will be committed. Drunkards will get commands and strand vessels and lose battles. We shall learn as we go, and learn some very important lessons, for peace as well as for war. We shall be amazed and provoked at the simplicity with which the President could enter Congress excused himself for recommending to the command of a ship a totally incompetent man. Says the Hon. member with captivating simplicity, I knew he was a capable man only he was intemperate; as if he had recommended to the President a horse on which he should take his morning ride, and when the brute had stumbled and periled the neck of the Chief Magistrate, he should apologize by saying, that he was a noble animal, but he was a little bit of a drunkard! Even the witty Major General, who has so often found it necessary to clear his own table as well as the camp of intoxicating drinks, that discipline and victory might accompany his march.

Against the traitors expect reverses. We are not to gain all the victories. We shall lose many battles; but we shall conquer at last. The avalanche is about ready to descend, and when it moves, we to those who cannot fly its path. We have met with but one reverse of an earthly nature, and that at Manassas; and I must confess that I have never been able to look upon that as a loss to us. I cannot now give my reasons, but I have never felt in the least disconcerted or discouraged by that retreat. Any one who has read history knows that it is almost uncommon among regular soldiers, whose profession is war, and if such veterans of scores of battle fields are sometimes seized with a panic, shall it be deemed a strange thing that the men who have never been in a battle field, and shop, and counting-room at their country's call should be seized with one? Nay rather, I have been filled with admiration at the desperate valor, and endurance of fatigue that manifested by the great body of our volunteers. I have been filled with indignation, when I hear men and even editors who could not pass a meal without grumbling or fainting or both, who could not walk ten miles in a day without limping and exhaustion, and if ever I saw a night's rest without so irritating them as a sudden alarm, to approach them, ridiculing our soldiers who trod that battle field to bloody mortar. Who of these contemptuous critics would march thirty miles in two days, rise at two o'clock in the morning, march ten miles, more than a heavy knapsack, and gun and pack, and under a blazing Virginia July sun fight for six hours, or, what is worse, stand exposed to a galling fire of shot and shell without being able to return it and without flinching; no man could do it, nor yielding a single inch, nor consuming thirst, charging into thick woods where the enemy could not be seen, up to the very mouths of their cannon, driving the enemy before them for more than a mile, actually routing them from their chosen strong position, and then yielding a single inch of hair, till the awful fact was known that the agile leopard, Johnston, had eluded the stupid bear, Patterson, and was coming upon their rear like a whirlwind with ten thousand troops, and if ever I saw a man to speak otherwise than in words of highest praise, for his heroism and endurance on that bloody field, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.

Poor tribute is it to our national defenders who fought and endured till their tongues hung from their mouths, and their faces were covered with powder and dust and blood, to throw the final panic into their ranks, after that, let us remember that the war. This generation has grown up, thank God, ignorant both of its necessary conditions and honors. It is only those of us who thoroughly read history, who understand its contingencies and its terrors. We know that there is sometimes a defeat is really a victory. And such was that at Manassas. Panic and all, it was a victory in its results for the Union troops. I cannot here explain how. This is neither the place nor the time to do so. We have seen against our officers who first rushed to the field to save the capital. Let us hereafter do justice to those who stand between us and the cannon and rifles, and should a panic again seize them after a victory is won, so that the territory which we have won, let us remember that the panic seize veterans also; that they are not rare in regular armies, led by heroes of an hundred battle fields.

But I must pause. My enthusiasm is bearing me beyond my competence. The time devoted to this service is more than I can spare, leaving much unsaid which I wish to say. I will only add that our obligation to our country are imperative and great. Now is the time to show our patriotism. We do not have to die, but we must be ready to let him not take the field or the bonds. We want no hypocrites and traitors. We have had enough of both. We want men in the field, men who believe from the very centre of their hearts that this is a holy war, and who are ready to die to save their country. We want no men to take their country's bonds, to pour out their treasure and their credit into their country's lap, but those who are in earnest about this matter, who are willing, if they may be, to lose their fortunes to save their country. Let us remember that you do it is of no use to offer our prayer to God and lock the strong box, or tie the purse strings. He who can give, let him give. He who can give, let him give; and let him do it freely, and not grudgingly. Let the war be short, and thorough only. Let not the "hurt of my people be healed slightly." Put not on soothing ointment to take out the inflammation and ease the pain, and then remove the bandages as if there had been a cure, leaving the wound to fester and rot. Let us have no deadlines! No, cut it out. Leave not a root or a fibre of the deadly thing, cost however much pain it may. However the patient may writhe and resist, do it, and do it now. Let this the last sectional civil war while the mountains stand. Forever hereafter let nothing but the peaceful plough furrow the field. Forever hereafter let none but freemen breathe this air. Forever hereafter let no songs but theirs fill these valleys. Let the days of the terrible conflict—the night of God's judgment—the light of dawn, the noon will glow. The day of holy truth is even now piercing deeper and deeper into the darkness, the surf of prophetic light is breaking along the sky and glids the shining clouds of glory. The dark clouds hanging are seen flaming above the mountain tops, the firmament will ere long be all aglow with the morning beams; the sun of human deliverance will mount to the zenith in his imperial glory; and man from his lowly or scathed manacles, will send up a shout which will be heard by the mountains and the seas, and make the welkin ring again for God and freedom.

For the Middlesex Journal.

"THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE."—Though much has been written in praise of the author of "Highland Mary," whose name is as familiar to the American ear as his native hills, yet, after listening to the touching strains of his genius, when tuned by skillful hands, one longs for a pen that can portray the feelings they awaken.

Those who listened to the sweet tones of "Hall's Band," at the serenading of Mr. G. H. Conn, on Tuesday night last, can appreciate the feelings of an old acquaintance, who so charmingly executed "Auld Lang Syne."

By the kind invitation of members of the Y. M. L. Association we joined the serenading party, and grasping the hand of our old acquaintance, entered at once into the spirit of the occasion.

Old friends had met, to congratulate one of their number, who had just paid his devotions to Hymen, and while the music lingered on the ear kindling a thousand happy memories of the past. We wished the life journey of the happy pair might be as joyous as the pleasing associations that have surrounded us through years of friendship. May their future be one of continued prosperity; though brambles, and shadows, cross their pathway, may they gather flowers on either hand.

DENTISTRY IN AMERICA.—There is no nation in the world that can boast so large a number of skillful operators in this art as the United States. There has any other nation reached the same degree of perfection in it. Doubtless none have so much material to practice upon. The use of impure Saleratus has furnished employment, and built up princely fortunes, for thousands skilled in this profession. Parents who would have their children escape the torture of those mechanical operations, and enjoy the original instead of the artificial, should adopt the use of PYLE'S DIETETIC SALERATUS for all baking purposes. It is as harmless as flour, and very efficient in making biscuit, cake and pastry of all kinds. All who have used it give it the preference to every other thing of the kind. When you purchase, be sure the name of JAMES PYLE, New York, is on the package. Some of the grocers keep an imitation, done up in red papers, because they can make larger profits on it. Take none but the genuine.

SHORT RATONS.—An English Admiral, being about to engage a Spanish vessel, thus addressed his men:—"My good fellows, never let it be said that we, who live on prime beef and mutton, were beaten by those who have nothing to eat but oranges and lemons!"

"You may gather a harvest of knowledge by reading, but thought is the winnowing machine."

A man behind the times must feed on catch-up.

Gen. Fremont is not to be court-martialed.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCT. 23, 1866.

SALUTATORY.

BRIGHT METEOR.—On Thursday night last, about 10 o'clock, a brilliant and luminous meteor was seen in this town. It first became visible at the zenith, and rapidly descended in a westerly direction until it seemed to be within about two hundred feet of the ground, when it exploded with a loud noise. It appeared the same, only much brighter, as would a large sized rocket.

General Stone's Division and under Brigadier General Lander. Gen. Stone's headquarters are about 42 miles from Washington, up the river at the town of Poolsville. We made the distance in three days, the weather being intensely hot, at night bivouacking in the fields by the side of the road, without tents, lying upon the hard ground, wrapped in our overcoats and blankets, with knapsacks for pillows. For the purpose of passing, the stars for a counterpane and sleeping bag were used, and a soldier died. We could almost venture to recommend this method of passing the night in preference to the ordinary method in vogue at home, as it entirely obviates the necessity of the usual morning ablution, the experimenter finding himself so completely saturated with dew in the morning as to render an additional application of water superfluous. It will also recommend itself to lazy people as the exertion of dressing and undressing is entirely dispensed

The fourth and last of the South Reading Horticultural Exhibitions, for the season was held on Wednesday afternoon and evening, at the Armory of the Richardson Light Guard. The experiment has been fairly tried. The first Exhibition was good, but each succeeding one was better. The third—held

three weeks before this—was so excellent that we felt confident the next would fall many degrees short of it, as a later season might not be so favorable for a good display, especially of flowers; and this is one reason why we used no strong language in reporting the last Fair, as new visitors might be present on the next occasion, whose raised expectations would not be realized. But the success of the last effort was far superior to any former one. The Floral department may not have been so varied, but the selection and arrangement were admirable. The Fruit department was highly commended, both for quality and quantity. The ladies had been invited to bring in their needle work, &c., with a promise of a separate table. Accordingly, a large table was furnished and well filled with most beautiful embroidery and other handwork. This department as usual, commended the most exact attention. When the crowd reached that table the wheels of progress seemed to cease their motion, so that some who were in the hall for hours, left without a good opportunity to view the taste and ingenuity of the South Reading ladies. As heretofore, there were some contributions from neighboring towns, but the display was mostly by our own people. A noble squash was received from Joseph Swain, of South Malden, weighing 167 lbs. A cucumber from Henry Drown, Woburn, weighing 43 lbs., and other vegetables and fruit from Reading, &c.

We append a list of contributors, as appeared at the time of closing the report. Others there were, but they were not forwarded in season for this notice. We have been more particular in the enumeration, on account of the deep and extensive interest pervading the community in the matter. We may have a few words to say next week on the general subject, which want of space in this number will not allow. The visitors being urgent that the Fair should be kept open on Thursday afternoon and evening, it was accordingly done.

Contributors of Bouquets—Mrs. J. A. Thompson, C. Evelyn Sweetser, O. Stone, Mrs. A. Joseph Richardson, Mrs. C. E. Niles, Abbie M. Foster, Emma S. Crocker, Mrs. Lilly Eaton, Mrs. A. Converse, H. A. Hutchinson, C. Patch, Hattie F. Bayrd, Mary E. Eaton, Mrs. E. H. Sweetser, Mrs. H. A. Abbott, Mrs. Francisca Wiley, Mrs. Noah Eaton, Mrs. J. M. Wiley, Mrs. Edward Mansfield, Susan Taylor, E. F. Sweetser, Mrs. S. O. Swain, M. O. Skinner, Nancy White, Ira Wiley, Jr., H. Nichols, Mrs. Fannie Richardson.

Pot Plants—Hiram Eaton, E. T. Parker, E. A. Eaton, Mrs. Ransom, Augustus Hawkes, Dr. Brown, A. F. Hutchinson, Mrs. E. Mansfield, Mrs. Jane Skinner, Laura L. Eaton, Mrs. Peter Smith, Mrs. J. F. Hartshorne, Mrs. S. Sheafe, Mrs. J. F. Dennett, Lizzie Lamb.

Cut Flowers—R. Kemp, (Reading), D. B. Wheelock, C. Patch, Miss E. Kingman, Mrs. L. Eaton, Mrs. Currier, Mrs. Hiram Eaton, V. Marsh, A. F. Hutchinson, Mrs. Lufkin, Mrs. G. H. Sweetser, Mrs. A. J. Seaver, Ira Wiley, Jr., Grace M. Barnard, Lizzie Abbott, Ella Hay, Adam Wiley, Mrs. J. A. Thompson, Mrs. J. Winship.

Basket Flowers—Nancy White, Geo. H. Sweetser, Mrs. J. Winship, Mrs. A. E. Foster, Mrs. L. Eaton, G. H. Sweetser, Mrs. A. J. Seaver, Laura and Ella F. Wiley, Lizzie Perkins, Mrs. J. A. Thompson, Ira Wiley, Francisca M. Evans, Abbie H. Phillips, Mrs. S. T. Parker, Mrs. C. W. Wakefield, Mrs. H. A. Abbott, Wm. H. Wiley, Lizzie Richardson, Mrs. Seaver, Ella and Lizzie, Fannie L. Hartshorne, Mrs. Porter Smith, an old Bachelor, Mrs. E. Eaton, S. T. Parker, F. P. Evans.

Fruit—Pearls—James Eustis, Wm. G. Skinner, Wm. H. Hutchinson, Benj. Mansfield, O. S. Moulton, Samuel Kingman, Daniel Sharp, J. G. Aborn, Hiram Eaton, J. M. Evans, Jacob Tufts, David Perkins, J. P. Woodward, Thomas Emerson, Jr., Oliver Perkins, Noah Eaton, Adam Hawkes, E. F. Hutchinson, G. H. Sweetser, J. D. Mansfield, A. C. Perkins, L. B. Evans, Adam Wiley, C. Patch, M. Knight, Daniel Carey, G. O. Carpenter, S. F. Littlefield, Jonas Evans, J. S. Eaton, Mrs. W. P. McKay, Mrs. B. F. Hancock, Mrs. Lucinda Spaulding, Leroy B. Cox, Apple—James Eustis, Mrs. A. J. Seaver, Oliver Perkins, Wm. Cranford, A. C. Perkins, C. W. Wakefield, George H. Green, A. G. Sweetser, Benj. Mansfield, A. F. Hutchinson, Jacob Tufts, G. H. Sweetser, J. F. Hartshorne, Mrs. Abbott, Mrs. L. Spaulding, L. B. Morris, Grapes—J. W. Manning, H. A. G. Sweetser, S. Pennell, S. Kingman, J. G. Brown, Thos. Emerson, Jr., Wm. H. Hutchinson, Geo. O. Carpenter, Mrs. L. Spaulding.

Cranberries—Davis Upton, E. M. Stowell, S. Kingman, Wm. H. Willis, Wm. K. Perkins, J. M. Evans, J. M. Nichols, J. W. Dean, Strawberry—John Eaton, 2d crop.

Vegetables—Squashes—J. F. Woodward, A. N. Blanchard, Thomas Parker, George W. Russell, S. Gardner, A. Wiley, A. Hawkes, W. B. Wiley and Upton, A. F. Hutchinson, J. F. Dennett, D. S. Oliver, Lily Eaton, Hiram Eaton, J. H. Newman, E. Mansfield, M. C. Evans, Town Farm by J. W. Dean, Josiah Tysler, Cyrus A. Philpot, by J. A. Thompson, Joseph Swain.

Pumpkins—H. W. Nichols, J. W. Dean, Wiley and Upton, Ambrose Stone. Cucumbers—Henry Drown, (Woburn), J. Smith Eaton, Albert S. Wiley. Potatoes—S. Gardner, D. B. Wheelock, A. N. Blanchard, Hiram Eaton, C. A. Philpot, Wiley and Upton, A. F. Hutchinson, B. Bowers, Samuel G. Conant, A. Stone, J. H. Newman, A. G. Sweetser (sweet), Thos. Emerson, W. H. Carter (Wilmington).

Beets—A. Hawkes, W. G. Skinner, Wiley and Upton, R. Kemp (Reading), E. A. Putnam, D. Carey, G. H. Sweetser, J. A. Tyler, C. A. Philpot, E. A. Eaton. Carrots—G. H. Sweetser, Wiley and Upton, W. G. Skinner.

Parsnips—A. Hawkes. Onions—J. Mansfield. Turnips—Wiley and Upton, C. A. Philpot, Henry Burditt. Cabbages—A. Hawkes, S. Gardner, Wiley and Upton. Celery—A. F. Hutchinson. Watermelons—A. G. Sweetser, James Eustis.

Citron—Lemuel Sweetser. Cantelopes—A. Hawkes, James Eustis. Beans—Wm. Crane, J. W. Dean, Lemuel Sweetser, E. C. Wheeler, D. B. Mansfield, Geo. W. Hutchinson.

Tomatoes—Sam'l Conant, Wm. H. Hutchinson, J. Eustis, J. Evans, J. G. Brown, Hiram Sweetser, W. S. Arrington (strawberry). Corn—A. N. Blanchard, J. W. Dean, S. Gardner, J. M. Wiley, A. F. Hutchinson, S. Conant, J. Eustis, A. Stone, J. Green, L. Crocker.

Foreign Nuts—Mrs. C. H. Hill. Chestnuts—J. O. Bowtell. Pecanilly—Mrs. E. Mansfield, Mrs. J. F. Woodward. Strawberry, Gooseberry, Whortleberry Preserves—Mrs. J. F. Woodward.

1 Jar each, Cognac Brandy, Cologne, Hair Oil, and Paragon, made by Dr. J. D. Mansfield. Wine—J. H. Newman, Adam Wiley, J. F.

Woodward, S. Gardner, D. B. Wheelock, G. S. Coburn, Mrs. B. F. Abbott, J. D. Mansfield, O. Perkins. Native Oranges—Mrs. Israel Newhall. Mock Oranges—Mary P. Dean. Butter—J. W. Dean, G. H. Sweetser. Fig Tree and Figs—Hiram Sweetser.

Figure Creepers—Mrs. Sheafe. Moss Basket, Howard Robbins. Embroidery, Crochet, Needle and Worsted Work—Mrs. W. K. Perkins, Fannie A. Ransom, Mrs. A. F. Downing, Caroline E. Oliver, L. H. Hancock, Abby M. Evans, Abby M. Aborn, Mrs. G. S. Churchill, Mrs. Phebe Boyard, Mrs. James Crane, Mrs. C. Patch, Mary B. Stetson, Caroline A. Stetson, Eva Kingman, Miss Dole, Lottie M. Sweetser, Mary E. Mansfield, Ellenora Hutchinson, Miss Fowle, Eliza A. Newman, George D. Eaton, E. Brown, J. Upham, Laura L. Eaton, Hattie E. Brown, F. M. Aborn, Lucy E. Kingman, Harriet Burditt, Louise Beebe, Mrs. A. H. Coffin, Mrs. S. E. Currier, Mrs. E. A. Eaton, Mrs. L. Mansfield, Mrs. J. Norcross, Sarah M. Ketchikan, Mrs. W. H. Harrington, Mary R. Skinner, Matilda Bailey, Ellen M. Gardner, M. A. Hutchinson, Annie R. Cox, Mrs. H. N. Sweetser, Mary H. Robbins, G. H. Crocker, Y. F. Evans, Ida Coffin, Mrs. D. S. Oliver, Charlotte L. Newman, Louisa Mansfield, J. A. Batchelder, Mrs. H. L. Eaton, Mrs. L. Spaulding, Mrs. Margaret Bledden, Mrs. Wakfield, J. J. Provan, M. J. Hardy, Miss Emerson.

Hair Work—Eleanor Hutchinson. Feather Fans—Mrs. A. F. Downing. Painting, Cone Shell and Leather Work—Mrs. and Mrs. John Winship, Augustus Hawkes, J. Sullivan Eaton, Mrs. James Crane, Mrs. M. A. Hartshorne, Mrs. E. A. Thompson, Edward H. Sweetser, F. M. Evans, A. E. Hutchinson, Mrs. J. Stowell, Mary E. Ricker, Wm. J. Mansfield, M. C. Emerson, (Lynnfield), Mrs. B. F. Newall, Mrs. Garland, E. A. Bacon, Mrs. H. B. Upham, E. Frances Hartshorne, Mrs. Mary J. Evans, Mrs. D. S. Oliver, J. H. Lantry, Mrs. Charlotte L. Sweetser, Mrs. Matilda Bailey, Mrs. J. Nickerson, Mrs. B. D. Hoyt, Mrs. J. J. Mansfield, Sarah L. Bachelder.

Penmanship and Drawing—O. S. Moulton, James O. Bowtell. Stuffed Birds and Animals and Minerals—John Cook. Doves and Rabbits—Montello C. Evans. Poultry—Lillian Eaton, Mrs. L. S. Spaulding, M. C. Evans. Birds and Cages—H. W. Nichols, Wilbur C. Crocker.

Toys and Fancy Boxes—Lizzie L. Lamb, E. Eugene Oliver, Annie N. Harms, Mrs. James Crane, Mrs. H. H. Hill, Alice Fraser. Glass Globes—Mrs. Matilda Bailey, Mrs. Sarah Nickerson. Ladies' Gloves and Shoes—D. W. Emerson. Large Egg—Geo. Emerson. Sea Shell—W. W. Kingman. Bamboo Root—Mrs. A. F. Downing. Photographic Writing—A. F. Hutchinson. Portraits—Mrs. E. A. Eaton.

M. THE NATIONAL FAIR. This day was observed by the two religious societies here, with appropriate services in their respective places of worship. At the Cong. Church, a larger audience than usual on such occasions, were present. The pastor preached a discourse from the following text: "O thou sword of the Lord, how long wilt thou be ere thou be quiet? Put up thyself into the scabbard, rest, and be still. How can it be quiet, seeing the Lord hath given it a charge against Askelon, and against the sea shore? there hath he appointed it." Jeremiah 47th Chapter, 6th and 7th verses.

The text was appropriate to the present time. We desire peace, but how can we have it, until certain great fundamental principles at issue in this contest are established permanently in this nation. The horrors of war, its demoralizing powers were vividly portrayed. War has been styled the grand impoverisher of the world. Poor Virginia, the mother of States and statesmen have her fair fields been devastated. The reverend gentleman proceeded to consider the question, Has the sword a mission in the destiny of the world? He argued that it had, first because wars are sometimes unavoidable. It was owing to the disposition of the strong to tyrannise over the weak. It was illustrated in the Revolutionary War and in that of the Italians. The law of self-defence in nations as in individuals makes it our solemn duty at certain times to defend the right at the sacrifice of blood if need be. A man has a right to be a man, and assert his inalienable rights. War has its justification in the stern necessity of self-defence. Do any ask for my authority in Scripture for such a doctrine? I refer them to the first Chapter in Genesis where it is recorded that God created man in his own image. Loyalty to the Government was a sacred duty, and he who was not true and faithful in this respect, was no better than Judas Iscariot. Secondly—Wars are instruments for carrying out the designs of God. They have been the great civilizer. Those of China, Syria and other nations were mentioned as illustrations of this truth. No nation has attained a position except through stern discipline. In the civil war now raging in this land, we see the hand of God. It is not a war for conquest, but one for national existence. He adverted to the cause of this war, which he believed was not on account of slavery, but for State Rights, to keep up the distinction between master and man—the despotic feeling that is not willing to submit to the majority, the few to lord it over the many. The South has had every thing that they wanted in the shape of legislation in the nation. It was the loss of prestige and power that enraged them. The question at issue was, whether man is capable of self-government. Moral means would not avail, but it can only be decided by rifle cannon. Lastly, the duties devolving upon us as good citizens were briefly considered. We must sustain the Government at all hazards, pray for the President, the members of his Cabinet and the leaders of our army, that they may have all need-wisdom in this trying hour. We want peace, but no peace that is not lasting and based upon the everlasting laws of God.

In conclusion, he urged upon his hearers, never to despair of the Republic, but to rest assured that God will sustain the right. I have thus given a brief outline of this discourse, which I am aware does not do justice to it. It was very patriotic and there could be no mistaking its general tenor. Although in regard to the origin of this rebellion many would differ from the opinion of the reverend

gentleman yet upon the other points all loyal citizens agree with it. To use the language of our honored Senator a few days since "Look at the war as you will, and you will always see slavery. Slavery is its inspiration; its motive-power; its end and aim. It is often said that the war will make an end of slavery. This is probable. But it is surer still that the overthrow of slavery will at once make an end of the war."

Prayer Meetings were held in the afternoon in the vestries, which were well attended, after which there was a meeting of the ladies to take action relative to making stockings and under clothes for the soldiers. Committees were appointed to obtain donations for this purpose, and another meeting was held the next afternoon at which a plan was laid out, which will doubtless ensure to the worthy object which these patriotic ladies have in view.

Some of our citizens were out in the field, practicing the church during the services, practicing with a rifle at a target. Many good shots were made, and these young men evinced that they will soon be qualified to join the ranks of the sharpshooters, if they have any idea of it, as appearances seem to indicate.

POLITICAL.—A meeting of the citizens irrespective of party who were willing to subscribe to the doctrines enunciated in the call for the Convention at Worcester last Tuesday, was held on Friday evening of last week. The Caucus was well attended, although but very few other than Republicans were present. As the other parties did not choose to attend, to signify their willingness to unite on the broad platform laid down, they cannot complain that they were not represented in the delegates selected, where evidence was wanting of their views upon this point.

A. D. Weld was Chairman of the meeting and S. Wilder Secretary. John B. Winslow, O. R. Clark and A. D. Weld were chosen delegates to the State Convention; A. B. Coffin, H. K. Stanton and J. K. Woodbury to the County and Councillor; Alfred Norton, S. Wilder and S. H. Lynde to the Senatorial. These delegates have power to appoint substitutes. Town Committee, Salem Wilder, I. Holmes Kendall, Joseph Stone, S. W. Tomblay and Charles W. Stevens, with authority to fill vacancies. Eloquent and patriotic remarks were made by Hons. O. R. Clark and John A. Bolles, Messrs. Norton and Weld.

WAR ITEMS.—The Selectmen have thus far drawn orders to the amount of \$199 for aid to the families of the volunteers who have enlisted for the war. Ira D. Gove who was attached to Col. Gordon's Regiment is coming home on account of ill health, which renders him unable to perform the duties required of him.

CARPETS AT LOW PRICES.—Purchasers are referred to the advertisements of the New England Carpet Co., of Boston, in to-day's paper.

South Reading Bank. The stockholders, of the South Reading Bank, are hereby notified that their annual meeting for the choice of seven directors, to vote in compliance with the resolution of Section 34, Chapter 37 of the General Statutes of Massachusetts, in regard to the liabilities of Directors for the ensuing year; and for the transaction of any other business that may be legally brought before them; will be held at their Banking Rooms on Monday the seventh day of October next, at 3 o'clock p.m.

By order of the Directors, LILLY EATON, Cashier. South Reading, Sept. 21, 1861.—3w.

Married. PARKS—CARTER.—In North Woburn, 3d inst. by Rev. S. Byington, Mr. Granville Parks and Miss Lizzie A. Carter, daughter of Charles Carter, Esq., of North Woburn.

WOODBURY—SMALL.—In Winchester, 29th ult. by Rev. Mr. Meason, Mr. Geo. E. Woodbury, of Boston, and Miss Abby B. Small, of W.

Died. RICHARDSON.—In Woburn, Sept. 27th, Edward E., son of Jeduthan and Sarah E. Richardson, aged 5 months, 19 days.

STEVENS.—In Woburn, Sept. 29th, Cattie M., daughter of Owen W. and Susan Stevens, aged 4 years, 1 month, 11 days.

MILLER.—In Woburn, Sept. 30th, Mrs. Margaret S. Miller, aged 37 years.

MELINDY.—In Woburn, Oct. 1st, Susan J., daughter of Samuel and Lucinda Melindy, aged 1 month, 11 days.

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MILLER.—In Woburn, Sept. 30th, Mrs. Margaret S. Miller, aged 37 years.

Beautiful Cottage House for Sale.

The subscriber being about to leave town for the seat of war, offers for sale the HOUSE AND LAND occupied by him. The estate is situated on the Corner of Wain Street and Rag Rock Avenue, Woburn Centre, within three minutes walk of the Branch Depot, and consists of a beautiful COTTAGE HOUSE, thoroughly built and furnished, containing seven rooms conveniently arranged, with good closets, cellar, hard and soft water. Attached to the house is a garden, and a large lot of LAND, set out with Fruit Trees, Flowers, &c., and two vines of excellent Grapes. This estate will be sold on favorable terms, which will be made known on application to T. M. GLYNN.

Woburn, Sept. 27th, 1861.—4w.

NOTICE. IS hereby given, that the Subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator of the estate not already administered of LEMUEL RICKARD, late of Woburn, in the county of Middlesex, deceased, and taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons having claims against the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to JOSHUA P. CONVERSE, Adm.

Woburn, Sept. 24th, 1861.—2w 3w.

NOTICE. IS hereby given, that the Subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of TRUMAN HUKARI, late of Woburn, in the county of Middlesex, deceased, and taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons having claims against the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to JOSHUA P. CONVERSE, Adm.

Woburn, Sept. 24th, 1861.—2w 3w.

NOTICE. IS hereby given, that the Subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of JAMES M. RANDALL, late of Woburn, in the county of Middlesex, deceased, and taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons having claims against the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to JOSHUA P. CONVERSE, Adm.

Woburn, Sept. 10, 1861.—2w 3w.

NOTICE. IS hereby given, that the Subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of ABRAHAM THOMPSON, late of Woburn, in the county of Middlesex, deceased, and taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons having claims against the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to ABRAHAM THOMPSON, Adm.

Woburn, Sept. 10, 1861.—2w 3w.

BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

JAMES M. NIXON, LESSEE & MANAGER.

The Manager has the pleasure of announcing an engagement for

SIX NIGHTS

WITH THE GREAT TRAGEDIAN,

MR. FORRESTER,

Who will appear in his famed character of

DAMON!

ON MONDAY EVENING, SEPT. 30th,

Supported by Eminent Dramatic Artists.

MR. FORRESTER will appear on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY—three nights in each week.

Box Office opens on FRIDAY, SEPT. 27.—2t.

GREAT SALE OF

ELEGANT CARPETS!

HAVING contracted for 2000 Rolls of

TAPESTRY BRUSSELS

Carpets, we shall sell the same for 87 1/2 cents per yard, in the leading Carpet Stores throughout the country.

NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO.,

75 Hanover St., (opp. American House), BOSTON.

Harper for October,

For sale at WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

CARPETS

AT LOW PRICES!

1200 RLS KIDDERMINSTER CARPETS—comprising the entire stock of this popular manufacturer—for 65 cents per yard—three-quarters value.

New England Carpet Co.,

75 Hanover Street, (opp. American House), Boston.

Atlantic for October,

For sale at WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

6 1/2 CLOTH CARPETS!

1000 ROLLS, for sale at manufacturers' prices, at wholesale or retail by the

NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO.

75 Hanover St., (opp. American House), Boston.

Godey for October,

For sale at WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

1200 rls Kidderminster Carpets,

Slightly imperfect in matching for 50 cents per yard. This lot of Carpets are all wool goods, of superior quality and style, and are believed to be the cheapest lot of Carpets ever offered in the market. The imperfections are scarcely perceptible.

NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO.,

75 HANOVER STREET, OPP. AMERICAN HOUSE, BOSTON.

Peterson for October,

For sale at WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

20,000 Yards Elegant Tapestry Brussels,

for 75 cents per yard. These goods were bought subject to manufacturers' right imperfections, at a recent Auction Sale in New York. They are of the most elegant styles, colors and patterns, and are believed to be the cheapest lot of Carpets ever offered in the market. The imperfections are scarcely perceptible, and of such a nature as not to injure the durability or appearance of the goods, and will be retailed at 75 cents per yard, and no deduction in price on account of wholesale purchases. NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., 75 HANOVER STREET, opposite the American House, Boston.

LOOK OUT!

As the name of our firm has been very closely imitated by others, purchasers are reminded that we occupy our old warehouse, the entrance to which is numbered 75 Hanover Street.

New England Carpet Co.

As we are

Importers and Manufacturers, it is thought, by many, that we sell at wholesale only. Such is not the case, however. Our retail department, where the one price system is strictly adhered to, receives a large share of our attention.

New England Carpet Co., Boston.

CLARK'S Patent Indelible Pencils, for Marking Clothing, for sale at the Bookstore.

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

IN the month of December, 1858, the undersigned for the first time offered for sale to the public Dr. J. Bovee Dods' Imperial Wine Bitters. In the short period they have given universal satisfaction to the many thousands of persons who have tried them that it is now an established article. The amount of bodily and mental misery arising simply from a neglect of small complaints is surprising, and it is therefore of the utmost importance that a strict attention to the least and most trifling bodily ailment should be had, for diseases of the body must invariably affect the mind. The subscribers now only ask a trial of

DR. J. BOVEE DODS' Imperial Wine Bitters

from all who have not used them. We challenge the world to produce their equal.

These BITTERS for the cure of WEAK STOMACHS, GENERAL DEBILITY, and the PURITING and ENRICHING the BLOOD, are absolutely unsurpassed by any other remedy on earth. To be assured of this it is only necessary to make the trial. The wine itself is of a very superior quality, being about the strongest and most invigorating of any known to the world. It is a tonic and a healthy food to all its parts, by equalizing the circulation, removing obstructions, and producing a general warmth. They are also excellent for diseases and weakness of the system, and are the best remedy for STRENGTHENING and BRACING the SYSTEM. No lady who is subject to lassitude and faintness, should be without them as they are reviving in action.

THESE BITTERS

Will not only Cure, but Prevent Diseases, and in this respect are doubly valuable to the person who may use them. For

INCIPENT CONSUMPTION,

Weak Lungs, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Diseases of the Nervous System, Catarrhs, Piles, and for all cases requiring a tonic

Dr. Dods' celebrated Wine Bitters

Wit and Anecdote.

"Care to our Coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
And every grin, so merry, draws one out."

Mr. and Mrs. Doubledot.

A QUARRELING COUPLE, WHO ARE KNOWN AMONG
THEIR FRIENDS AS THE "DOG AND CAT."

He—Let me have a moment's peace!
I implore, I beg, I pray!
Stay your tongue! your scolding cease,
Or you'll scare my wits away!
Wangle, clatter, noise and din!
All day long endure I can't!
Do be quiet! Pray give in!

She—No, I shan't!
He—Tell me, then, what have I done?
She—Everything! Don't ask me what!
You would break a heart of stone!
So would you! Now would you not?
She—There! Just like you! Off you go!
In a rage you always fly!
It's a shame to treat me so!
I'll not bear it!

He—Nor will I!
She—Nor was wife so badly used!
What suffer none can know!
Snubbed, neglected and abused!
Where do you expect to go?
She—Silence, madam! I command!
Hush, this instant! Pray forbear,
Some one's coming close at hand!
They will hear you!

She—I don't care!
He—Do you wish to drive me mad?
She—What's that? Oh, never! Tears!
Pray, forgive me, 'Twas too bad!
She—Leave me, or I'll box your ears!
He—Really, madam, 'pon my life,
This is going much too far!
I'm your husband!

She—In your wife!
He—Then obey me!
She—Ha! ha! ha!
Do you take me for a slave?
He—There, there, come, now, let rest!
She—For as such I'll not behave!
He—Goodness, gracious, what a pest!
She—Yes, 'tis that's all to blame!
He—Well, 'tis woman's lot to bear!

He—What the deuce!
She—Sir, for shame!
Rave, abuse, but do not swear!
You must know I'm far from strong;
Spare me, then, this new distress.
I'll not be with you long!
He—Blasphemous thought, what happiness!
She—I declare—now, if I don't see—
Cruel man, do you let me see,
Go, don't think what would become of me!

He—No, don't. Think what would become of me!
She—Sir, you are a perfect beast!
He—Like yourself, my love, I fear.
She—And a wretch, beyond dispute!
He—Then we are a pair, my dear.
She—Would your face I'd never seen!
He—What a rogue, alas! how vain!
She—Found a goose I must have!
He—Yes, and a scoundrel still remain!

He—Oh, you monster!
She—Ruffian!
He—Vixen!
She—Fright!
He—Old quill!
She—You're a savage!
He—You're a scow!
She—You're another!
He—That's a fib!
She—Sir, your shoulders I will dog
Black and blue, I tell you that!

He—You treat me like a dog!
She—Then you're a Cat!

How OLD ARE YOU?—The following is the
last anecdote we have been told of Dr. Emmons,
the Franklin divine:

There was a physician in the neighborhood
of Franklin, where Dr. Emmons preached for
seventy-one years, who was corrupting the
minds of men by his Pantheism. The physi-
cian being called to a sick family in the Frank-
lin parish, met the Franklin minister at the
house of affliction. It was no place for a dis-
pute. It was no place for any unbecoming
familiarity with the minister. It was no place
for a physician to inquire into the age of the
minister, especially with any intent of entan-
gling him in a debate, and, above all, where the
querist was too visionary for any logical dis-
cussion. But the abrupt question of the Panthe-
ist was, "Mr. Emmons, how old are you?"

"Sixty, sir; and how old are you?" came
the quick reply.

"As old as the creation, sir," was the tri-
umphant response.

"Then you are of the same age with Adam
and Eve?"

"Certainly; I was in the garden when they
were."

"I have always heard that there was a third
person in the garden with them, but I never
knew before that it was you."

The Pantheist did not follow up the discus-
sion.

CONFIRMED IN HER HABITS.—A gentleman
of excellent habits and very amiable disposi-
tion, was so unfortunate as to have a wife of
a very different character; in short, one that
would get beastly drunk. Being in company
with a few intimates, one evening, one of
them remarked to him, that if she was his
wife—since all other things had failed—he
would frighten her in some way, so that she
would quit her evil habit; and proposed the
following method: that some time, when
dead drunk, she should be laid into a box
shaped like a coffin, and left in that situation
until her fit should be over, and conscious-
ness restored.

A few evenings after the dame being in a
proper state, the plan was put into execution;
and after the box lid was properly se-
cured, the party before alluded to watched,
each in turn, to witness the result. About
daylight next morning, the watch bearing a
movement, laid himself down by the box,
when her ladyship, after bumping her head a
few times was heard to say: "Bless me!
why where am I?"—The outsider replied in
a sepulchral tone:—"Madam you are dead and
in the other world."

A pause ensued, after which the lady again
inquired:—"Where are you?"
"Oh! I am dead, too," said he.
"Can you tell me how long I've been
dead?"

"About three weeks."
"How long have you been dead?"
"Four months."
"Well, you have been here so much longer
than I have—can't you tell me where I can get a
little gin?"

A DOMESTIC WAR FOR SUPREMACY.—A
traveller out West, stopped at a house for
the purpose of getting dinner. Dismounting
at the front door, he knocked, but received
no answer. Going to the other side of the
house, he found a little white-headed man in
the embrace of his wife, who had his head
under her arm, while with the other she was
giving her little lord a pounding. Wishing
to put an end to the fight, our traveller
knocked on the side of the house, and cried
out in a loud voice, "Hallo, here; who
keeps this house?" The husband, though
much out of breath, answered, "Strange,
that's what we are trying to decide!"

VITAL RELIGION.—Lord Brougham, whose
eccentricities and tergiversations are as noto-
rious as his versatile talents, once figured in
a scene which was equally characteristic and
amusing. His lordship, though not so hard
a swearer as the profane Lord Thurlow, of
infamous memory, is by no means free from
the vice, and on one occasion, meeting a de-
putation of Scotch Dissenters, he exclaimed,
"Gentlemen, but for dissent there would be
no vital religion—no vital religion." At the
same time he was trying to force a door in
absence of the key, and getting very angry,
he burst it in with his foot, exclaiming, (first
in a vehement, then in a solemn tone, but
without pause), "D—n that fellow! where
the d—l has he gone with the key?—no vital
religion, gentlemen, no vital religion." The
astonishment of the Puritans may be guessed.

A STEAMBOAT WITH A COIL.—An Irishman
and a Dutchman were standing on the pier,
the other day, when an iron steam-propeller
came puffing along. "Och, begamers, fat a
bad cowl that steamboat has got! Hear
how the poor thing coughs," observed Pat-
rick, as he pulled the pipe out of his mouth,
and rolled out a cloud of smoke. "How de-
vil a steamboat take cold, eh?" very
knowingly inquired the Dutchman. "Why,
you ignoramus, she take cowl from laying
in the water so long! Wouldn't it give
anybody a cowl, ye Dutch haythen ye?"

A very loquacious lady offered to bet
her husband five pounds that she would not
speak a word for a week. "Done!" cried
the delighted husband, instantly putting
down the money, which the lady as soon
took up and put in her pocket, observing,
naively, that she would secure it until the
bet was decided. "Why," said the husband,
"I have won it already; and required her
to pay over. 'Not at all,' said the lady;
"you are mistaken in the time—I mean the
week after I am buried!" The lady went a
shopping that same afternoon.

SCOTCH DIALOGUE.—It has been said that
the Scottish dialect is peculiarly powerful in
its use of words, and the following dialogue
between a shopman and a customer has been
given us as a specimen. The conversation
relates to a plaid hanging at the shop door:

Cus.—(Inquiring the material.) Oo?
(Wool?)
Shop.—Ay, oo. (Yes, of wool.)
Cus.—A' oo? (All wool?)
Shop.—Ay, oo. (Yes, all wool.)
Cus.—A' ne oo? (All same wool?)
Shop.—Ay, oo. (Yes, all same wool.)

PROMPT OBEEDIENCE TO ORDERS.—"Put
down that pickle!" The words were uttered
harshly and hurriedly by a sergeant to an
ungracious private, who carried by his hun-
gry passions, has snatched a pickle from the
barrel.

"And why should I put down the pickle?"
queries the private mildly.

"Put down the pickle—that's all I want
of you," returned the sergeant, determinedly.

"Down it goes, then," cried the soldier,
and stuffing it into his mouth, it quickly dis-
appeared.

SOMETHINGS-OR-NOTHINGS.

"Variety 's the Spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor."

THE mother's heart is the child's school-
room.

WHAT is the worst kind of fare for a man
to live on?—Warfare.

You have a splendid ear, but a very poor
voice, said the organ-grinder to the donkey.

HAPPY is the husband whose wife never
asks him for any jewelry, save black diamonds.

The young lady with "speaking eyes" has
become quite hoarse, in consequence of using
them too much.

Two men undertook to see which would
run the fastest. One was a constable, and the
other was a thief.

Don't undertake to throw cold water on
your wife's darling schemes, unless you want
to get into hot.

WHAT means of conveyance by land, and
what by sea, are ladies fondest of?—Busses
and smacks.

ONE reason why the world is not reformed
is, because every man is bent on reforming
himself.

THERE is a Gaelic proverb:—"If the best
man's faults were written on his forehead, it
would make him pull his hat over his eyes."

It is a woman's business to watch chances.
The ugliest woman would have been beauti-
ful in the eyes of Robinson Crusoe.

Do not all that you can, spend not all that
you earn, believe not all that you hear, and
tell not all that you know.

MODEL wives formerly took a "titch in
time," now, with the aid of the sewing ma-
chine, they take one in no time.

A farmer took his dinner at Chicago, for
which he paid fifty cents, saying, "There
goes five bushels of corn at ten cents per
bushel."

A Dutchman being requested to give a re-
ceipt in full, after much mental effort pro-
duced the following: "I ish full. I vanta no
more monish. John Swackhammer."

THACKERAY, when speaking of the com-
parative merits of American and English ho-
tels, winds up with the confession, "America
is the poor man's Paradise, England the rich
man's Eden."

In our world there are two interesting
sights—the one is that of the young disciple
entering the church militant; the other that
of the old disciple about to join the church
triumphant.

RELIGION is not a thing which spends it-
self. It is like a river which widens contin-
ually, and is never so broad or so deep as at
its mouth, where it rolls into the ocean of
eternity.

If you have great talents, industry will im-
prove them; if moderate abilities, industry
will supply their deficiencies. Nothing is
denied to well-directed labor; nothing is ever
to be attained without it.

The Patriots of the Revolution never uttered
a more noble sentiment than Governor
Sprague of Rhode Island, expressed, when
he said—"Wealth is useless, unless it pro-
motes the public welfare, and life itself is but
a bubble, unless it ministers to the honor and
glory of our country."

"So here I am between two tailors!" said
a fellow at a public table, where two young
tailors were seated, who had just commenced
business for themselves. "True," was the
reply; "we are beginners, and can only af-
ford to keep one goose between us."

Mrs. Fanny Burrows, aged ninety-three, a
native of Groton, Conn., who was twelve
years old at the time of the battle of Fort
Griswold, and assisted in making garments
for the Revolutionary soldiers, is now knit-
ting socks for the Rhode Island Volunteers in
Providence.

PININGER'S
OLD DOMINION
GIN AS A REMEDIAL AGENT.

THIS DELICIOUS TONIC STIMULANT,
SPECIALLY designed for the use of the
Medical Profession and the Family, has all of
the medicinal qualities of the pure Gin (see
etc.) which belong to the old and pure Gin. It has
received the personal endorsement of over seven
thousand physicians, who have recommended it in
the treatment of Gravel, Dropsy, Rheumatism,
Obstruction or suppression of the Menes, Affec-
tions of the Kidneys, etc.

Put up in quart and pint bottles, and sold by all
druggists and Grocers.

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Sweet's Compound Iceland Moss Cough
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Relieves or Cures COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSE-
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AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND
LUNGS.

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COUGH, let them use the Iceland Moss Can-
dy, freely, and, with ordinary care, no other medi-
cine will be needed.

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Tromp Street, J. B. Marshall & Co., 120 N. 1st
Street, Chas. T. Carney, and Weeks & Potter, Wash-
ington Street, who will supply all orders, or af-
ford to send you a sample bottle, free of charge.

T. A. SWEETSER,
Druggist, South Danvers, Mass.

January 20th, 1860.

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ROOM PAPER!!

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different styles.

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of Churches, Schools and R. R. Depot. There is a
never failing well of water upon the premises.
Will be sold low for cash. Inquire at this office.

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LEAD BOOKS, HOUSE PAPERS, FANCY
GOODS, etc., as just received to the pa-
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VARIETY OF GOODS,
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SCHOOL BOOKS,

used in Academies, High Schools, Grammar, Inter-
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Family, Pocket and School
Bibles and Testaments, a very
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DISEASE OF THE EYE MEDICALLY TREATED.

PROF. FRANKS & SON, of New York.
Professor Franks, Oculist, Optician by Diplo-
ma to the New York Eye Hospital, Life Governor
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Patentees, will attend. These spectacles seldom or
never require changing to others of stronger mag-
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seen through as well by day as by night.

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XI : : No. 2.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1861.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

Hymn for the National Fast.

With humbled hearts, great God, this day,
Before thy throne we sorrowing stand;
Oh hear our prayer, forgive our sins,
And turn thy judgments from our land.

Our fathers placed their trust in Thee,
And thou didst lead them like a flock:
Through Thee their stems 'd the wintry waves,
Through Thee they braved the battle's shock.

Be to the sons once more O God,
As to their sires Thou wert so long:
Revive our faith, rebuke our fears,
And let us in Thy might be strong.

The clouds which thicken o'er our path,
Thine alms alone to chase away;
Oh! show the brightness of Thy face,
And turn our darkness into day.

Four forth thy Spirit, gracious Lord,
To keep us in this hour of need;
Appease the rage which rends our land,
And bid its wounds no longer bleed.

In vain we burlish sword or shield,
Without a blessing from on high;
If radiant with no smile from Thee,
In vain our banners sweep the sky.

Give counsel to our chosen chiefs,
Give courage to our marsh'd bands;
Let prayer, and faith, and trust in God,
Inflame their hearts, and nerve their hands.

In no resentment let them strike,
No hatred stain their holy cause;
But consecrate be each arm
To "Union, Freedom, and the Laws."

And oh, in thine own time, restore
Good will and peace from sea to sea;
And in each brother's breast revive,
The love that springs from love to Thee.

So may our land, from danger freed,
With every consent Thy mercy own;
And every knee and heart be bent,
In grateful homage at Thy throne.

"Not unto us—Not unto us,"
In joyful chorus we will sing,
But all the glory, all the praise,
Be unto Thee, our God and King."

Select Literature.

THE LUCKY HERRING.

"How do you sell your smoked herring?"
"These Scotch herrings? only nine cents a dozen."

"But singly?"
"A cent apiece, sir."

"I will take two of them, and one of those rolls—no! the smallest—have the kindness to wrap them in a piece of paper for me."

The grocer wrapped the herrings and roll together, with one of those slight-of-hand movements peculiar to the trade, and handing the parcel to his customer, counted out six cents in exchange for the dime which the customer deposited on the counter, and then turned to his next customer with, "Well, what can I do for you?" while Baron Doyle slipped his purchase into his pocket and walked away.

When he had walked a considerable distance, and just as he was turning down toward the levee—for he was going to Ambrose on the morning packet—he encountered his friend Bathurst, whose greatest misfortune was the possession of more money and time than he knew what to do with.

"Ah! I was just thinking about you, Baron. Have you found that book? I have been in every store in town, but as yet have failed to procure it. I think you told me your father had a copy."

"Yes, I laid it away the other day for you."

"By the way, Baron, I want your advice. I am going to have Zschokke and Goldsmith (Truchnitz' edition) bound, and I am hesitating between brown and blue; but I wish something new and neat."

"Then," said Baron Doyle, "I have the very thing you want. I have Moore here, in a small volume, brown with—but I'll just show it to you." And putting his hand into his pocket he brought forth the paper containing his recent purchase, adding, as he proceeded to open it:

"I bought it for my sister whom I am going to see to-day. It is a very handsome thing, I assure you, but—"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Bathurst, as his expectant gaze fell upon a couple of Scotch herrings and a two penny roll. "Ha, ha, ha! Brown they are—smoked, eh? Why, what are you going to do with the herrings, Doyle?"

"At that moment the packet for Ambrose tapped the bell. The owner of the fish had not a moment to lose, so hastily cramming the herrings and roll into his pocket again, and muttering something about an explanation at another time, he hurried aboard the boat, leaving his friend standing on the street convulsed with laughter. Baron Doyle was not sorry at the interruption; for unlike those young men who have a lie ready for every dilemma, he had a wholesome respect for the truth; but he was mortified, as who would not be at the age of two and twenty, at being detected with a two-penny roll and Scotch herrings in his pocket? He could easily have said, "What a blunder! but I have the book in my other pocket. I bought these for a joke!" but he preferred silence to a lie. Besides, his friend would never guess the truth, or at least impute the purchase to a whim.

"Certainly," thought Baron Doyle, as he bestowed a parting look upon his friend as the packet swung out from her landing majestically. "Certainly he will never suspect that I bought them with the intention of dining upon them."

To explain why Baron Doyle, who, with the manners of a gentleman, was respectfully seated in a dark brown suit, and who had no particular taste for smoked herring, was compelled to dine (or sup, or both, for the packet left Shuttleton at 9 A. M., and only reached Ambrose at 9 P. M.) on them, it will be necessary to state that he was short of funds; and to explain how it happened that such a handsome young man, with such an honest, energetic manner, could only count six cents in his purse, I must inform the reader that he was compelled by "circumstances" to dress like a gentleman, board at a respectable boarding-house or hotel, and pay his washing bills, out of two hundred and fifty dollars a year. [By the way he was an expert at mending his own clothes.] As his board and washing cost him exactly one hundred and ninety-five dollars a year, it will be apparent that there was but fifty-five dollars left to adorn the outer man. It may appear marvelous to you, my well dressed reader, but it is nevertheless a fact, that Baron Doyle did not consume fifty-five dollars in clothing in the course of twelve calendar months, notwithstanding he provided himself with respectable attire, hats, boots and linen. Was the young man penurious? Was he suffering from a severe attack of economy, or was he only able to earn that amount in a year? you ask. No! he received a salary of four hundred; but having managed to live on the amount I have mentioned when he was in his twenty-first year, he determined to try it a second year, and he succeeded, for he had a great object in view. And what was the object that induced him to expose himself to the merciless ridicule of his clever acquaintances, who expended their salaries as fast as they earned them?

Baron Doyle was an orphan. His father had been a prominent merchant of Shuttleton; but when Baron was turning twenty, Mr. Doyle encountered severe reverses; his property went under the hammer, and a week afterwards he was laid in his grave, leaving Baron and his only sister to grapple with the world as best they might. Baron, who was at college, returned home to bury his father, to soothe his sister, to face stern poverty, and to seek employment. He obtained employment at the very low salary of two hundred and fifty dollars a year; but it was as much as his employer could afford to give a young man totally unacquainted with business of any sort whatever. His sister, in the meantime, found a home with a second cousin; but at the end of a year the brother and sister held a council. Baron desired to place his sister at the Ambrose Seminary, which was universally conceded to be the best in the country, and his employer having unexpectedly raised his salary to four hundred a year, he succeeded in convincing his sister that the money could not be appropriated to a better purpose; so after a little struggle—for Emma had a plan of her own—the sister consented, and Baron had the satisfaction of defraying her expenses.

And this was his great object—the education of his sister. One hundred and fifty dollars of his salary was devoted to this object.

Imagine a young man of two and twenty, living on two hundred and fifty dollars a year. Picture him at the end of the year, free from debt, and with five dollars in his pocket. Such was Baron Doyle's position at the time I introduced him to the reader. No! I am wrong. Two dollars of the five was invested in Tom Moore's Poems, which lay in his pocket, the handsome volume he intended showing his friend Bathurst, when he exposed his herrings instead.

"Scotch herrings and Moore's Poems!" Yes, singular as it may appear to you, the young gentleman carried herrings in one pocket, and poems in another.

"How absurd!"

Not when you reflect that Baron Doyle bought the poems for his sister, whom he was about to visit, and whom he had not seen for a year, and that he had barely three dollars and six cents in his purse, three dollars of which would be required to pay his fare to and from Ambrose, and a night's lodging; the latter twenty-five or fifty cents; the former, two dollars and a half. The fare to Ambrose, including dinner and supper, was two dollars—one dollar and twenty-five cents, leaving the meals out.

"Ah! you forget the absurdity in the brotherly affection and self-denial."

That little volume of poems cost Baron Doyle two sleepless nights, and a summer hat. Think of it! He hoarded up five dollars and ten cents at the end of May—the end of his second year passed in Dewey's employment. Considering the fact that he had worn his cap until it had lost its original color, and became dim in the peak; that the season for heavy caps was now over, and that of light summer hats just begun, you may decide his purchase of the poems a piece of folly. But when you reflect that he never made her a present in his life—ah! you pronounce him a noble fellow.

During the two years he had been employed by Mr. Dewey, he had never asked a single day for himself. When his fellow clerks were off sporting with their friends in the dull summer months, Baron Doyle was at his usual place behind the counter—not because he did not relish a summer day among the trees and flowers, but simply because he had no place to go, and no money to spend in amusement. No wonder that Mr. Dewey looked up in astonishment when "Eber Baron" spoke of taking a day or two to himself.

But he was only too glad to find an excuse to rally him.

"Certainly, Baron, certainly—and I hope we may not see your face for a month. We can manage very well without you."

"Going to the country?" demanded his employer.

"No, to Ambrose."

"To Ambrose—O!" and Mr. Dewey, who was a young man, and rather handsome, elevated his eyebrows, and stroked his whiskers gently, as he crooked an elbow significantly.

It was immaterial to Baron Doyle what his employer thought; at the same time he concluded to inform him of the nature of his errand.

"No, sir; nothing of the kind, I assure you. My sister is at the seminary; I am simply going to see her. I have not seen her for a year."

"Ah! was not aware," began Mr. Dewey, visibly surprised; then altering his tone, "The fact is, Baron, we know so little about you, that the mere mention of your sister surprised me. So you have a sister, then. Have you more than one?"

"No," replied Baron. "There is just the two of us."

"Ah! h-m! h-m! Has your sister been at Ambrose long?"

"Just one year."

Mr. Dewey cleared his throat a third time, and began thrum upon the back of his chair with his fingers, bending his head forward, and gazing upon the floor abstractedly.

"He is wondering who supports my sister," thought Baron.

"By the way," began Mr. Dewey, suddenly, "do you know the Ralstons in Ambrose?"

"No."

"Or the Taylors?"

"I am not acquainted with any one in Ambrose," responded Baron.

A gentleman entering the office at that moment, called Mr. Dewey aside, and Baron resumed his position behind the counter, wondering at his employer's questions and strange manner. The reader may learn from the above conversation something of Baron Doyle's nature. He never spoke of his own performances, much less of his self-denial or single-heartedness.

To take up the thread of my story again, Baron and the herring, and the volume of poems, were aboard the magnificent packet which plied daily between the charming village of Ambrose and the noisy, sooty city of Shuttleton. Baron admired the scenery of La Belle river, the handsome cabin, the rich furniture. He drank in the river breeze, and flattered himself that but few people were happier than himself. He was delighted with everything—with the changing views the river presented, and—but no. He did not enjoy the tempting viands which were served up to the host of passengers. He did not even witness their disposal, but betook himself to the engine-room, for the purpose of examining the machinery, and nibbling his roll and herrings, stepped now this way, now that, and looking intently at the complicated iron and steel which surrounded him. Only once he uttered an exclamation—

"I'll never rely upon a Scotchman's word again. Scotch herring, indeed!" From which I infer that the herring was not altogether to his taste.

He had consumed half of his roll, and part of one of his herrings, when he was interrupted by a strange voice, and looking around, he perceived an elderly gentleman almost at his elbow.

"How do you like it, sir?" repeated the strange gentleman, as he steadied himself upon his gold-headed cane, with his positive black eyes upon the young man, who secreted the roll and herrings, hastily glancing at his interlocutor furtively, but too much discomfited to hazard a reply. Considering that the young man had fasted eight hours, perhaps the herring was not so very disagreeable after all; still, he could not imagine how such a fact could interest a stranger.

"Do you understand the principle of the new 'cut off,' sir?"

"The 'cut off'! O! ah! yes, I understand—that is, I understand what you mean, but I do not understand the 'cut off,'" stammered the owner of the herrings.

"Umph! I thought you were in the business."

"No, sir; still I can admire the workmanship displayed here."

"Umph! h-m! you should visit my establishment, corner of Iron and Steel Streets. You will see much better work than this there, although we thought we were doing something handsome when we turned this out."

"So he is only the manufacturer, and is simply glancing over his old work—I thought he had seen the herring and roll," thought Baron Doyle, as he turned away, and sought the cabin, resolving to avoid farther risk of detection. Since he dressed like a gentleman, it behooved him to dress himself a gentleman; and what gentleman was ever known to eat Scotch herring in a stifling engine-room on a warm June day, when a table just over his head groaned with the choicest viands? Had he worn a coarse coat, and driven a cart, he could have tolerated the imputation of poverty, and possibly vulgarity; but to be suspected of stinginess! that was more than Baron Doyle could bear. So he carried his herring and the remainder of the roll to Ambrose.

When he reached Ambrose, he proceeded to

at once to the seminary, where he inquired for his sister. Mrs. Carver, who presided over the establishment, bestowed a gracious smile upon him, when he mentioned his name.

"Miss Doyle is visiting the Ralstons at present. The session commences to-morrow, you are aware. Miss Doyle purposed remaining with us, but her friends prevailed upon her to give them a week or two. However, I will send a messenger to her, immediately."

The room into which Baron was shown was almost bare of furniture, and totally unlike his conception of the parlor of a model seminary. However, it was a lovely night, and as the parlor door swung back heavily, he heard the patter of dainty feet, passing and repassing the door. They belonged to the lovely pupils, who were flitting about, humming snatches of songs, whispering, laughing, talking and scolding. Scarcely five minutes passed, ere Mrs. Carver re-entered the parlor, attended by her son, a boy of ten years.

"Your sister requests you to call upon her at her friend's, Mr. Doyle. My son will accompany you; it is but a little distance."

Mr. Doyle bowed, and took his leave. When the young Master Carver parted from him at Mrs. Ralston's door, and just as he extended a hand to the bell, he observed a familiar face approaching him from the garden, the next moment his sister was twining her fingers in his hair, and smothering him with kisses. What was a score of sleepless nights, or as many summer hats, compared with that one moment? Miss Doyle led the way into the drawing-room, and presented him to Mrs. Ralston, a widow lady, and her two daughters, who greeted the young man with a charming simplicity that dissipated at once his last fear of formality. In a few minutes Baron Doyle, who seldom went into society, felt perfectly at ease, and conversed as freely with the ladies as though he had known them as many years. The conversation turning on the fine arts and poetry, Baron Doyle took advantage of momentary lull to address his sister.

"By the way, Emma, speaking of authors, I have a present for you."

"For me!" exclaimed Miss Doyle. "It is Moore's Poems, I know it is—and you have it in your pocket—I feel it. Ah! how glad I am!" And as she spoke she darted her little hand into his pocket and brought forth a small parcel, saying, "How I shall enjoy Moore, now!" As she proceeded to open it, while Mrs. Ralston and her daughters looked on with a smile that seemed to say, "That's as brother and sister should be!"

"Stay!" exclaimed Baron Doyle, hastily, as he caught his sister's hands, and endeavored to take the parcel from her.

"Now, Baron! for shame!"

"But I—I assure you, you have made a mistake," returned her brother, holding her hands tightly. "Besides, you should wait until I present it to you. I shall report to Mrs. Carver."

"Nonsense! When I have only one brother, can I not control him? I must see what you value so much. If it is not the poems, it is something equally valuable."

So saying, she withdrew her hands from him suddenly, and darting across the room, she opened the paper, exposing to the wondering gaze of Mrs. Ralston and her daughters a part of a two-penny roll and a Scotch herring.

O, what a blunder was that, Emma Doyle! The hot blood rushed to her face, and tingled in her veins, as she withdrew her gaze from the tell-tale fragments and fastened it upon her brother's face. And Baron—how purple red his face became as he met her gaze. One moment Miss Doyle held the fragments in her hand, then crossing to her brother's side, replaced them in his pocket.

"See, now!" Baron managed to stammer at last, "you are no child, that I must carry a penny roll for you—and I'm sure you don't like Scotch herring as well—but I shan't say who; but, rest assured, I am not fond of them. But, come now; there is Moore for you, and don't puzzle your head anything about the herring. I'll explain that something again."

As he ceased speaking, his glance met that of Miss Ralston, on whose countenance he observed a singular expression.

"Well, I don't think you can give a sensible reason for carrying nasty old fish in your pocket," retorted his sister, with affected anger; but notwithstanding her manner, her annoyance was apparent. As it was then growing late, her brother signified his intention to take his leave; but he was immediately overruled by Mrs. Ralston, who prevailed upon him to accept a bed in her house.

When Baron Doyle awoke the next morning his first movement was to throw open the shutters, that the brilliant sunlight might light up his room. As he stood beside the window, a murmur of voices beneath it attracted his attention.

"Say what you will, Bell; I am sure I am right."

"And I am just as positive that you are wrong."

"He is either stingy or vulgar, and yet he would pass for a gentleman."

"I declare, Clara, you never will be convinced that riches are not necessary to good breeding. Do you not like Emma, and is her brother not handsome and intelligent, with the manners of a gentleman?"

"And a passion for smoked herring, permit me to add. But I was not aware that he had made such a favorable impression upon you, Bell."

There was an impatient rejoinder. Baron Doyle's eyes brightened, and his heart beat quicker as he caught the tone.

"Ah!" pursued the sister, "it needed but that to convince me that I was right. But pray how do you account for the herring?"

"That is more than I am inclined to undertake," replied Miss Ralston—for Baron had recognized the sister's voices; but it is possible that he could not afford a dinner on the packet, and so—"

"Dined on smoked herrings! ha, ha! O, Bell, that is simply absurd!—simply absurd! when one thinks of his dress, manner, and fine sentiments."

"Have you not heard Emma saying he supported her, and that he is only a poor clerk?"

"Which only renders him the more ridiculous. If he is able to support her, why does he carry herrings about with him? Surely you observed his embarrassment when Emma opened the paper?"

"I did, and I felt for him Clara. He is kind to his sister, and I believe he is a gentleman."

"Tra-la-la-la-la! Well, well! I perceive you are in love with this knight of the herrings, and when one is in love—there, there, Bell, I won't say another word; but I do declare your handsome gentleman has a decidedly queer taste!"

"You are not annoying me in the least, Clara; go on."

"But what will the fastidious Fred. Dewey say of his intended brother's taste, Bell?" Baron Doyle started.

"I think he will give himself less concern about it than you and I have done. He loves Emma, and I have no doubt he will marry her as soon as she leaves Ambrose. But, s-t! There she is now, Clara; will you open the door?"

Baron Doyle paced his room and meditated. Frederick Dewey, his employer, wed his sister! Impossible! She had never hinted at such a thing in her letters. There must be some mistake. And yet, now that he recollected it, Mr. Dewey's manner was very singular when he inquired if he (Baron) was acquainted with the Ralstons. Before he took his leave of them, Baron found an opportunity to speak a word or two with his sister, alone.

"O, Baron! how stupid I was last night," said his sister, as they stood alone in the parlor; "I had dreamed that—"

"Say no more," replied the brother, "it was my own fault."

"But what were you doing with the fish, Baron? Surely—"

"Indeed they were for myself, then, Emma. Is there any time in dining on Scotch herrings when one is too poor to obtain better fare? I should have said nothing about it, if it had not been for the affair last night."

"But you came on the boat, Baron?"

"But I did not know that I would lodge with a friend of yours, and I had barely fifty-six cents in my pocket, beside my fare here and back, not including meals on the boat; but I had resolved to see you, and so I came."

"And yet you bought Moore for me! You are a dear, good old fellow, Baron, and I never can repay you for your kindness to me—never!"

There was a rustle in the next room, as if some person were passing the door, but it was so faint that Miss Doyle did not hear it. Baron waited a moment, until he was satisfied that the person had left the room, and then said:

"Emma, have you ever met a Mr. Dewey here?"

She blushed vividly, as she replied slowly: "I have, Baron—why do you ask?"

"Does he love you?" inquired her brother, paying no attention to her question in his eagerness.

"I—I think he does. But how did you learn this, Baron? I was going to write to you about it, and then—"

"Well, no matter what prevented you. I am not so anxious to get rid of my little sister—not I, birdie; but I respect Mr. Dewey, and I will have no fear in trusting my sister's happiness in his keeping."

"You know him, then?"

"Know him! what do you mean? Surely I know my own employer!"

"Your employer?"

"I don't understand this, Emma."

"I—I thought your employer was an old man—a married man," stammered his sister.

"He is only five years older than myself, and a very handsome bachelor at that! So you did not know that you were about to marry my employer? Did he never mention me?"

"No! somehow I never thought of mentioning your employment either; but, and here Miss Doyle blushed again, "we only met five or six times. To be sure it was here, and Mr. Dewey was in the house all the time nearly, for he is a great favorite here—I think he is some sort of a relation, too. But you must tell me, Baron, how you found it out?"

"Nothing simpler. I overheard two young ladies talking this morning, and when they mentioned Mr. Dewey's name in connection with yours—"

"I see, I see! That was Clara's tongue, I'm sure; she teases me continually. But it is time we should break up our council—it is only ten minutes of nine."

I need scarcely say that Baron Doyle returned to noisy Shuttleton in a gay humor. About a week afterwards, his employer over-

took him as he was leaving the store, and running his hand through Baron's arm, carelessly said:

"I have just received a letter from Ambrose. You see what your secretiveness has done; I never knew until to-day that Miss Doyle was your sister. What an amusing mistake hers was, though! Ha, ha, ha! I laughed over it, or rather over her description of the person she imagined employed you, till my sides were sore. Rather amusing all round—I hope we may laugh over it when we are both grey haired, unless one or both of us takes to a wig. And so you have been living on two hundred and fifty a year, Baron. Well, wonders never cease. Do you know I have wasted as much in a month, and yet no one has ever called me extravagant? You have learned me a lesson which I hope I may never forget, Baron."

"Perhaps, if our positions were reversed, I would be the pupil you the teacher. I think I have only done what you or any other brother would do for an only sister, particularly when he had her welfare at heart," replied Baron, quietly.

"Ah! you don't know the world as well as I do. By the way, have you any particular liking for Scotch herring, Baron?"

"She has been telling that upon me, too. I did think my sister had a trifle of discretion, but I am beginning to doubt it."

"You should have read her letter to me, Baron; it would bring tears to your eyes. In fact I am jealous of you; she fairly dotes upon you. Ah! if you only knew what she says about those herrings!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Baron Doyle, "nonsense!" but his eyes were half dim with tears.

"You may 'pooh! pooh!' and say 'nonsense!' but I understand you now, Baron. I only wish I had known you as well two years ago. But it is not too late, yet; and I flatter myself that—"

Here Mr. Dewey checked himself suddenly. "You are like the rest of the world," said Baron. "If a man only does his duty, you straightway set him up as a model and eulogize him."

Doubtless there was a good deal of truth in the remark; nevertheless, it is very refreshing to find men or women who have the courage to perform their duty.

When nine months rolled around, Miss Doyle became Mrs. Dewey. The Deweys have many a laugh and joke over a tolerable picture which hangs over the mantel-piece in the dining-room. The picture was painted by Mrs. Dewey herself, and is a very simple thing. It merely represents part of a two-penny roll and a Scotch herring on a piece of brown paper.

But I forgot to mention that Baron Doyle has visited Ambrose several times since his sister's marriage. I may relate a part of a conversation which occurred between Miss Ralston, or rather Bell Ralston, as her friends call her, and Baron Doyle upon the occasion of his last visit.

"Will you tell me one thing, Bell. I have often wondered why you favored a poor clerk, when so many wealthy suitors were at hand?"

"I think I can explain it to your satisfaction," responded the lady, demurely. "Do you remember your first visit here?"

"Distinctly; I think I can never forget it. Then you remember a little incident?"

"Perfectly well do I remember the incident, Bell."

"Well, Baron, I obtained a glimpse at your real nature when your sister opened the paper containing the smoked herring. I surmised the truth at once; afterwards I overheard you talking with Emma, and said to myself, a man who practices so much self-denial for a sister will surely be attentive to a wife."

"Then you were guilty of eavesdropping! So it appears, after all, that I owe my good fortune to a Scotch Herring."

A GOLDEN GUN.—When lately visiting the Tower, and looking at the guns, &c., beneath the shade of the "keep," I was shown a great gun, which the wardens informed me and the other visitors was made of gold and other precious metal. I was also informed that the Jews had offered £20,000 for it, while twelve inches had been cut off, sent to Birmingham, and when melted was found to be worth £8,000. I may as well state that inscriptions on the gun tell us that it was "founded by Muhamed, son of Hamzet Allah;" that it was "made by the order of Sultan Solymann, son of Selim, for an invasion of India, in the year of the Hegira, 937" (A. D., 1530); and that it was "taken at the capture of Aden, January, 1839, by the expedition under command of Captain H. Smith, C. B., of H. M. ship 'Voyager.'"—Notes and Queries.

WHERE I see a house well furnished with books and papers, there I see intelligent and well-informed children; but if there are no books or papers, the children are ignorant if not profligate.—Franklin.

You may insert a thousand excellent things in a newspaper and never hear a word of approbation from the readers; but just let a paragraph slip in (by accident) of one or two lines not suited to their tastes, and you will be sure to hear of it.

Remember the poor and needy. "Bread cast upon the waters," &c.

For the Middlesex Journal.

An Appeal.

BY C. S. BOWMAN.

"Hand to hand," come one and all!
"Shoulder to shoulder," lest we fall!
"Heart to heart," at our country's call!
"Working-men of Massachusetts—stand by the Union!"

Up, be doing! have no fear!
Each should the other help to cheer:
Hope in God! for He is near!
"Working-men of Massachusetts—stand by the Union!"

May the right, which e'er it be,
Conquer, and our country free!—
Lord! we put our trust in Thee.
"Working-men of Massachusetts—stand by the Union!"

Peace smile o'er us once again!—
Break dark slavery's iron chain!—
Wash from our land war's bloody stain!—
"Working-men of Massachusetts—stand by the Union!"

BOSTON, 1861.

An Unexpected Friend.

The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS: \$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1 00
Each subsequent insertion, 75
Half a square (seven lines), one insertion, 75
Each subsequent insertion, 50
One square six months, 10 00
One square one year, 18 00
One square three months, 6 00
One square six months, 10 00
Half a square one year, 18 00
Half a square three months, 6 00
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.
Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, 12 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

50% All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—Dr. J. D. MANSELL.
Stoughton—E. T. WHITTIER.
Winchester—JOSIAH HOVEY.
Reading—THOMAS RICHARDSON.

S. M. PETERGILL & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston, are daily empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCT. 12, 1861.

What is the meaning of the present stillness which broods over the camps around Washington? Can it be that death-like silence which always precedes a great storm? Can each man in that large army be engaged in nerving himself up to meet heroically the tempest of battle which is soon to burst with tremendous and awful violence o'er his head? Or, have all leaders and led, sunk into an unnatural lethargy? No, not so. Soon, too soon, will we learn what this quietness means. We will learn it from the death-dealing blows that will be struck by hands controlled by heads grown scientific in the art of war from incessant practice. We will learn it from many a source that will become too potent to be mistaken. Ere a few more suns shall rise and set, the roll of the mighty cannon will reverberate from one end of Virginia to the other, and many a patriot who has gone forth to die that his country might live, and that its blood-bought institutions might be handed down to future generations as pure as when the good men of the Revolution transmitted it to their successors, will succumb to the deadly aim of rebel marksmen. Many a good wife will have cause to weep over the fall of a cherished husband; many an aged mother will mourn the loss of an only son who was her sole support in her swiftly declining years, and many a child will miss a father's fostering care or never know its great worth. It becomes those who have friends in the army to prepare themselves to meet the worst; for their dear ones are cut off, then they will be ready to bear the sorrowful news, but if they are not then greater will be their rejoicing. Who can measure the depth of the sin that lies at the door of the instigators of this wicked and malicious rebellion? A death-bed repentance will not be sufficient to purge them of their demonic wickedness; no, the expense of a dozen such lives as theirs would not suffice to cleanse their guilty souls.

Amid our many trials and sufferings we must not imagine that what we are enduring is without a parallel; that no other people ever labored under similar hardships. The freedom which we have enjoyed so long, but never valued as we should, cost the men of the Revolution many a day of bitter anguish and sorrow, and caused many a woful heart-throb. They suffered and shed their blood to secure their blessings, and are we any better than they, that we should not do the same to retain them? Are our lives more precious than theirs were? Are we, surrounded by affluence and every modern convenience, more valorous in laying down our lives on the fields of the sunny South, than they were in laying down theirs at Valley Forge, surrounded by nothing but the snows of winter and stern want? A wail of anguish and woe from the heart's core may ascend from myriads of homes in this land before the war is closed, but a wail just as deep and as sorrowful went up long before, when the "to be" and "not to be" of this land hung evenly in the balance, and from bosoms as susceptible to grief as ours. We are no greater patriots than were those who came before us, and we are compelled to endure no mightier troubles than fell to their lot. In their case, three millions, without means, had to combat the richest and most powerful nation upon the globe; in our case, twenty millions, with untold riches and with ports open to the commerce of the world, have to combat seven millions who do not possess one-half of our wealth, and whose ports are almost hermetically sealed. Certainly under these circumstances we will not become more exalted than did our noble sires. We must in conducting ourselves throughout this war, be it long or short, keep in mind the fact that the patriots of the Revolution passed through a severer ordeal, yet never wavered until their purpose was achieved. Our burdens are light compared with theirs, and where we have one reason to complain they had a dozen. Let us then show ourselves worthy descendants of such men, and whenever a great obstacle rolls itself in our way, work shoulder to shoulder until it is removed; thus will we secure victory, and a name that will not pale before the brightest in the galaxy of fame.

Rev. I. N. Tarbox, Secretary of the American Education Society, will preach in the Congregational Church to-morrow.

Address of the Sanitary Commission.

This Commission has addressed a circular, extracts from which we give below, to the "Women of America" calling upon them to aid our noble soldiers in the field, who are toiling and suffering that their homes may remain inviolate and that peace may soon again return to this distracted land. The appeal comes at a time when that which is to be done must be done quickly and without any unnecessary delay. Our troops have no snug and comfortable bedrooms to repose in at night after doing a hard day's work, it may be in a rain storm, and consequently they need all the clothing and other necessities that can possibly be secured. We read, in the history of the country, that the noble women of the Revolution did everything that their limited means would allow, they even toiled day and night, to make the brave defenders of their homes comfortable and cause them to feel that while they endured every degree of hardship, anxious hearts and willing hands far away were doing as much as could be done to make their wants less and their situation more comfortable. Surely the women of '61, will not be a whit behind their sisters of '76. They cannot be; their reputations will not allow it; they have great acts of mercy to perform, and each one can become Florence Nightingale to some extent, so that the soldier when he walks his beat at midnight in the cold storms of winter, will have reason to offer up to Heaven a blessing that the women of to-day are as patriotic and true as those who lived eighty years ago when our nation had no existence except in brave and determined hearts.

We understand that a movement is on foot in Woburn, to call a meeting, so that some concerted action may be taken in this matter. This is well; if the women of Woburn come together for the purpose of helping their "brothers in arms," let me know that something will be done. Let the meeting be called at once and operations commenced speedily. There is not a moment to spare. Money cannot value time in this emergency.

We respectfully ask our readers to pursue the following with care.

TO THE LOYAL WOMEN OF AMERICA.

TREASURY BUILDING,
Washington, Oct. 1, 1861.

You are called upon to help take care of our sick and wounded soldiers and sailors.

Whatever aid is to be given from without, must still be administered systematically, and in perfect subordination to the general system of administration of the government. To hold its agents in any degree responsible for the duties which they are charged, government must protect them from the interference of irresponsible persons.

Hence, an intermediate agency becomes necessary, which, without taking any of the duties of the regular agents of government out of their hands, can, nevertheless, offer to them means of administering to the wants of the sick and wounded much beyond what could be obtained within the arbitrary limits of supply established by government, and in strict accordance with the regulations necessary for maintaining a proper accountability to it.

The Sanitary Commission, a volunteer and unpaid bureau of the War Department of the government, constitutes such an agency. A large portion of the gifts of the people to the army hitherto have been wasted, or worse than wasted, because directed without knowledge or discrimination. It is only through the Commission that such gifts can reach the army with a reasonable assurance that they will be received where they will do the most good and least harm.

The Sanitary Commission has established its right to claim the confidence of the nation. The Secretary of War and Major-General McClellan have both recently acknowledged, in the warmest terms, the advantages which have already resulted from its labors, and the discretion and skill with which they have been directed.

More than sixty thousand articles have been received by the Commission from their patriotic countrywomen. It is not known that one sent to them has failed to reach its destination, nor has one been received that should be accounted for. It is confidently believed that there has not been of late a single case of serious illness in the army of the Potomac, nor wherever the organization of the Commission has been completely extended, in which some of these articles have not administered to the relief of suffering.

After full and confidential conference with the Secretary of War, the commander of the army of the Potomac, and the Quartermaster General, there is reason to ask with urgency for a large increase of the Commission, especially of that class of its resources upon which it must chiefly draw for the relief of the sick and wounded.

It is, therefore, suggested that societies be at once formed in every neighborhood where they are not already established, and that existing societies of suitable organization, as Dorcas Societies, Sewing Societies, Reading Clubs, and Sociables, devote themselves, for a time, to the sacred service of their country; that energetic and respectable committees be appointed to call from house to house and store to store, to obtain contributions in materials suitable to be made up, or money for the purchase of such materials; that collections be made in churches and schools and factories and shops, for the same purpose; that contribution boxes be placed in post offices, newspaper offices, railroad and telegraph offices, public houses, steamboats and ferry boats, and in all other suitable places, labelled "FOR OUR SICK AND WOUNDED"; and that all loyal women meet at such convenient times and places as may be agreed upon in each neighborhood or social circle, to work upon the materials which shall be so procured.

Every woman in the country can, at the least, knit a pair of woolen stockings, or, if not, can purchase them. In each town let there be concert on this subject, taking care that three or four sizes are provided. Fix upon a place for receiving, and a date when the package shall be transmitted, and send it as

soon as possible to the most convenient of the depots of the Commission.

Description of Articles Most Wanted.

Blankets for single beds;
Quilts, of cheap material, about seven feet long by fifty inches wide;

Knit Woolen Socks;

Woolen of Canton Flannel Bed-Gowns,

Wrappers, Unshirts, and Drawers;

Small Hair and Feather Pillows and Cushions for Wounded Limbs;

Slippers.

Delicacies for the sick—such as farina, arrow-root, corn-starch, cocoa, condensed milk, and nicely dried fruit—can be advantageously distributed by the Commission. Jellies should be carefully prepared to avoid fermentation, and most securely packed. Many articles of clothing have been injured, in packages heretofore sent the Commission, by the breaking of jars and bottles. Over every vessel containing jelly, strew white sugar to the depth of half an inch, and paste stout paper (not branded) over the mouth. Jellies sent in stone bottles arrive in the best condition, and there is no difficulty in removing the contents for use. Every bottle, &c., containing jelly should be labelled. Aromatic spirits and waters; light easy chairs for convalescents; nicely made splints for wounded limbs; checker and backgammon boards, and like articles for the amusement of wounded men; books, for desultory reading, and magazines, especially if illustrated, will be useful.

All articles should be closely packed in wooden boxes, or in very strongly wrapped bales, and clearly directed. On the top of the contents of each box, under the cover, a list of what it contains should be placed; a duplicate of this list should be sent by mail. Arrangements for free transportation should be made, or freight paid in advance. (The express companies will generally convey goods for this purpose, at a reduction on the usual rates.) Packages may be directed and sent to Dr. S. G. Howe, 20 Broomfield street, Boston.

Acknowledgments will be made to all those who forward parcels, and a final report to the Secretary of War will be published, recording the names of all contributors, so far as they shall be known to the Commission.

The Sanitary Commission is doing a work of great humanity, and of direct practical value to the nation, in this time of trial. It is entitled to the gratitude and the confidence of the people, and I trust it will be generously supported. There is no agency through which voluntary offerings of patriotism can be more effectively made.

A. LINCOLN.

WINFIELD SCOTT

WASHINGTON, Sept. 30, 1861.

MR. SUMNER'S ADDRESS.—We have received from Hon. Chas. Sumner a copy of the address which he delivered at the Worcester Convention last week. The address looks to us as if better fitted to be read before an Abolition gathering than before a Convention called for the purpose of banishing all party feeling and collecting together in one common brotherhood Democrat, Whig, and Republican. We must, in this contest, respect the feelings of all classes, and consider that the nation at large does not look through one and the same pair of eyes. The world was not made in a day, nor yet can great and grievous sins be abolished in a day. We would think that the death-knell which the South, unwittingly, is now engaged in sounding for its darling sin, ought to be sufficient to satisfy every one for a time at least, let his abolition sentiments be ever so ardent. Politicians have long handled the slave question for their own benefit, and we think they can well afford now to leave it in the hands of the military leaders to be dealt with as circumstances dictate and demand.

A SURPRISE PARTY IN REAL EARNEST.—A correspondent in another column narrates a happy incident that occurred at the house of Widdie Annie Burt, in North Woburn, on Tuesday evening last. This was a "surprise" in every sense of the term, and the old lady could not have felt lighter hearted that evening with her abundance of this world's goods, than did the "gallant one hundred," with the consciousness that they had done their whole duty. Truly it is more noble to give than to receive.

THE UNITARIAN SOCIETY have opened their house of worship for a series of religious services, to be held on Sunday evenings. They will be conducted by the pastor Rev. Dr. Stebbins, and the seats in the house will be free to all who may desire to attend. On Sunday Evening last, Dr. S. gave an excellent sermon, preliminary to a course on "Human Life." As this subject will be treated with reference to its application to the young, that class of persons, in our community will, doubtless be glad to avail themselves of the opportunity to hear the discourses.

SINGING SCHOOL.—Mr. W. H. Clarke's Singing School commenced last Tuesday under very favorable circumstances, considering the inclement state of the weather. The next meeting of the school will be on Tuesday evening, when doubtless many others will join.

HOME MAGAZINE for October has come to hand. We have nothing new to say in praise of this periodical—it is doing everything that outside means can do to make the homes of our land happy and contented.

SENATORIAL CONVENTION.—A Convention will be held at the Town Hall, Woburn, next Friday, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for State Senator from 5th Middlesex District.

The government contract in Maine is—
—Lr pressed hay \$9.25 per ton; for oats, 37 1/2 cents per bushel.

Mr Horace Goodrich of Stoneham, has received a patent for an improvement in printing presses.

THE WAY THE WAR "RUINS" US.—When

the nations of the old world are engaged in war they are compelled to export specie in order to get the necessities with which to carry it on, thus impoverishing themselves. With us the case is different, we have imported more specie since this war began than we have exported, and the money which it takes to prosecute it does not leave the country, but is re-circulated among our people. The money that has been and will be necessary to keep the machinery working, comes from the laid-up capital of monied men and goes mostly into the pockets of a poorer class. We have demonstrated the fact most clearly, that we can carry on a war costing a million and a quarter a day, independent of any foreign nation's aid,—the great wealth of our own citizens being more than adequate to meet every requirement. The following figures and facts we most respectfully dedicate to the London Times with the hope that they may be the means of opening a channel in the thick noddle of its principal scribbler, through which a ray of light and truth may pass into that dark and mysterious cavern, but as the Journal does not enjoy any larger circulation in England than the Times does in America, we are afraid that worthy individuals will remain in his present blithely state of ignorance, unless some one takes the trouble to send him a copy of our paper.

The receipts of grain at Chicago in 1861, are nearly four times as great as they were in 1859, and 50 per cent. greater than in 1860. The deliveries of grain at tide water, through the Erie Canal, from the opening of navigation to Sept. 7th, have been on a scale of corresponding magnitude. Our exports to foreign countries show a similar increase. The total exports to England and to the Continent of breadstuffs from the United States, for three years, up to Sept. 1, in each year, have been as follows:—

	Flour, bbls.	Wheat, bu.	Corn, bu.
1861, 2,708,790	29,005,866	11,810,566	
1860, 766,339	5,116,745	2,242,059	
1859, 157,855	497,855	376,532	

The total foreign exports of the port of New York for 1861, to Sept. 7, \$91,246,351
Same time last year, 63,543,917

Increase, \$27,402,434
The imports into New York since 1st of January last, exclusive of Bullion, have been \$96,847,208
Same time last year, 175,292,275

Decrease, \$78,445,067
Add excess of exports, 27,402,434
Add excess of imports of bullion, 38,193,000

Change in our favor at the port of New York, in eight months of the current year, \$144,040,497

The receipt of foreign gold and silver, and of gold from California, at New York, and at Boston for New York account, since Jan. 1, have been \$86,793,000
Same time in 1860, 25,110,000

Increase in favor of '61, \$41,683,000

All the above facts are from authentic sources and present a result unexampled in the history of nations.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Surprise Party in North Woburn.

The friends and acquaintances of Widow Annie Burt took possession of her house last Tuesday evening while she was away making an afternoon visit to one of her friends. When she returned in the evening about 8 o'clock, she found her house well lighted and about one hundred persons present having a social time. Before the party left she found to her great surprise that her store room had been wonderfully replenished with a barrel of flour, potatoes, butter, pork, and many other articles too numerous to particularize. She was also informed that her wood shed was not as empty as when she left,—about 14 tons of coal and two loads of wood being placed therein. She also found in her closets, delains, prints, cloth, hosiery, &c., for the children. There was also a purse of money given her. A bountiful collation had also been provided by the company in the part of the house occupied by Q. R. Ward,—he with his family sympathizing with the object in view. Before partaking of the collation, Rev. Mr. Byington asked a blessing. After the repast the friends began to leave for their homes, feeling, I doubt not, that they were only carrying out our Saviour's precept, that "Whoso giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord." I am happy to say that Mrs. Burt is well provided for, for the coming winter. May she never want for this world's goods, and may heaven's richest blessings ever rest upon her and her children.

ONE OF THE PARTY.

North Woburn, Oct. 9th 1861.

WOBURN GAS COMPANY.—The annual meeting of this Company was held Tuesday evening. The following persons were chosen Directors—Charles Choate, Abijah Thompson, Bowen Buckman, J. B. Winn, J. P. Converse.

ROBBERY.—The shop of Nathan Parker, on Oakley Court, was entered last Wednesday night, and a spy-glass, worth \$10, stolen. Several pairs of new boots and shoes were in the shop at the time, together with some leather, but remained untouched.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.—The following is the list of officers installed in Osceola Division of this town, Monday evening—W. P.—John G. Knight; W. A.—C. K. Conn; R. S.—George Kelley; A. R. S.—Alex. Murdock; F. S.—Charles W. Gorham; T.—John Burke; C.—W. M. Miller; A. C.—Wm. Murdock; I. S.—James Skinner; O. S.—Geo. E. Fowle.

A NEW PETITION.—The following petition is being circulated and signed, and will soon be sent on to Washington.

To the President and Cabinet of the United States:—

We the undersigned, citizens of Massachusetts, respectfully pray that the Government take some immediate measures to procure the exchange, or release from imprisonment, of those soldiers of the Federal Army, now held as Prisoners of War by the rebels.

Rev. T. Starr King's Address in California.

We take the following extracts from an address delivered by Rev. T. Starr King, at Platt's Music Hall, San Francisco, August 29. "But let us look more closely at the question of peace and the obstacles to it. To an honorable peace there are no obstacles. Put the country back where it was politically in December last, and there will be peace at once. Let the insurgents recall and disband their armies; restore the forts they did not build, but have stolen; return the money they have filched; renew the oaths they have broken; run up the flag they have insulted; bow to the Constitution under which much of their soil was bought and given to them; and the war is over. Not a soldier nor a cannon muzzle will cross one of their frontiers, except to protect them. The blockade will melt from their ports. Transit and traffic will be as free on the Mississippi, as the downward flow of its yellow stream. Commerce will at once renew its beneficent interplay. No ship of war will cross the bar of a Southern harbor, except as the sign of the common sovereign power, of which the South, as heretofore will be part.

And this will be no subjugation. If it is, it is such as New York, and Massachusetts, and Kentucky suffer from. It is a subjugation in which they have the same voice in the laws, the same share in the glories, the same participation in the benefits of the empire—the same, may, greater ratio of representation in its trusts. For the rebellious States can come back in an instant to have more power in proportion than loyal Ohio and chivalrous Rhode Island. They can come back to claim representation in Congress, not only for their citizens but for a portion of their property, which is sternly denied by the Constitution to every State which stands for its defence in arms. They can come to enjoy an amount of political liberty and prosperity which would be envied by ninety-nine hundredths of the human race, as a near approach to a civil millennium.

Who ever heard of a war before in which the guilty insurgents could command a peace full of blessings, on equal terms with the injured party in all respects but one, and that one insuring a superior benefit? Let gentlemen who live in the North, under the protection of the Constitution and the Flag, and who have sympathies for the South, and influence with the rebel leaders, if they burn with a desire for peace, and are affected with horror at invasion, subjugation and bloodshed, turn their energies toward the authors of war, and hasten the return of a peace the most honorable, beneficent, economical, that can possibly be realized. It is a field inviting their noblest ambition.

But the peace-claimers are careful to make the recognition of the rebel movement the foundation of the peace which they would seduce the people to urge upon the Government. They want the Southern Confederacy acknowledged at once, that we may get quiet again, and the good old days of light taxes and general prosperity.

Suppose that this could be done forthwith, as easily as it can be conspired, what would it cost us as a nation? Not only the retiring States; not only the burning insult to the Government; not only square miles of territory by the tens of thousands, which have been paid for to insure general good; but the animating principle of the national propriety itself; something which can not be expressed by hundreds of millions."

"Acknowledge the rebellion in so few months after it compacts itself—acknowledge it without gathering all possible power to put it down, and we acknowledge the principle that upheaved it—the idea of Supremacy, the legitimacy of secession. And then the nation has acknowledged it for Illinois, for Pennsylvania, for Brigham Young, for Minnesota, for California. It has acknowledged that Michigan owns Lake Superior and Lake Huron; that Connecticut holds a clean title at pleasure to Long Island Sound; that New Jersey may close Delaware Bay by Armstrong guns on Cape May; that New York may seal the Hudson and seal its mouth with a tariff; that Nevada has a sovereign title to its silver ledges. It has taken one long step toward its grave. It has not only lost provinces, it has lost a principle that gave them, and the States that remain, the most of their value. It has not only lost a stream, but has consented to see the fountain choked out of which all its streams have flowed. As a matter of public economy the nation could better afford to pay hundreds of millions than to hurry into a peace which would acknowledge the principle of State sovereignty, and thus introduce the disease of civil curvy into the tissues of the body politic. The peace would cost too much.

But, all this while, we are talking as though we could have peace by acknowledging the rebellion and its Confederacy. Two minutes' reflection will show that it is impossible. Suppose that the Government should be willing to ground arms to-morrow, and acknowledge the doctrine of State Supremacy, and the new Southern combination, look at the practical difficulties that would instantly be on our hands. Virginia is divided. Maryland is divided. There are hostile tendencies in Delaware. Tennessee would be torn by antagonistic affinities. Kentucky would boil with internal agitation. Missouri would "seethe with secret fire." Thousands of citizens of each of these States, whose counties, vast districts, would refuse to go with the rebel Confederation. Thousands, and tens of thousands, would insist on such a partnership. The North is a unit; the South is not,—and the moment the Government should abandon the contest, the fury of civil war would break out in almost every one of the States I have named.

The city of Washington, too, the capital of the legitimate United States—what would become of that in a peace that should acknowledge the right of every State to follow the mad whim of one season? Suppose that Maryland, or half of it, should go off with Eastern Virginia to the new Confederacy, Washington would be in hostile territory. Shall it be defended there, or moved? Do

you say defended, fortified, packed with troops, grim with batteries? Will your new Confederacy, flushed with success, more insolent in temper than nature made them, permit such a citadel within their borders? Should we insist on it? There is war again! Should we remove? What do you think the temper of the noblest part of the nation would be in seeing the city that Washington laid out, and all its treasures and memorials of national power and progress, vacated or packed off at the dictation of a conspiracy successful after a struggle of six months?

And the tomb of Washington, saved from ruin and disgrace, saved for the nation by a Massachusetts man—is that to be left behind within the dominion of the secession sentiment which he hated with the whole heat of his passion, and which he clove down in the Whiskey Rebellion near Pittsburg? Is he to sleep in a bastard republic, doomed to perpetual slavery which he wanted to see abolished—a republic—nay, perhaps a monarchy, that has no Boston in it from which he drove the British, no Trenton, no Princeton, no Philadelphia where he signed the first copy of the Constitution, no New York where he took the first oath to administer it, no flag with thirteen stripes, which he first unfurled in Massachusetts, no stars which he fixed in the azure of history?

Will the nation give this up to the firm of Floyd, Toombs, Wigfall & Co? Or will not five hundred thousand bayonets rush to encircle it, and save it, as a Holy Sepulchre, from the apostates of the nineteenth century?

Letter from the Thirteenth.

DARNESTOWN, Oct. 2d, 1861.

FRIEND JOURNAL.—Thinking that a letter from the 13th would not be unacceptable to your readers I will try and write a few particulars. We are encamped about a mile from the village, a place of a dozen houses and three stores, which some of our company are now guarding. The weather is very warm in the day time and just the opposite in the night. Last Thursday we observed the national flag by going to town and listening to a reading of the proclamation, reading of the scriptures, &c., by the different Chaplains. Yesterday there was a review by Gen. Banks. There were present about 11,000 infantry, 6 cannon and 4 companies of cavalry. When we returned, our Colonel said if there was a regiment that could surpass us in marching or in passing in review he should like to see it. We have set out pine trees around our tents with streets between, making an amateur city. We live well now, and are perfectly contented. Our work is not very hard, as we have to drill but twice a day. Our regiment is better equipped and has more privileges than most any other round here. Col. Leonard allows us to go into the woods when we are not drilling, provided we don't go out of hearing of the drum. The Chaplain says we are the nearest and most orderly regiment upon the Potomac. Tuesday morning we heard heavy firing in the direction of the river, which I believe was caused by the rebels shelling one of our regiments. I heard that they did not kill any one. Col. Baker's California regt. and Baxter's Fire Zouaves of Philadelphia, passed by on the way to Poolesville, and also the Irish Brigade which commenced the firing at Munson's hill. Sometimes we get the Baltimore and Washington papers, though we get the most of our news from the papers sent us from home. About a fortnight ago a Major in one of the Penn. regiments was murdered by one of his men. As far as I can learn the circumstances are these,—a man being drunk the Major ordered him to be tied to a team. Soon after he was released the Major was informed that he had a rifle and was threatening to shoot him. The Major rode forward when the man drew up his rifle and fired, killing him instantly. He will probably be executed before long. Our regiment is expecting to be paid off in a few days. The mails are very irregular. Sometimes a letter will come in two days and then again it will take a week. We shall probably move in the course of ten days, I expect, toward Harper's Ferry. The companies which we left there have had several skirmishes since. On account of the promotion of Captain Kurtz the regimental line has been changed, so that we are now the second company instead of the ninth which we like much better. MILITO.

DE GRATH, who has gained some notoriety in connection with an Electric Oil which he has manufactured and sold, has been mulcted in the sum of \$1000 by a Philadelphia jury, on account of breaking a marriage promise. In one of his letters to his "dear Amelia," "Amelia Hartrant was the lady's name—when "young love" controlled his every action apparently, he thus murders the "King's English":—"While travelling on the road," he wrote, "I saw trees loaded with cherries, and I stopped on the road and picked cherries until I am full. When I was up the tree I wished I had my dear Amelia with me so that I could throw down some cherries."

NEW ENGLAND FARMER.—The proprietors of this paper have issued their prospectus for the coming year. There is no better criterion whereof to judge of its merits than by its past history, which is sufficiently good to commend it to all for the future. The Farmer is supplied to subscribers at \$2.00 per annum. Nourse, Eaton & Tolman, Publishers, Boston.

REWARD TO WHOM IT IS DUE.—If ever there was an article designed to benefit the community at large more than any other, JAMES PYLE'S DIETETIC SALEBRATIS is the one. All who understand how destructive the common Salebratis is to the teeth and digestive organs, will readily realize the necessity of a wholesome article; and all that is required to satisfy any one that this want is supplied, is a fair trial. Send at once to your grocer for a package and try it; but see to it that no spurious article done up in red papers, is put upon you. The genuine has the name of JAMES PYLE, on every package.

INTERESTING FROM HARPER'S FERRY.—Sandy Hook, Md. 30th ult. On Thursday last Major Gould and Captain Scribner of the 13th Massachusetts regiment, under the guidance of Major McManus of the special service, went over to Harper's Ferry and succeeded in recovering two valuable bells belonging to our Government, one of which weighed 1700 pounds and the other 900, together with a fire engine and other articles captured by the rebels. On the same day they arrested a Mr. Magraw, who had been engaged in the laudable occupation of robbing the Unionists for the benefit of the rebels.

Letters were found in his possession showing that he was in constant communication with the rebel leaders. The officers confiscated his mules, wagons, and other articles. Magraw remains a prisoner. There is plenty of evidence to prove him guilty of the gross treason.

The four large pieces of ordnance which were recently recovered from Harper's Ferry, have been fitted up in an ingenious manner by Capt. Scribner, and frequently pay their respects to the rebel scouts when they visit the Ferry.

The same officer has collected large quantities of railroad spikes, which he wires into suitable bundles, and discharges in place of canister shot. Capt. Scribner declares that he can keep the whole rebel army from crossing here with these novel projectiles.

Great credit is due to Major Gould and Capt. Scribner for their mechanical skill in the erection of batteries and fortifications fronting Harper's Ferry and the ford, extending a distance of several hundred yards. The latter perfectly protect our forces from any attack.

But a few families remain at Harper's Ferry, and those being Unionists, earnestly desire protection.

IMPORTANT USE FOR SEAWOOL.—M. E. Legou has presented a report to the Paris Academy of Sciences on the employment of seaweed, applied in layers against the thin walls of habitations, to prevent sudden variations in and excess of temperature. The marine algae, such as seawrack, may be termed a sea-wool, which has this advantage over ordinary wool, that it does not harbor insects, and undergoes no change by dryness or humidity, provided it be not exposed to the solar rays: in that case it undergoes a complete transformation—from being brown and flexible it becomes white and almost rigid. In the dark, on the contrary, it is unchangeable, unfermentable, impure, uninflamable, and unattackable by insects. At first it has the objection of being hygroscopic; but a single washing in fresh water removes the salt, and then its properties become so beneficial, that a celebrated architect has styled it the "flannel of health for habitations." It has been applied successfully between the tiles and ceiling of a railway station, also in a portable house intended for the use of officers at the camp of Chalons; also double panels, the intermediate space being filled with sea-weed, have been prepared for the construction of temporary barracks at the Isle of Reunion. The Consulting Committee of Public Health, the Society of Civil Engineers, the Council for Civic Structures, &c., have expressed their approval of the judicious employment of the marine algae, and state that the popularization of this process will

Continued from First Page.

Henry's eyes flashed with gratitude; he received the money with a stammering and almost inaudible voice, but with a look of the warmest gratitude he vanished. The benevolent stranger instantly sought the dwelling of the sick widow. He entered a little room in which he could see nothing but a few implements of female labor—a miserable table, and an old bureau, and a little bed in which the invalid lay. She appeared weak and almost exhausted, and on the bed at her feet sat a little boy crying as if his heart would break.

Deeply moved at the sight, the stranger drew near the bedside of the invalid, and, feigning to be a physician, inquired into the nature of her disease. The symptoms were explained in a few words, when the widow, with a deeper sigh, added, "Oh, my sickness has a deeper cause, and one which is beyond the art of a physician to cure! I am a mother—a wretched mother. I see my children sinking daily deeper and deeper in want, which I have no means of relieving. My sickness is of the heart, and death alone can end my sorrows; but even death is dreadful to me, for it awakens the thought of misery into which my children would be plunged; it—Here emotion checked her utterance, and the tears flowed unrestrained down her cheeks. But the pretended physician spoke consolingly to her, and manifested so warm a sympathy for her condition, that the heart of the poor woman throbbled with a pleasure that was unwonted.

"Do not despair," said the stranger, "of recovering, and of preserving a life so precious to your children. Can I write a prescription here?"

The poor widow took a little paper book from the hands of the child who sat on the bed with her, and tearing out a blank leaf, "I have no other," said she, "but perhaps this will do."

The stranger took a pencil from his pocket and wrote a few lines upon the paper.

"This prescription," said he, "you will find of service to you. If it is necessary, I will write you a second. I have great hopes of your recovery."

He laid the paper on the table and departed. Scarcely was he gone when the eldest son returned.

"Cheer up, dear mother!" said he, going to her bedside and affectionately kissing her. "See what a kind benevolent stranger has given us. It will make us rich for several days. It has enabled us to have a physician, and he will be here in a moment. Compose yourself, dear mother, and take courage."

"Come nearer, my son," answered the mother, looking with pride and affection on her child. "Come nearer, that I may bless you. God never forsakes the innocent and the good. Oh, may he watch over you in all your paths! A physician has just been here. He was a stranger, but he spoke to me with a compassion and kindness that was a balm to my heart. When he went away he left a prescription on the table; see if you can read it."

Henry glanced at the paper and started back; he took it up, and as he read it through again and again, a cry of wonderful astonishment escaped him.

"What is it, my son?" exclaimed the widow, trembling with an apprehension—of she knew not what.

"Ah, read, dear mother! God has heard us."

The mother took the paper from the hands of her son, but no sooner had she fixed her eyes upon it than, "My God!" she exclaimed; "it is Washington!" and fell back fainting upon her pillow.

The writing was an obligation—for it was indeed he—by which the widow was to receive the sum of one hundred dollars from his own private property, to be doubled if necessary.

Meanwhile the expected physician made his appearance, and soon awoke the mother from her fainting-fit. The joyful surprise, together with a good nurse, with which the physician provided her, and a plenty of wholesome food, soon restored her to perfect health.

The influence of Washington, who visited them more than once, provided for the widow friends who furnished her with constant employment, and her sons, when they arrived at the proper age, were placed in respectable positions, where they were able to support themselves and render the remainder of their mother's life comfortable and happy.

Let the children who read this story remember, when thinking of the great and good Washington, that he was not above entering the dwelling of poverty, and carrying joy and gladness to the hearts of its inmates. This is no fictitious tale, but only one of a thousand incidents which might be related of him, and which stamp him one of the best of men.

WHY, HE CAN'T.—When Blondin's agent appeared before the Directors of the Crystal Palace, to negotiate an engagement, "one cautious member of that body ventured to remark, in a sense adverse to the engagement—

"But suppose he were to fall?"

"Do what?" asked the agent, to whom the remark was especially addressed.

"Fall," repeated the director.

"Fall!" re-echoed the agent, with a most natural air of surprise, "where from?"

"Where from?" reiterated the other, "why from the rope?"

"Blondin fall from the rope!" said the agent, with a calm solemnity, "why, he can't!"

And that being the case, the terms of engagement were duly concluded.

THE FATE OF ALL.—An old maid, on the wintry side of fifty, hearing of the marriage of one of her friends, a pretty young lady, observed, with a sentimental sigh—"Well, I suppose 'tis what we must all come to!"

A SMART REPLY.—A doctor went to bleed a dandy, who languidly exclaimed—"O, doctor, you're a good butcher!" "Yes," rejoined the knight of the lancet, "I am used to sticking calves!"

Wit and Anecdote.

"Care to our Coffin adds a nail, no doubt, And every grin, so merry, draws one out."

Bachelor's Hall.

Bachelor's Hall! what a queer looking place it is! Kape me from such all the days of my life! Sure, but I think, what a burning disgrace it is, Never at all to be getting a wife.

See the old bachelor gloomy and sad enough, Placing his tuxedo over the fire, Soon it tips over—St. Patrick! he's mad enough (If he were present) to fight with a squire.

Now like a hog, in a morbid bed wallowing, (Awkward enough he has broken his dough.) Troth, if the bread he could eat without wallowing, How it would fawn his palate you know.

His dishcloth is missing—the pigs are devouring it; Bishes take care of yourse if you can; A plate wanted washing—grin! it is scolding it; Thunder and Turf, what a pickle he's in!

Pots, dishes and pans, such greasy commodities, Ashes and patrician skins liver the floor; His cupboard's a storehouse of comical oddities, Things that had never been neighbors before.

His meal being over, the table's left setting so; But hunger returns, then he's fawning and fretting so, O! let him alone for a baste of a man!

Late in the night he goes to bed shivering; Never the bit is the bed made at all; He creeps like a terrapin under the kiverin', Bad luck to the picture of Bachelor's Hall!

CATCHING A GREASED PIG.—The Rhode Island boys, at Camp Sprague, near Washington, go the "whole hog" on out door sports, when off duty, the latest event being a pig race, an account of which we append:

The poor porker closely shaved and thoroughly lubricated from snout to tail, was conveyed to the arena in a covered box. Piteous indeed was the expression of his innocent face when, unengaged, he was turned adrift. Unknowing his destiny, he slowly stepped from his prison, grunting satisfaction at release. But with a hoop ten incarnate fiends rushed madly forward and endeavored to clutch his prehensile tail. Piggy, of a sudden, awoke to a realizing sense of his position, and darted off, uncertain where to go, and emitting the most doleful squeals.

He rushed here, and scouted there, having no respect for the legs of any one, and routing people in every direction. The men perspiring, hot and eager, were desperate in the chase. They grabbed and caught only to find their efforts futile. No sooner would the prize appear to be won than it was lost. The difficulty of the capture was enhanced by its being allowable only to hold the animal by his unctuous appendage—any other method being ruled out. The feat appeared impossible, but one man sublimely rose whose intellect was adequate to the performance of the feat. He showed himself to be the very Napoleon of pig chasers. He soared supreme at the arduousness of the task, and watching for an opportunity threw himself bodily on the victim, and seized the tail between his teeth. The squealing was terrific, but was drowned in the shrieks of laughter that was undoubtedly heard in Washington. Who got the pig? Why, a Marine, of course.

To LET.—There are more things "to let" than are placarded. Hearts are to let every day; old hearts, young hearts, stricken hearts—all empty—all to let.

There are hands to let; to any new thing, to isms, ologies and lists; hands to love, hands to labor; these for rags, and those for rings.

There are consciences to let; elastic accommodating caoutchouc; at five per cent. a month; sixty per cent. a year. To let on bond and mortgage and pound of flesh.

And so it goes, from souls to souls; almost everything with its price; everything in the market but griefs. They are never quoted, never a premium, never to let.

UNANIMITY.—A Scotch parson, in his prayer, said: "Lord bless the grand council, the parliament, and grant that they may hang together."

A country fellow standing by, replied: "Yes, sir, with all my heart, and the sooner the better—and I am sure it is the prayer of all good people."

"But friends," said the parson, "I don't mean as that fellow does, but pray that they may all hang together in accord and concord."

"No matter what cord," replied the other, "so 'tis but a strong one."

AS a polite omnibus agent was going through the ladies' car, checking baggage, he asked a very pretty young lady if she had any baggage she wished taken to the hotel.

"No, sir," was the reply.

The agent then asked her if she desired a "bus."

She instantly gave him a very sweet smile, and replied: "No, sir, I am not in a busing humor this evening."

The agent dropped his memorandum book, hastily retired to the baggage car, and said he felt unwell.

One day, little Charlie came running to me, saying, "Ma, I saw a large snake down here."

"What kind of a snake was it, my dear?" said I.

"Oh!" said he, "it was an elastic snake. I did not understand, and asked what it meant. Being in the presence of some other ladies, he whispered, 'It was a garter-snake, ma.'"

"Frank," said an affectionate lady, to a promising youngster, "if you don't stop smoking and reading so much, you will get after a while so that you won't care anything about work."

"Mother," replied that young hopeful, leisurely removing a very long cigar, "I've got so now!"

THE FATE OF ALL.—An old maid, on the wintry side of fifty, hearing of the marriage of one of her friends, a pretty young lady, observed, with a sentimental sigh—"Well, I suppose 'tis what we must all come to!"

A SMART REPLY.—A doctor went to bleed a dandy, who languidly exclaimed—"O, doctor, you're a good butcher!" "Yes," rejoined the knight of the lancet, "I am used to sticking calves!"

SOMETHINGS-OR-NOTHINGS.

"Variety 's the Spice of life, That gives it all its flavor."

FRANK is the shadow of hope. Do your best and defy the devil to do his worst.

The reward of a thing well done is to have done it.

POVERTY humbles pride. A man when he is short, can hardly carry a high head.

If you do good, forget it; if evil, remember and repent of it.

WHY is Virginia sure to come right? Because she keeps Wheeling for the Union.

He who knows his ignorance is the possessor of the rarest kind of valuable knowledge.

DEATH and to-morrow are never here—they are either not come or gone.

A man's own good-breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

HARDLY anything is so difficult in writing as to write with ease.

ON what ground may confectioners be deemed very mercenary lovers? Because they sell their "kisses."

It would be well if we had less medicine and more cures; less profession and more piety; less law and more justice.

A good many presiding officers at public meetings don't know how to put a question. Young ladies think it should be popped.

There are as good horses drawing in carts as in coaches; and as good men are engaged in humble employments as in the highest.

WHAT throat is the best for a singer to reach high notes with?—A soar throat.

THE bachelor has to look out for number one—the married man for number two.

WE pity the family that sits down to a broil three times a day.

WOMEN never truly command until they have given their promise to obey.

Even if a woman had as many locks upon her heart as she has upon her head, a cunning rogue would find his way into it.

It is not safe to marry a poet. A young lady should beware of a beau, who, like the bow born of the shower and the sun, is always in the clouds.

The proud have no friends: not in prosperity, for then they know nobody; not in adversity, for then nobody knows them.

It is justly said of woman that she divides our sorrows and doubles our joys. Pity she quadruples our expenses.

PURE LIQUORS AND WINES FOR PRIVATE USE AND MEDICAL PURPOSES.

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Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

Vol. XI : : No. 3.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1861.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

Farewell to the Swallows.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Swallows, sitting on the eaves,
See ye not the gathering'd sheaves,
See ye not the falling leaves?
Farewell!
Is it not time to go
To that fair land ye know?
The breezes as they swell,
Of coming winter tell,
And from the trees shake down
The brown
And withered leaves. Farewell!

Swallows, it is time to fly;
See ye not the altered sky?
Know ye not that winter's nigh?
Farewell!
Go; fly in noisy bands
To those far distant lands
Of gold, and pearl, and shell,
And gem (of which they tell
In books of travels strange):
There range
In happiness. Farewell!

Swallows on your pinions glide
O'er the restless rolling tide
Of the ocean deep and wide;
Farewell!
In groves far, far away,
In summer's sunny ray,
In warmer regions dwell;
And then return to tell
Strange tales of foreign lands,
In bands
Perch'd on the eaves. Farewell!

Swallows, I could almost pray
That I, like you, might fly away,
And to each coming evil say—
Farewell!
Yet 'tis my fate to live
Here, and with cares to strive,
And I some day may tell
How they before me fell
Conquered. Then calmly die,
And cry
"Trials and toil—Farewell!"

Select Literature.

THE BROTHERS.

AN ENGLISH TALE.

In the outskirts of a small town in Devonshire there stands to this day a small farm-house, of picturesque though ruined aspect. It had once been far more extensive, but its owner, a careless and unenergetic man, had gradually parted with acres, and allowed the principal portion of his dwelling to go in the course of twenty years to ruin, until there remained habitable but a kitchen and two bedrooms. More addicted to sporting and betting on horse-races, than to assiduous attention to his interests, Edward Sargent had become a distressed farmer, not from bad harvests or misfortune, but from thoughtlessness or love of pleasure. It was in vain that his wife strove to supply his presence. She had a young family to attend to; and besides, good, true, prudent Esther was a townsman's child, whom he had married for her beauty and personal good qualities, but who though an excellent wife and better mother, was not the woman to replace the absent agriculturist. She had, as I have said, a family, two boys and a girl, whom she brought up as well as she could. They had not much out-door education, because, at the very time when they should have gone to school, the income of the farmer decreased in consequence of heavy losses, and then came death and took away the head of the house.

Mrs. Sargent found herself, at thirty-seven, with a house, a few acres, and thirty pounds a year, derived from money in the funds of her own, and with these limited resources she determined to do battle for her little ones, and to raise them to as high a moral elevation as possible. The clergyman of the parish, fortunately, was a simple, good man, who willingly aided her, and when Edward was twenty-one, Alfred nineteen, and Sophia seventeen, they had made much progress. Edward was earning the business of an architect, Alfred attended to the farm, and Sophia to the details of the household. Their characters were very different. Edward was very thoughtful, looked before him always, and scarcely ever acted from sudden impulse. Alfred on the other hand, was more lively, very thoughtless, and possessed by an ardent desire to rise from his obscure and humble position, but without ever beginning anything which might lead to his success. Sophia was a good little housekeeper, aided her mother in-doors, worked at her needle, and made the house light and merry with her sweet voice and gentle smile.

At this epoch in their life their mother died, and Edward found himself at twenty-one at the head of the household. The young people deeply grieved for the loss of their parent, and for more than six months no other topic of conversation was heard in the house—all, however, otherwise continuing as usual, Edward going regularly to his office, Alfred attending to the farm, and Sophia silently and adroitly performing the domestic duties of the interior. Generally on an evening they assembled together, and spent the hours in reading, talking, and sewing, according to their various tastes; but toward the end of that year Edward went often out of an evening, and so soon would Alfred. The former ways returned about half-past nine, to sup with his sister, but Alfred would often stay till nearly midnight. For some time this range in their mode of life excited no remark, but one morning, at breakfast, Edward addressed his brother:—

"My dear Al," said he gently, "how comes it we never see you of an evening now? You never come home until we are fast asleep."

Alfred blushed to the eyes, and tried to answer carelessly.

"Why the fact is," he replied, really glad to bring about an explanation, "I am thinking of getting married."

"Married!" cried Edward, himself coloring violently.

"Married!" repeated Sophia, in unfeigned astonishment.

"Not to-morrow, nor next day, but soon, when I get my two hundred pounds," said Alfred, with some hesitation.

"Well, my dear, Alfred," continued Edward, "I am glad you have made this confidence to me, for I myself had in view a marriage. But listen to me. Living narrowly as we do, our rent free, growing our own vegetables, keeping cows, pigs, and fowls, with thirty pounds a year to buy clothes and luxuries, we are able just to live and no more. The moment we part the six hundred and odd pounds, take each our own share, and sell the house and ground, we shall have only a small capital with which to commence the battle of life alone, but not sufficient to support a wife, and by and bye a family. We all hope to do better than we are doing now. If we were content to be farm-laborers, or shopmen, or artisans, I should then say, marry. We have a capital sufficient to purchase a cottage, buy furniture, and start fair. In that station wives would aid instead of hamper us. But we, who aspire above this, should before we take a girl from her home, have another home to give her. Now, Alfred, for months I have made up my mind. England I love, but she is a country better suited to skilled artisans, laborers, who find ready employment with men of capital. In America we find a new country, where we can have land for little or nothing, where the field widens every day, where professions find new outlets every hour, and where a man may venture even without money, but where, with our resources, we should in the western settlements be rich. I have long reflected on this, and I had hoped that you would accompany me. I mean to go over, settle myself on some moderately peopled locality, cultivate a farm, and practise as an architect and surveyor. I calculate that at the end of two years, I should be sufficiently settled to send for or fetch my wife and her mother. Now what say you, Al and Sophia dear, will you follow me?"

"That will I," exclaimed Sophia, heartily.

"Six months ago, I would gladly have said the same," replied Alfred, with a sigh he could not restrain. "I cannot leave England now. My plans, too, are all made. Now that you mean to leave the old house, I shall propose to you to let me have it; I will take a little more ground near it, and begin farming on a large scale. I shall buy a horse and cart, and employ a couple of laborers, then I and Alice need no go out-door work."

"Alice who—not Alice Hawthorn?" said Edward.

"Yes; what objections have you to her?" asked Alfred, somewhat angrily, though respect for his elder brother still was evident in the tone of his voice.

"None to her. But her father, you know, was a respectable tradesman, who, ruined by drink, took refuge from bankruptcy in a small beer-shop, where he lives in hopeless misery, drinking almost as much as he sells, his house the refuge of bad characters, and where it is said that he allows gambling at hours when other places are completely shut up. Such a connection can scarcely do us credit."

"Edward!" exclaimed the other, passionately, "you are unjust. Hawthorn has his faults, but Alice is an angel, and no power on earth can induce me to give her up."

"I have neither the desire nor the power to prevent your marrying this girl," replied Edward, gently; "but listen to me. She may prove an excellent and good wife, if you will it. Should you be determined to pursue the path of patient industry, here or elsewhere, she would profit by your example. But why not come with me? You are both very young, and surely can wait two years. If she loves you, you will find her waiting your return with gladness, and proud to accompany you to a home where competence, even wealth if you will, may be yours."

"She would be married to young Fulton," exclaimed Alfred.

"Then she does not really love you," observed Edward.

"Yes, she does. But then two years of absence would give my rival opportunities which he would not miss. He was almost engaged to her, when I stepped in and won her affections. And you, are you certain that your young lady will wait for you two years?"

"Yes!" cried Edward, warmly; "you know Mrs. Enderby, the widowed sister of my employer. It is her daughter I seek to wed. We have been almost engaged nearly a year, and last night I was finally accepted. She will reside with her mother until I send for them, living on their joint labors. Though brought up to better things, they employ a certain number of hours a day in various profitable ways. Mrs. Enderby is clever at her needle, and Emily gives easy lessons on the piano to young girls. Sometimes she teaches mere children to read, to write, to use their needles, and thus they live comfortably. When I am ready, they will both come and join me, and Emily's four hundred pounds will be added to the common store."

"Oh, how happy we shall be!" cried So-

phia, gladly; "if Alfred would only come with us, it would be delightful."

"I shall stick to old England. I shall make my fortune here. I have my plans too," exclaimed Alfred, somewhat sullenly, "and we shall see who will do best in the end."

"You must do as you will. We should have done better united, but I seek not to force you. Whenever you are ready, the two hundred pounds are at your command, and this house, as Sophia, brave girl, accompanies me."

"Thank you, Edward. Though too serious and startled by half, you are a kind brother. Let us be the same friends as before."

And Alfred hurried away. Edward remained with his sister to discuss with her at full length his plans of emigration. Having once made of his sister a confidant, the young man found ample subject of conversation relative to Emily, and it was resolved that she should come over on Sunday to the farm with her mother, to dinner and tea, that the family might make better acquaintance. Edward regretted much that he had not been more open with his brother, who might, at an earlier period, have entered into these plans, but shook his head gravely when there was talk of his marriage. He would even have thought his immediate union with Alice more wise had he resolved to emigrate, but to this Alfred had said she had an insuperable objection. The brother and sister, therefore, put all thoughts of this aside, and began arranging their own plans. They were to start in two months, and had everything to prepare. They had saved a few pounds by extreme economy and next day Edward ordered his money to be sold out, and found himself in the possession of seven hundred and thirty pounds. This he divided into three equal portions: one for Alfred, to be kept until the wedding-day, which was to take place in two months, the day previous to their departure; the second he re-invested for Sophia, wishing to reserve her share until he saw how affairs went; and of the third he put two hundred by, and spent the odd money in necessities. He took only what could not be done without.

On Sunday, Mrs. Enderby and her daughter came, and found a hearty welcome. Sophia was a middle-sized, round, rosy-cheeked country girl, beaming with health, and quite ready for the rough contest she was about to enter on; Emily was slight and rather delicate, still with a good constitution. She was rather serious in character, in a great measure because of her change of existence. Having been brought up in the lap of luxury, the falling to a position which needed her earning her living, could not but be felt by the most philosophical, and Emily had no pretensions to be a philosopher. She was grave, too, at the thought of parting with Edward, whose manly courage, and upright character had won her heart completely. But he spoke so cheerfully and hopefully of the future, he described their new life in such glowing colors, he talked of two years as nothing, he laid down plans already for their journey, and seemed so ardent in his faith as to success, that none could resist his eloquence, and they spent really a happy day.

Time passed rapidly; the two months were soon flown: Edward and Sophia were ready. They took a gun, some cheap tools, his books, instruments, and drawings, as much of plain good clothes as possible, with all the linen they could afford; among the rest, a dozen shirts, made by Mrs. Enderby and her daughter, who had neglected music and drawing both to make this present to her future husband. On the wedding-day, Edward and Sophia were spoken of oddly, because of their plain appearance; but they looked handsomer in their plain, good things, than many of those present in their finery. But they tried to spend a happy day, and gave up formal possession of the farm to the newly-married couple, to whom they wished all joy and prosperity. Alice was a showy, handsome girl, vain to the last degree, and, as is often the case, very ignorant, want of knowledge being precisely the chief ground-work of vanity.

And they departed, this brother and sister, grave, cheerful, but full of hope and courage. Their future home was to be Wisconsin—a state of great promise, with a temperate climate, and every qualification which the emigrant can require. A secret feeling of liking for the extreme personal liberty enjoyed in America, with a passion for hunting, to which when not useful he had never given way, had carried Edward in this direction. They sailed from Plymouth to Quebec, and thence by the lakes to the state of Wisconsin, without losing an hour in the towns. Arrived in the promised land, Edward left Sophia at a hotel of modest appearance and price, and hiring a horse, rode forth to reconnoitre. The landlord, learning his object, had directed him to follow the banks of the Wisconsin river, where were several desirable locations, first chop, and no mistake.

Edward followed the landlord's quaint directions, and found himself journeying through a well-wooded fertile country, part quite wild, with here and there a log-house, sometimes a farm, and in one or two instances several together—nascent villages. Toward night, after visiting several "water lots," that is, locations on the banks of the river, he found himself near a solitary house of rude but comfortable appearance. It was a log-hut, built with a view both to symmetry and comfort. There was evidently two rooms in

front, one on each side of the portico overrun by flowers. Behind was an inclosed space, devoted to the purpose of a farm-yard, with a boat close up to the shore. About three acres of potatoes, Indian corn, and other vegetables, were under cultivation, and the whole presenting the appearance of being the property of industrious people.

Edward rode up to the door, determined to take a lesson, if possible, from the owner. The barking of a huge dog brought out a tall American, whose dress proclaimed at once that he was the indefatigable hunter.

"Well, stranger," said he, in a tone of voice which though rough was good-humored. "I am an Englishman," replied Edward politely, "in search of a location. Having ridden further than I expected, I have ventured to ask your hospitality."

"Unperch thyself from thy brast, friend Britisher, shove the horse in the stable, where thee'll find corn stalks and considerable few beans, and bring thyself to an anchor inside. Job Potts is about to comfort the inner man, and don't be long, considering he's waiting."

Edward followed the other's extraordinary directions, and soon found himself before a steaming mess of potatoes, pork, corn cakes, and coffee, which was truly pleasant after his long journey. For some time both ate and drank in silence; then Job Potts brought out some Monongahela whiskey, offered Edward a pipe, which he declined, and prepared evidently for a big talk.

"Now, stranger, let's hear yer intentions, and mind you speak up considerable plain, as Job Potts is your man. He aint one of his high flyers, but a up and down sort of chap, as a'll put you up to more in half an hour nor a member of Congress in a week."

Edward smiled at his host's way of talking, and then briefly put him in possession of the facts of his case; told him his hopes and wishes, and his means.

"Now my! That you should come into these parts just now! This here's my reply. The country's too thickly peopled for me. I got neighbors close upon five miles off. When I came here first, there was a loafer within fifty miles. So I'm off to Texas. There's plenty o' room and to spare there. Besides its great hunting out in them diggens. And then there's war, and Job Potts aint fut the Mexicans yet, but he means to. So here's an offer. Give me five hundred dollars for the house, improvements, cattle, fowls, geese, ducks, furniture, and all the traps, my gun not being counted, and to morrow we'll go down to Buenville and transfer the location. If it answers its wuth five thousand, and if ever I comes to ax it, you must give me answer five hundred in ten years. What say you, friend?"

"That I accept with all my heart, if half an hour's inspection in the morning pleases me as well as it did this evening."

"That affair is settled then. I know you'll like it, so I shall pack up, and start for Texas to morrow. I only wanted to find a stranger who would buy. I've found one, and Job Potts is G. T. T."

"What does that mean?" asked Edward laughing.

"Why, when a man can't pay his debts, he sticks thit on his door and elopes. It says, 'Gone to Texas.' Thank God, Job Potts aint in debt, but he's too confined in these diggens."

Next day Edward went over the ground. He found one hundred acres, of which five were under cultivation. The house was substantial, the farm-yard well supplied, the river handy to go down to the neighboring villages, or even to New Orleans if necessary, and Job Potts was about to start on that stupendous journey in a skiff. In fact, it was quite clear that the enterprising American sold his property for one fifth of its real value; but then he was one of those reckless spirits that can never fix in one place, and to him to get rid of his property, at whatever great a loss, was delightful. His title-deeds were good, the transfer was effected, and that same night the brother and sister slept in their new home. They had with them an Irishman, his wife, and two children, emigrants of the poorest class, whom the young man engaged for three years to work on the farm.

Edward devoted himself for some time exclusively to his new property, improved the house, enlarged the fields, laid out plans for corn fields, meadows, and other necessary works, and thus a year sped rapidly. That time sufficed to prove to Edward that he need have no doubt about the future; and then after writing to Mrs. Enderby and Emily to come out as soon as they pleased, he added to his resources by hiring a boy, and then procured some sheep. During the twelve months, nearly a dozen houses arose in the immediate neighborhood, and the country became peopled with that wondrous rapidity which is the great characteristic of America. It was soon found that more than a hundred families were congregated within a distance of ten miles, taking Edward's house in the centre. A meeting was accordingly held, and it was after some discussion determined that a church, chapel, and school-room should be built about half a mile from Edward's residence, he being the person charged with the management of the affair, the drawings which ornamented his house having betrayed his profession. The young man was quite elated, and set to work with enthusiasm. After a month's study and labor he had completed his plans, his duties demanding much of his time, and they were submitted to a committee. Unanimously they were

approved, and Mr. Sargent was elected architect and surveyor for the district of White County. From this hour his prosperity was ensured. He found soon enough employment out of doors, to need further assistance on his farm; he had rich settlers' houses to erect, ground to survey, and soon rumor spoke of his laying out a town, one of the first inhabitants of which was to be a young doctor, who towards the end of the second year proposed for Sophia, and was accepted with the hearty consent of her brother. It was agreed that the marriage should take place the same day as that of Edward and Emily. In the meantime the doctor, who was already pretty well off, had a house built at a point where the future town was to be, the land being his own, and laid out in tempting lots for all who chose to settle in Grahamsville.

While Edward was thus rapidly advancing toward a bright and happy future, events went on in the old country. Alfred had taken possession of the farm-house, hired additional land, bought a horse and cart, and employed two laborers. His efforts were at first praiseworthy in the extreme, and there was no reason why, with industry and patience, he should not have succeeded as well as Edward, even under the disadvantage which a poor man finds in England, as compared with a new, fertile, rising, untaxed land. At the end of the year he found himself a father, the greater part of his money spent, and his farm not over-productive. He read with secret envy his brother's letters, and sighed as he reflected now he had hopelessly thrown away the chance of such rapid success as he clearly saw would be his brother's. His capital was spent, and he had a wife and child. A journey to America was impossible. But the worst part of his position was the state of his home. A petted girl, used in her father's house to do nothing, to be waited on all day, to dress smartly, no matter if she went in debt or not, young and very frivolous—Alice was at the end of the first year, a querulous, ill-tempered woman, complaining of having anything to do, grumbling because Alfred expected her to dress like a farmer's wife, and do what Sophia had always done, attend to the meals, while he was out of doors with his laborers. Alice did it, for she had no choice—she knew he could not afford otherwise—but never without fault-finding. But it was much worse when she had a baby. Very heartless at bottom, she had little of a mother's feelings, and this addition to the family, of which Alfred was very fond, really loving his child, made her only dissatisfied and unhappy, because of the additional work. Alfred was naturally angry at her constant regrets—her hourly declaration that she wished she had never seen him, and so on—and soon took refuge from scenes of discomfort and annoyance at home to visit her father's beer-shop.

At the end of the second year Alfred sold his horse and cart to pay his rent. Up to this time he had written to Edward, but Emily and her mother departing for America at this period, they took out the last letter which Edward received from him for years. Emily and Mrs. Enderby were met at Quebec by Edward, whom they found much changed in look, but the same in heart. He was ruddier, had rougher hands, and was more manly-looking than when he left, but it was pleasant to see on that healthy face the same frank, honest smile, which Emily so well remembered. He hurried them, on, however, and never gave them any rest until they came to Madison. There they found at an inn a handsome covered cart, between a van and a carriage, which he announced as having just purchased with a pair of horses to make his professional visits in, and take about his workmen, as well as fetch necessities for the town. As they drove along, the new arrivals were delighted with the picturesque and fertile country they passed through—but more surprises awaited them.

A happy dinner was that, abundant in materials as usual in America, but rich in joyous smiles and happy intercourse. When it was over though nearly night, Emily would go and see her father domains, to be initiated into the secrets of the farm-yard, where fowls, ducks, and poultry of all kinds revelled in abundance. She admired even the pigs, kept at a distance from the house, and the beautiful drove of sheep just entering its pen. She saw with pleasure, too, a neat little boat for water excursions, fishing, and wild-fowl shooting, and felt that under such circumstances she must be happy with such a husband as Edward was sure to prove.

And he did so. To record events during ten years would be useless. At the end of that time, at thirty-three years of age, he was the richest proprietor in the neighborhood; owned twenty houses in the new flourishing town, had bought over a thousand acres of land, built a mill on the river, where he ground all his own corn, and most of that of the neighbors. He now exported flour by the thousand barrels to England, and had his correspondent in an American port, and in Liverpool, and drew heavy drafts on English bankers. At this time he was elected member of the local legislature. In fact, fortune had favored him as, perhaps, she favors few, though all may, with his qualities, attain a part of such success. He had five children, Sophia four. She was very happy. Both were happy.

But to return. It was in the year 1850 that they heard of Alfred. He then wrote a sad and fearful letter. He had sold the farm house from sheer necessity, lost all his furniture by a seizure for rent, and, at the death of old Hawthorn, had taken his beer shop, where he now was, ill, almost dying, in the last stage of misery, with a wife and five children, two having died.

Two months after Edward received this letter, he was by Alfred's side. Very little was said,—both were too much moved,—but a week later they were all on board a packet, sailing for New York. The husband was better, the wife, decently clad, well fed, hopeful, was surrounded by five children, to whose cheeks healthy hues were returning. The sea voyage did them all good. Edward did nothing by halves. He put his brother into a handsome house, gave him a hundred acres, tools, stock, every thing he required. Deep gratitude to him who had shown such earnest fraternal affection, and unto Providence, worked upon Alfred with power and force. He set to work almost steadily, as did his wife. Still they are glad at heart, and thank God every day that such a brother was found to snatch them from the last stage of misery. Alfred bids fair to rival his elder brother in energy, and one day in prosperity. But he never omits to narrate his fortunes to his children, and show them how one step to the right or left, one wise or one false start, may influence a man's future fate. Without Edward, he would probably have died in a workhouse, while he probably would have succeeded in life under any circumstances with his character. He still believes in the wisdom of youthful marriages, but ever advises his children to be sure what they are about, and not to marry without a home and a sure living. But Providence is good, and the pride of the whole of White County, Wisconsin, are the Two Brothers!

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For the Middlesex Journal.

Gentle Influence.

Gentle and mild and loving words,
Will often break the chains
Pride hath wound round the stubborn heart,
When sophistry and skillful art
Have tried their power in vain.
E'en as the rock, poised in its might,
Is moved not by man's power
Nor from force,—but which thou'lt see
Quiver to its base, if it be
Struck by the frailest flower.
And drop by drop, the water wears,
The solid stone away;
And oft the dying flowers' hue,
Colorless marble filter through,
Slowly, day after day,—
And make them, richly beautiful,
With varied dyes and bright.
Thus many stern, hard natures yield
When over them we only wield
Gentleness' potent might.
For fierce rebuke oft times but adds
Fuel to anger's flame;
But gentle counsel,—tender love,—
As holy power from Heaven above,—
Wildest passions will tame. CARRIE.

The Young Mother's Lesson.

"You look sober, Bell. What's the matter?"
The remark and question came from Aunt Rachel, who had called to spend an afternoon, and take tea with her niece.
"I feel sober just at this time, aunt."

"No unusual cause for uncomfortable feeling, I hope," said Aunt Rachel.
"O, no; nothing unusual. It's the old story with me."
"Why, Bella! This is strange news. What has gone wrong with you?"
"Nothing wrong with myself, aunt," was replied; "but that oldest boy of mine is growing so self-willed, disobedient, and ungovernable, that I am half in despair about him."

"I'm sorry for that, Bella. Perhaps you have indulged and humored him too much."
"I think not. From the very first, I have made it a rule to repress, as far as lay in my power, every thing disorderly and evil; to require strict obedience to my word on pain of certain punishment. No, aunt, I do not think the fault lies at my door. Edward has a strange disposition. I don't know what to make of him sometimes. He seems bent on doing the things I interdict. Only half an hour ago I found him in the library, with a handsome book lying open on the floor, marking some of the fine illustrations with a pencil. Once before I had punished him for this very thing, and here it was again."

"And you punished him again?"
"I did; and severely."
"Where is he?"
"Shut in a room by himself."
"Over-head?"
"Yes; that's he pounding on the floor, now. Just hear what a noise he is making! And it isn't ten minutes since I threatened to whip him if he did it again."

Bella went hastily from the room, and going half-way up stairs, called in a sharp, commanding voice:
"You Edward! What did I say to you about that noise a little while ago?"
No answer.
"Do you hear, sir!"
Still no response.
"Why don't you answer me?"
A sulky muttering now came from the room.
"Don't let me hear that noise again, sir, or you'll be sorry for it!"
"Can't I come out, mother? I'm tired of staying here!"
"No, sir; you can't come out, you naughty boy!"
"I will come out," screamed the boy.
This was more than the excited mother

could endure. Springing up stairs, she unlocked the door, and entered the prison-room. Aunt Rachel sighed as she heard rapidly falling strokes, and the cries of Edward.

"You see," said Bella, as she returned, with a flushed face and angry looking eyes, to the sitting-room, "what a trouble I've got before me. What am I to do with such a boy, aunt Rachel? I've tried everything, but it's of no use."

"Suppose, Bella, you let him come down and see me. Maybe that will get him out of his present unhappy state of mind."

"But, aunt," objected the mother, "do you not see that he would then consider himself as having triumphed?"

"I'm not sure that he would think anything about it. He would come into a better state of mind than the one which is now ruling him; and this, it seems to me, would be something gained. It is in the sunshine that good affections grow, not in storm and darkness."

Bella sat reflecting for some time. She did not like the thought of yielding to her rebellious child, in the smallest degree. Pride and love of rule influenced her as much as a sense of duty—perhaps a little more.

"Forgive him this time, for my sake," urged aunt Rachel. "I shall not enjoy my visit, if he is under punishment all the afternoon."

After a further debate with herself, the mother left the room and went up to her imprisoned boy. "Edward!" she spoke sternly.

The little fellow started up, with a look half-fearful, half-defiant.

"How dare you pound on the floor after I had forbidden it?"

Edward moved back a step or two. There was anger in his mother's eyes.

"Why don't you answer me when I speak?"

"I couldn't help it," stammered the child.

"Couldn't help it! Ain't you afraid to give me such an answer? And a hand moved half-involuntarily, as if a blow were about to follow. "Aunt Rachel is down stairs."

"O, is she!" Two little hands came together with a sound like a kiss; and waves of sunshine swept suddenly over a face that was dark and stormy a moment before.

"I've a good mind not to let you see her, after all this naughty behavior."

Instantly the smile went out from Edward's face.

"Come. The mother coldly extended her hand. Edward advanced toward her with slow steps, and followed, half-behind her, down into the sitting-room.

"Here's that naughty boy!" This was Edward's introduction to his mother's aunt.

"Now don't pout your lips after that fashion," was added, reprovingly. "Kiss Aunt Rachel."

Edward wanted to throw his arms about aunt Rachel's neck, and kiss her to his heart's content; but the reproof sent an evil spirit into him, and he merely put up his lips with an air which said, "I don't want to kiss her."

"If you can't behave better than that, you'd better go up stairs again."

"O, he's behaving nicely," said aunt Rachel, as she drew an arm around the boy. And then she began to talk to him in a way that soon commanded all his attention. But his mother would give him no peace. It was

"Just see there, you rude fellow, your feet are on aunt Rachel's dress." Or—"You'd better get away from Aunt Rachel; you are annoying her."

"Not in the least," aunt Rachel replied to this, drawing her loving arm close about the pleased child, in whose bright young face she read a whole volume of golden promises, "if there were only a wise hand to turn the leaves."

But half an hour did not pass before Edward and his mother came into direct collision, and he was sent in disgrace from the room.

"Now what am I to do with that boy, Rachel?" said the mother, in a half-despairing voice.

"Learn the first lesson in governing others, to govern yourself."

"Aunt Rachel!"

"I mean just what I say. And until you learn to do this, you will strive in vain with your child. Anger awakens anger; harshness naturally produces antagonism; oft repeated punishments, and for trivial offences, are the parents of rebellion—but love, Bella, quickens love into life. There is more true power for good in the tender, sympathetic tones of a mother, warm with mother-love, than in her most imperative command, or sternest interdiction. Her mission is to lead, not drive her children in the right way. I have not heard you speak a single kind, approving word to that boy, since I have been here."

"How can I encourage him to disobedience, by smiling when he sets my commands at defiance?"

"I fear, Bella, that you call many things wrong that are done innocently on his part. You follow him up too closely, and scold him too much for things trivial, or of no account. You have not once that I have seen, this afternoon, tried to divert him from any thing that he was doing not strictly in the line of approval; it was always a command, and always harshly made. Forgive me, Bella, for

(Concluded on Last Page.)

The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS.—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00
Each subsequent insertion, 75
Half a square (seven lines), one insertion, 75
Each subsequent insertion, 50
One square one year, 10.00
One square six months, 6.00
One square three months, 4.00
Half a square one year, 6.00
Half a square six months, 4.00
Half a square three months, 2.00
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.
Larger advertisements may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES.—Local, 12 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.
25¢-All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading.—DR. J. D. MANSFIELD.
Winchester.—E. T. WHITTIER.
Reading.—THOMAS RICHARDSON.
S. M. PITTENGILL & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Seelye's Building, Court Street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and all will increase their business by advertising in its columns.
Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.
We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBBURN, SATURDAY, OCT. 19, 1861.

Relief of Soldiers.

In accordance with a notice given from the several pulpits on Sunday last, a meeting was held in Lyceum Hall, on Monday evening, to take into consideration the Sanitary Commission's Appeal. Mr. George M. Champney was called to the chair, and Mr. John D. Tidd was chosen Secretary. The Appeal was read and several gentlemen expressed their opinions as to the manner in which the suggestions of the Commission should be carried out, after which, a committee of ladies was chosen to attend to the business of collecting the various articles needed, viz.—West Side—Mrs. J. R. Kendall; Cummingsville—Mrs. J. Cummings; East Woburn—Mrs. Ezra Hackett; Button End—Mrs. James Brooks; North Woburn—Mrs. M. F. Winn; Centre—Mrs. Dea. Thomas Richardson; Mrs. Timothy Winn; Mrs. Sylvanus Wood; Mrs. Chas. Choate, Mrs. S. Edgell Davis. This Committee was chosen for the war and they have full power to add to their number. After the meeting adjourned, the Committee met and made arrangements for the prompt and efficient prosecution of their work, and up to last evening is as follows:—

Box No. 1, sent—96 pairs Socks, 2 Quilts, 18 Sheets, 15 under shirts, 6 pairs Woolen Drawers, 15 night shirts, 1 Jar Jelly, 1 Dressing Gown, 23 Bandages, 6 Pocket Handkerchiefs, 11 Towels, 11 Pillows, 1 package Paper.

Box No. 2, sent—23 Blankets, 12 Pillows, 200 rolls Bandages, 16 Pillow Cases, 7 Quilts, 6 Testaments.

Box No. 3, not yet complete and not sent—18 Comforters and Quilts, 1 Dressing Gown, 1 Shawl, 36 pairs Socks, 34 Pillow Cases, 18 Sheets, 19 Under Shirts, 2 pieces Flannel, 49 pairs Socks, 1 box Preserves, 33 papers Farina, Corn Starch and Cocoa, 13 Blankets, 2 Towels, 3 pairs Slippers, 1 pair Army Gloves, 12 Harper's Mag., 3 packages Tracts, 2 Books, 1 Chess Board, 6 cakes Soap, 1 box Dominos, 1 bundle Pins, 1 jar of Spool Thread, 1 Comforter, 10 Linen, 1 pair Linen Night Shirts, 9 doz. Pencils, 23 reams Writing Paper, 1000 Envelopes, 10 Newspapers, 4 lbs. Raisins, 2 pairs Drawers, 1 box Needles, 1 box Currant Jelly.

This, we think, is doing very well for only four days labor, and the good work is still progressing. In the above list, our readers will see enumerated a majority of the things most needed, and will thus be enabled to add mites which otherwise might not be thought of. We hope to see a number more of teeming boxes leave Woburn before our energy wanes,—there is no danger of our sending too many.

SECRETARY SEWARD says, in his last published circular, addressed to the Governor of New York, that there is less prospect now than ever for a misunderstanding with foreign powers. We shall see. The nations of the old world are waiting the progress of affairs in America with a quiet but eagle eye, and it may be that the avalanche will burst upon us at a moment when we least expect it. The Secretary of State must see something abroad, or he would not be so anxious to have our seaboard put in a state of defence. Just so long as the pockets of the people of Europe are troubled by our affairs, just so long will we feel that foreign interference is to be feared. The penetration of our troops far enough South to release a large portion of the cotton crop from the grasp of the rebels, will furnish better assurance that no European power will trouble us, than all the letters the Secretary can write between now and the time when Jeff. Davis takes the oath of allegiance to the United States.

WOBBURN DELEGATES.—The following persons were elected Delegates on Thursday evening last, to represent Woburn in the Senatorial, County and Councillor Conventions:—Senatorial—W. T. Grammer, Nathan Wyman, M. M. Tidd, J. W. Hammond, S. T. Brigham, E. N. Blake, O. R. Still, County and Councillor—Horseon Conn, Horace Collamore, B. D. Hayden, J. L. Parker, E. E. Thompson, J. B. Winn, M. M. Tidd.

Senatorial Convention.

The Nominating Convention for the 5th Middlesex District, met at the Town Hall, Woburn, yesterday afternoon. General Chandler of Lexington was called to the chair, and Jas. O. Boswell, Esq. of So. Reading, was chosen Secretary. A committee of three, consisting of Hon. Lilley Eaton of So. Reading, E. A. Norton of Winchester, and J. W. Hudson of Lexington, was appointed to receive the credentials of delegates. This Committee reported that all the towns comprising the District, excepting Burlington, which did not send delegates, were represented by 50 delegates. While the Committee was out it was moved that Lexington be allowed four delegates instead of three as heretofore, which motion was carried. The Convention then proceeded to take an informal ballot, and a Committee of three, consisting of Lovejoy of Reading, Reed of Woburn, Bridge of Medford, was appointed to collect the votes. The following is the vote on the informal ballot:

Whole No. of votes	39
O. R. Clark of Winchester	16
H. P. Wakefield of Reading	12
E. Mansfield of So.	6
F. Brooks of Medford	5

The Convention then proceeded to the formal ballot with the following result:

Whole No. of votes	40
H. P. Wakefield	21
O. R. Clark	18
Edward Mansfield	1
Necessary for a choice	21

and Mr. Wakefield having that number was unanimously made the nominee of the Convention.

The following persons were chosen Senatorial Committee:—E. N. Blake of Woburn, I. N. Damon of Lexington, N. P. Pratt of Reading, P. C. Hall of Medford, C. S. Moulton of South Reading.

It was then moved that the Chairman inform Dr. Wakefield of his nomination.

A vote of thanks was tendered the Chairman and the Convention dissolved.

Of course, as at all Conventions, some were disappointed. The man of their choice had failed, and they felt disappointed, though they smiled, but it was not a broad smile, it was elongated.

Councillor Convention.

The Councillor Convention for the Third Middlesex District, meets at Charlestown next Wednesday. Several names have been mentioned in connection with the office of Councillor, but none strikes us more favorably than that of EDWARD MANSFIELD, of South Reading. Mr. Mansfield was a candidate in the Convention which, two years ago, nominated Mr. James M. Shute of Somerville, the present incumbent, and received some thirty votes, but withdrew his name in favor of Mr. Shute. Mr. Mansfield has not figured largely as a politician, consequently he is not an adept in wire-pulling, but he is a man of good abilities, and a gentleman of the truest stamp. In his own town, where he is known best, he is respected and honored by men of every party, and holds the confidence of the district. If placed in his charge, will, we have no fear in saying, be attended to faithfully, ably and conscientiously. We hope that his name will receive the serious consideration of the Convention, as his qualifications for the office cannot be questioned or disputed.

Sword from Harper's Ferry.

Mr. Amos Hill, 24, of Stoneham, has shown us a sword which was captured a short time since in a skirmish near Harper's Ferry, by a portion of Col. Geary's men, under command of Maj. Gould of Stoneham. Maj. Gould sends this sword to his friends in return for the one which they presented him with previous to his departure. The scabbard shows signs of great age, and the blade is made of very good material. It probably belonged to one of the Black Horse Cavalry, and no doubt has been an heir-loom in some aristocratic family of the Old Dominion. We understand that Major Gould has at the present time 700 men under him, with five pieces of artillery, and that he considers this force able to meet the rebels at any moment—he said this before the skirmish which took place on Wednesday, and which proved the correctness of his remark. If the Major does as well in the future as he has done in the past, it will not be long before a major cannot pass him without making his obeisance. We wish him health, prosperity, and most of all—well-earned honor, in his endeavors to uphold the flag of his country.

LARGE NUMBER OF DEATHS.—There occurred in this town, during the month of Sept. twenty-two deaths. From the 1st to the 15th, there were seven, and from the 15th to the 23d, eight. So far in the present month, there have been about eight. Twenty-nine deaths in a little over six weeks, is a very large and unusual number for our town.

It is said that the recent visit of Gov. Andrew to Washington, was in relation to the appointment of Gen. Butler to the command of the New England District, which, it is said, is not relished at Massachusetts headquarters.

VERDICT OF SHERIFF'S JURY.—We understand that the Sheriff's Jury in the case of Amos Shattuck vs. the Stoneham Branch Railroad, have returned a sealed verdict, and that they have allowed the plaintiff higher damages than did the award of the Co. Commissioners, thus placing the expenses of the suit upon the defendants.

Mr. Frederick May of this town, has petitioned for a change of guardianship, on account of alleged ill-treatment. Two hearings have been had, and another takes place to-day.

The New York Herald says: "We not only collect materials for history, but make history itself." In the words of Aristotle, "two trees."

Letter from the Union Guard.

The following extract is from a letter received by Mr. Alpheus Merriam from his son, Charles, a member of the Woburn Union Guard. The letter is dated Hall's Hill, Va., Oct. 14:—"We started at three o'clock yesterday, Sunday afternoon, and marched here, —10 miles. We arrived about 6 o'clock, and pitched our tents. We were somewhat tired but not so much as was to be expected. Our camp is about 6 miles from the rebels, on the spot where they were two weeks ago. Our pickets, so they said, could hear them giving off orders. I think we have gone further into the enemy's country, on the first start, than any other regiment. There are a number of regiments round about us, two of which are the Mass. 2d and 18th. Winthrop Wyman came into our camp this morning, mounted, and we had a shake hands all round. We are in fine spirits. We made a good impression on the people of Washington. We had everything that a man could wish for in Philadelphia."

It will be seen by the above that the Woburn boys are well and in good spirits, which must be gratifying to their friends at home.

EDWIN FORREST.—This great tragedian appears at the Boston Theatre four times next week. On Monday evening he appears as "Jack Cade, or the Bondman of Kent." Wednesday evening the same, Thursday evening as "Macbeth" in Shakespeare's great play. Friday the same. Persons in the country can secure their seats as early as they please, by letter or personal application, and we assure them that Mr. Forrest, the gentlemanly treasurer, will supply them with good seats. To see Forrest, is to see a man who is all tragedy, and who is the greatest master of his art in the world. He holds the "mirror up to nature," so that none, if they will look, can fail to see themselves as others see them. On Tuesday evening, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, the popular Comic Actress, Miss Julia Daly, will appear in a variety of popular characters. Also, Isabella Cubas, the beautiful Dancer, in connection with Senor Ximenes will appear, in new dances. Prices of admission—50, 25 and 15 cents.

COLPORTEUR MEETING.—The Colporteur Society of this town met at the house of Mr. Jacob Munroe, in Burlington, on Thursday evening of the present week. About 200 persons were present, who enjoyed themselves, first with a social chat, then at a collation, and lastly at some very innocent but sweet—no doubt—amusement, taken out of doors. At half-past ten the large party turned homeward, feeling happy and joyous after the evening's enjoyment.

COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT.—A Complimentary Concert was given to Mr. Henry M. Brown, of Reading, last evening, at Lyceum Hall in that place, in anticipation of his departure for the seat of war as one of the Band of the 14th Mass. Regt. The Concert was under the leadership of Mr. M. W. Whitney, and the music, both vocal and instrumental, was of a high order. The singing especially, was very fine, and the Orchestra did their part to the full satisfaction of all.

"CHEAP COTTON BY FREE LABOR."—We have received a pamphlet from Messrs. A. Williams and Co., of Boston, bearing this title. It is an exposition of the fact that Cotton can be grown as well by whites as by blacks, and we think the fact is clearly proved in its pages. It is well worth a perusal. The price is 12½ cents.

The Democrats held their Senatorial Convention, at the Town Hall, in this place, on Thursday next.

Mr. W. H. Clarke organist of the First Church in this town, we understand, played the organ at the Exhibition of the Mission School Children, at Tremont Temple, on Thursday last.

Our poetical friends must wait patiently a little while. Their "lays" will not lose anything by keeping.

PRAYER MEETINGS IN CAMP.—As the gray twilight of each evening closes in our camp, there may be seen, here and there, a soldier quietly winding his way to a little spot shaded by two locust trees, just south of the officers' tents. Soon is heard the sweet song of praise to Almighty God, the great giver of all our mercies. This is followed by tender and fatherly advice, admonitions, and exhortations by our chaplain. Some one of the soldiers then leads in prayer. Singing, words of peace and consolation, fill up the blessed hour. Their dear ones at home are remembered; and while tears sometimes almost choke the utterance, the poor soldier knows and feels that God hears and will answer prayer in their behalf. fervent supplications are made in every prayer, for those who rule over us and command our armies that the "Most High who rules in the armies of Heaven" would so direct their counsels, that soon peace and order may be restored to our beloved land, and happiness universally prevail. May God bless the soldiers' prayer meeting, and may His spirit lead many to enlist in the Army of King Jesus.

REV. A. D. FRENCH, Co. K. 8th Regt., P. R. V. C.

ANOTHER BLUNDER.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Herald, says another blunder occurred on Tuesday. The pickets of the Forty-seventh Pennsylvania fired on some of the Thirtieth New York, whom they mistook for secessionists. Fortunately nobody was hurt.

Sam Houston has written a letter to the Richmond Enquirer, declaring his full sympathy with the rebellion. He says that he opposed secession until Texas voted herself out of the Union, but that since that time he has obeyed the will of his constituents, and has "performed all the acts of a dutiful and loyal citizen of the Southern Confederacy."

The Army of the Knitters.

Far away in your camps by the storied Potomac, Where your lances are lifted for Liberty's weal, As the North wind comes down from the hills of the homeland, Say, catch ye the clash of our echoing steel?

Our hands are untrammelled to the touch of the rifle, They shrink from the blade that grows red in the fight; But their womanly weapons leap keen from their sheathing, And the work that they find they will do with their might.

Four host that stands marshalled in solemn battalions, Beneath the dear flag of the stripes and the stars, Hath as loyal a counterpart here at our hearth-stones, As ever went forth to the brunt of the wars!

Uplift in your strength the bright swords of your fathers! Repeat for yourselves the brave work they have done! We've the side-arms our mothers were proudly before us, And the heart of the field and fireside is one!

We rouse to the rescue! We've mustered in thousands! We may not march on in the face of the foe; Yet, while ye shall tramp to the sound of the battle, Foot to foot we'll keep pace wherever ye go!

Ay, soul unto soul, are we knitted together! Gaily link upon link, in one purpose we're bound! God mete us the meed of our common endeavor, And our differing deeds with one blessing be crowned!

Transcript.

Bulwer on America.

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, in a recent speech at Hertfordshire, made the following allusion to America:—

But, gentlemen, it is not in the Old World alone that great changes have taken place since I last addressed you. Many of you will remember that when I first took the chair—now so ably filled—at our meeting in this town, there came with me, as my guest and yours, Mr. Dallas, the distinguished diplomatic minister of the United States of America. You will remember the enthusiasm with which he was greeted, and the applause that followed every affectionate allusion to our republican kinsfolk, with whom, nevertheless, there was at that moment, as there has been often before, one of those irritating questions in which much was sternly asked by young Brother Jonathan, and mildly conceded by old John Bull. Well, we Englishmen respected the giant republic, in its apparent unity and fancied strength; and no true Englishman will be mean enough to enter into the pangs of its separation, and the horrors of its civil war. But even then, when Mr. Dallas was our guest, I never conceived, nor do I understand how any far-thinking statesman could conceive, that a fourth part of the earth could long be held under an imperial form of government. That separation between North and South America which is now being brought about by civil war I have long foreseen and foretold to be inevitable; and I venture to predict that the younger men here present will live to see not two, but at least four, and probably more, wars, four separate and sovereign commonwealths arising out of those populations which a year ago united their legislature under one President, and carried their merchandise under a single flag.

And so far from thinking that these separations will be injurious to the future destinies of America, or inflict a blow on that grand principle of self-government in which the substance of liberty consists, I believe that such separations will be attended with happy results to the safety of Europe and the development of American civilization. If it could have been possible that, as population and wealth increased, all the vast continent of America, with her mighty seaboard and fleets which her increasing ambition as well as her extending commerce would have formed and armed, could have remained under one form of government, in which the Executive has little or no control over a populace exceedingly adventurous and excitable, why then America would have hung over Europe like a gathering and destructive thunder cloud. No single kingdom in Europe could have been strong enough to maintain itself against a nation that had once consolidated the gigantic resources of a quarter of the globe. And this unwieldy extent of empire would have been as fatal to the permanent safety and development of America herself as the experience of all history tells us an empire too vast to maintain the healthy circulation of its own life-blood ever has been, since the world began, to the races over which it spread. By their own weight the old colossal empires of the East fell to ruin. It was by her own vast extent of dominion that Rome first lost her liberties, under the very armies which that extent of dominion compelled her to maintain, and finally rendered up her dominion itself to the revenge of the barbarians she had invaded.

The immense monarchy founded by the genius of Charlemagne fell to pieces soon after his death, and those pieces are now the kingdoms of Europe. But neither the Empire of the East, nor the Commonwealth of Rome, nor the Monarchy of Charlemagne could compare in extent and resources with the continent of America; and you will remember that the United States claimed a right to the whole of that continent, and the ultimate fate of America under one feeble Executive—the feeblest Executive, perhaps ever known in a civilized community—would have been no exception to the truths of history and the laws of nature. But in proportion as America shall become subdivided into different States, each of which is large enough for greatness—larger than a European kingdom—her ambition will be less formidable to the rest of the world, and I do not doubt that the action of emulation and rivalry between one free State and another, speaking the same language and enjoying that educated culture which inspires an affection for all that enlightens and exalts humanity, will produce the same effects upon art and commerce, and the improvements in practical government which the same kind of competition produced in the old commonwealths of Greece. However

grant that my convictions may not be erroneous.

I am not, then, one of those who say that the impending separation of the American States proves the failure of her experiment of democracy. Any other form of government would have equally failed in keeping together sections of a community so geographically cast, with interests antagonistic to each other. But this I may say, that when we see liberty and law alike suspended in the moment of danger, printing presses destroyed by an unresisted mob, or the opinion of public writers stifled by a democratic government—when we see an American President so bewildered by his own armies, or so despairing of the skill of his own generals that he offers to the Italian Garibaldi the command of the American patriots—I think, without vanity, we may say that in those acts of good government which can preserve freedom in the hour of danger, and enable a nation to right itself by the brains and the hearts of its own children, America has more to learn from England than England to learn from America. Let us, then, turn our eyes back to our own country, humbly grateful for the blessings we enjoy, and manfully resolved to defend and maintain them.

A PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE FROM STARVATION.

The Memphis Argus gives the following account of a providential escape from starvation, of a gentleman residing in Lauderdale County, Tennessee, near Hale's Point:—

"Last week he was out hunting in a large bottom in his own neighborhood, and he observed a wild goose fly out of a cypress stump, which was some twenty feet high. His knowledge of the habits of these geese led him to believe that the goose had a nest in the stump. On the outside of the stump were a number of vines, which he pulled up to peep in and get possession of the eggs. After he had succeeded in gaining the top of the stump, he discovered a large number of eggs some six or eight feet down inside. The nest he supposed was on a firm foundation, and he accordingly let himself down inside, but when he struck the substance on which the nest was built, he discovered that it had no foundation, and soon found himself sinking to the bottom of the tree.

The inside of the tree was rotten and would not bear his weight. Now he was in a dilemma; five miles from any habitation, inside of a stump twenty feet high, with no prospect of any assistance, with nothing to subsist on but the goose eggs, he screamed and yelled until he was nearly exhausted, no one coming within hearing distance. On the third day after his 'incarceration' two gentlemen were out hunting and came within hearing distance. They were very much frightened at hearing a man groaning inside of a stump, and for some time they could not reconcile themselves to what it meant, but having learned that the gentleman had been missing from home several days, they soon were satisfied that it was no 'ghost' inside the tree. They procured axes, and soon the prisoner was liberated. He swears he will never attempt to rob a goose nest situated as that one was again."

MARVELLOUS EXHIBITION OF HUMAN POWER.

At the Town Hall, Brighton, on Wednesday evening, the 9th inst., Dr. G. B. Winship, of Roxbury, Mass., at the close of an exceedingly eloquent, interesting and instructive lecture on physical culture, health and strength, verified some of his rather startling statements by several illustrations of muscular power, which we never would have believed possible had we not had ocular evidence of the fact. Standing upon a staging at an elevation of about eight feet from the floor, the Doctor lifted and sustained for a considerable time, and without apparent difficulty, a platform suspended beneath him, on which stood twelve gentlemen, all heavier individually than the Doctor himself, and weighing, inclusive of the entire apparatus lifted with them, nearly nineteen hundred pounds avd. In the performance of this tremendous feat, Dr. W. employed neither straps, bands, nor girdle—nothing in short but a stout oaken stick, fitting across his shoulders, and having attached to it a couple of rather formidable looking chains. At Dr. W.'s request, a committee, appointed by the audience, and furnished with one of Fairbank's scales, superintended all the experiments.—Evening Gazette.

EXAGGERATIONS.—Whether the telegraph is or is not an invention which increases the sum of human happiness remains to be seen. In war times it is not to be doubted that it produces an immense amount of anxiety, and gives us sensations often far more than ordinary nervous systems can stand. It should be borne in mind that this instrument is deaf and dumb, absolute brute matter, wire, and batteries, which only communicate the thoughts of some man who uses it as if it were pen to write a letter. The news from places where there is no agent of the Associated Press, therefore, is liable to be the mere opinions of an unknown person. Every one knows how a rumor is magnified in country places. These exaggerated rumors come over the wires, and at once assume the respectability of telegraphed news.—Journal of Commerce.

CHURCHING CONTRACTORS AND SURVEYORS.—The Hartford Press says there are frauds in Washington which ought to be exposed and fought down. It is contemptibly silly and cowardly to insinuate that to make these exposures would be to weaken an Administration or an army—would distract attention and create enemies. That man is an enemy to his country who hesitates an instant to strike at one of the rascally plunderers wherever he sees him, high or low. Nothing would so invigorate and cheer an honest and patriotic army as to see some thieving quartermaster, or contractor, or their confederate colonels or generals, or Department officials, brought out and shot an hour after their scoundrelism was discovered.

The New York Tribune concurs in the above, only thinking it better to hang than to shoot the offenders.

A FEMALE BEARER OF DESPATES.

A sensation was created in Jefferson City, on the evening of the 9th inst., by the arrival of Mrs. Col. Ellis, from Tipton, bearer of despatches from Gen. Hunter and Col. Ellis. She was dressed in a semi-military riding habit and hat, with a crimson sash thrown around the left shoulder, as an officer of the day, mounted on a splendid charger, and attended by two orderlies. She had ridden forty-five miles since 10 o'clock, and, without taking a moment's rest, delivered her orders at camp, and then waited upon Gen. Price with her despatches, urging forward two squadrons of Col. Ellis' command to rejoin the regiment at Tipton.

The Baltimore correspondent of the New York Tribune gives the following item:—"For the last eight days a force numbering some 50,000 men has been gathering at Annapolis, whence it is to be embarked for active service. I allude to this because it is no longer a secret, as I perceive by the New York papers. Banks' corps d'armee has been largely re-enforced also within the last few days. It is rumored in Secesh circles, that the enemy had fallen back at Manassas, with his main force, twenty-two miles toward Richmond. The fact has been ascertained at last that the Rebel army at the battle of Bull Run did not exceed 55,000 all told."

VOCAL DISPLAY IN THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—During the stay of the Hull choir in London for the late Tonic Sol-Fa contest, they visited the House of Commons, where they were permitted to sing the National Anthem (H. Leslie's arrangement), and had the further honor to be shown round the House of Lords. Here also they were allowed to sing a selection of their pieces, concluding with the National Anthem. Their singing was highly appreciated by the keepers of either house, who informed their Hull friends it was the first time any singing had been heard within the walls.

JAMES PYLE'S DIETETIC SALERATES, being pure and genuine, has double the strength of the common article; it is, therefore, the most economical as well as the most wholesome. Its sales, which are already very great, are rapidly increasing, and bid fair to gain a monopoly of the market. No other evidence is necessary to prove its value, and complete superiority to the numerous imitations imposed upon the public as equals. Be sure the name of James Pyle is on the package.

A few days ago, as Mr. A. Rolfe, superintendent of the Boston & Lowell Railroad, was gathering fruit in his garden at Lowell, some poisonous insect stung or bit his finger, which caused severe and painful swelling, which baffled the skill of the physicians. He has had it opened and cauterized with the hope that it will soon recover.

The North Carolina papers state that the supplies taken in the steamer Fanny, were worth nearly \$80,000. Among them, besides provisions, are enumerated, 1,050 overcoats, 1,200 pairs of blankets, two large cases of brogan shoes, two cannons, besides sundry articles of eatables, and drinkables, such as cheese, jellies, cakes, wines, brandy, cigars, etc., etc.

Captain Henry Clay (grandson of Henry Clay, sen., and son of the Col. Clay who was killed in the battle of Buena Vista,) has been appointed an assistant adjutant general of volunteers, and assigned to the staff of Brigadier General Richard W. Johnson in Kentucky.

Godfrey for November is out, filled with the latest fashions, and anything further that the ladies may require to make up choice wardrobe.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

As cold weather approaches some kinds of business must necessarily improve; but still a hard looking winter is in prospect for those who are dependent on their daily toil for the support of their families. Farmers and others may do much towards supplying their wants by furnishing them with employment during the fall months if no more. A great deal can be done for the improvement of lands, with but very little outlay in money. There are swamps to be cleared, ditches to be dug for draining, acres of stones to be removed or buried in trenches to make high land or low, wells to be built and re-built, trees to be felled, stumps to be rooted up, bushes to be mown and burned, etc., etc. These will lay the foundation for more profitable operations another year, when the present expenditures will be more than returned. And cannot men enough be found who will cheerfully and at a low rate do all this and take in exchange a portion of the surplus of the farmer's crop, the very articles he can best spare; and the very ones the laborer wants in store for winter? Such an exchange of produce for labor would prove a mutual benefit. It is often a greater act of charity to furnish labor by which a family can support themselves, than to furnish them the means of support without the labor. Let all who possess the ability to render assistance in this way, exercise it with proper discrimination, and many blessings from the poor and needy shall rest upon their heads.

The people of our village were agreeably surprised on Tuesday morning by the appearance of our friend B. F. Baneroff, a member of Company E. 16th Regiment, now near Fortress Monroe. He will make glad the hearts of the friends of the soldiers, by visiting their families personally, leaving letters and agreeable information, and diminishing his bag of gold as he goes from door to door. When the 16th Regiment were paid off, Company E. Captain John Wiley, 2d, of this place commander, made Mr. Baneroff purser, who brought a large share of the money paid to the soldiers, to their friends. Mr. B. is also bearer of despatches and some of the

needed to friends in Woburn, Reading, Stoneham, Lowell, etc. Mr. B. is not apt to complain of money being a weariness though in this instance a bag of gold was a little burdensome. He reports the general health of the Company very good.

One evening recently, Mr. Levi Flanders and wife were very happily surprised by some fifty of their neighbors with a barrel of flour, bag of meal, and various articles of clothing etc. This couple, a few months ago joined the Sons of Temperance, an organization for which previously they had manifested but little practical favor. On the evening referred to, they were at the meeting of the Division, and were delayed on the way home by story-telling, until the company had taken possession of the house and entirely hidden the lights. As they walked into their room they were brought up against a standing, living mass of human beings, which led the affrighted pair to breathe more quickly and heavily, and to utter a round exclamation of astonishment. An immediate appearance of the light revealed the plot. Rev. E. A. Eaton addressed Mr. F. in earnest and appropriate remarks, and was followed by P. C. Wheeler and Jas. O. Boswell, Esq. and others. One of the gentlemen remarked to the couple that he had procured a list of some of their friends in town who were interested in their welfare, which he would present to them for their encouragement in the way of well doing, and thereupon handed them a printed list of the voters of South Reading, saying that there was a list of some of their male friends, and that all the ladies wished to have their names added. Singing was interspersed and a jovial time enjoyed.

At a meeting of the Home Education Society on Monday evening, Rev. William Heath presided. E. Mansfield, Hon. Lilley Eaton, Rev. E. A. Eaton were appointed a Committee to furnish questions for discussion. The adjourned question was then further considered, by Rev. Messrs. Heath, J. Evans, E. A. Eaton, and R. W. Cushman, and L. Eaton, J. O. Boswell Esqs. and E. Mansfield. The Rev. Jonas Evans was appointed to preside at the next meeting, to be held in two weeks, Oct. 28, to discuss a question which will meet the approbation of many who are at a loss to know what their duty is in the present emergency, viz. "Is it the duty of fathers and of mothers to encourage their sons to enlist in the military service of their country in the present war?"

It is expected that Rev. Mr. Pierce of Gloucester, will lecture in the Baptist meeting house on matters pertaining to the war, on Monday evening Oct. 21. Mr. P. was at the battle of Bull Run, being a chaplain in one of the three months regiment, and was the army correspondent of the Watchman and Reflector, over the signature of "Ranger." He is an able man, and will no doubt interest an audience. If the arrangement shall be completed, notice will be given at the Church on Sunday. A full house may be looked for as the invitation is free.

The Crescent Library Association has organized for the season with the following officers, viz:—Mr. Elam Porter, President; J. C. Harshorn, Vice President; T. Judson Skinner, Secretary; M. P. Wheeler, Treasurer, and C. W. Eaton, Waldo E. Cowdrey, Winfield Scott Hawkes, business committee. The association meets every Thursday evening at the High School Room. The South Reading Literary Association meets on Friday evening. Their organization will be effected this week.

During the present week, an agent has been in town soliciting subscribers for the Middlesex Journal. Perhaps the times are rather hard to expect much success in the undertaking, but there are many things which should be dispensed with before a good family newspaper.

On the occasion of the departure of Col. Wilson's Regiment—among the persons victimized on Boston Common, was a gentleman from this town—Samuel Gardner, Esq. who was relieved of his wallet containing upwards of \$50 in South Reading Bank bills. M.

Our Wounded and Sick Soldiers.

Shall they be cared for? Most of them have left homes that were sweet, and friends that were dear—yes dear as life itself. They have taken their lives in their hands and gone forth to meet in deadly conflict, the enemies of their liberties, the foes of their Country. They are to meet those who would rend and crush out the best government that ever existed, that they might plant on its ruins the worst despotism, that the world has ever known. Shall they be successful in their mad attempt to dictate terms of peace that shall be a disgrace to us, and

needed for them may be found in the address of the Sanitary Commission. Now ladies what do you think about supplying the blankets, quilts, socks, pillows, and other articles enumerated, for those of our friends who have been wounded on the field of battle? Sickened at home, under the most favorable circumstances, is as much of a trial as most of our feeble natures can bear without repining; but to be sick away from home, among strangers, with no near friend to administer to our wants, requires all the fortitude of a true soldier. Let us see that they want nothing that we can supply, that will tend to mitigate their pains and cheer their hearts in this their, and our day of trial. Now ladies please call on your husbands and brothers for the "change" and see that things are bought and made up, and sent immediately to their places of destination. It will not do for one to wait for another to start in this matter. Nothing is ever done in that way. Let every family do something and do it at once. Who does not consider it a pleasure to labor in such a cause? Just think what is at stake! Our Country! The Land of our birth! Under whose beneficent laws we have enjoyed an unmeasured amount of happiness. Traitorous and bloody hands are lifted to strike down this temple of liberty reared by our fathers' hands, and cemented by their blood. Let us be wise, valiant, and active in the duties which now devolve upon us, and soon the dark cloud which now hangs over us shall pass away, and joy, peace and prosperity again visit our land.

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WINCHESTER.

RELIGIOUS.—Rev. Dr. Chickering of Portland, officiated at the Cong. Church last Sabbath. In the evening, the regular monthly Sabbath School Concert in the vestry was very fully attended, and particularly interesting. Dea. Abbott, the faithful Superintendent of the Sunday School, conducted the exercises. He introduced the subject of intemperance into consideration, by reading some appropriate selections from the Scriptures, and offering a few remarks. Quite a number of the children recited verses from the Bible in a manner which indicated their interest. The popular refrain of "Glory Hallelujah" was sung by the children to the original words which used to be sung as a revival melody and which were suitable for such an occasion. The music was excellent, being under the direction of Mr. J. C. Johnson, the organist, who renders his valuable assistance at all the meetings. Remarks were offered by the Rev. Dr. Chickering and Rev. Dr. Chickering Esq. of Pittsfield, a brother of his, who is the supt. of a Sunday School in that place. The reverend doctor spoke to the children in a very familiar way, of his having been a native of Woburn and of his leaving it some forty years previously, when he was about twelve years of age—that on his visit here at this time, he had met some of those who were with him in the Sunday School, among whom was Capt. Ford, who went out as Acting Master of the U. S. Steamer Mohican the day previous, who was a classmate of his. He found on the records of the Sunday School at Woburn his name recorded as one of its members, and also the fact that he had committed more verses from the Bible to memory than any other boy. This he attributed not to any merit of his own, but to his parents who made him do it. He urged upon the young the benefit to be derived from this practice in case they should be blind or in prison, and deprived of the privilege of reading this Holy Book or any other. He referred to a visit to the graveyard in that town, and the spot where the remains of his mother and other members of his family were buried, all of whom died within four weeks, so that there was a funeral every week for four weeks in succession from his father's house. After making some comments on the facts stated, he spoke upon the subject of intemperance and illustrated its direful effects in several of his classmates in college who had gone down to the drunkard's grave. One was a minister's and another a Judge's son, who were brought up under the best influences but unfortunately became addicted to this vice and from one step to another they went downward to destruction. He earnestly appealed to the young to adopt the only sure and safe course, that of total abstinence from all that can intoxicate. His brother in his remarks, referred to a visit which he made to the Reform School at Westboro' (of which he is one of the Trustees) and the State Prison where he ascertained that nearly all in these institutions, were brought there directly, or indirectly by intemperance. He related several instances which had come under his own observation of the sad effects of this vice. The exercises were interspersed with prayers by several of the brethren and singing, and were closed with the doxology. Such meetings cannot fail to have a very beneficial effect.

Highways.—The abutment on Pine Street which extends from a new town way, running by the westerly side of the Cong. Church to Curtis Street, a private street, and those on Oak Street which extends from Washington Street to the Lowell Railroad, have petitioned the Selectmen to have the same laid out as public town ways. The Selectmen will visit the premises this (Saturday) afternoon to consider the matter.

RESTAURANT.—Mr. W. H. Andrews has opened a Restaurant for the sale of Oysters, fruits, etc., in the lower part of the Lyceum Building.

PROVISION STORE.—Mr. Richard Burnham has resumed the business of keeping a provision store in the same place formerly occupied by him. As so many have been led to obtain their supplies elsewhere of late, it would be difficult, it seems to me, to recall them.

CHARITABLE.—Another meeting of the ladies in reference to knitting stockings for the soldiers, was held on Monday afternoon last in the vestry of the Church. But a small number were present, doubtless owing to many not being aware of the meeting. Would it not be well to have the notices given from the pulpit in the morning as well as the afternoon? It was thought best by the ladies present at this meeting, to have some simple form of organization by whom donations shall be received and who shall have authority to distribute the articles prepared. In every good work there needs to be a head, some one to take the lead, give direction to it, and be responsible for what is done. Mrs. T. P. Tenney, L. Abbott and S. A. Holt were selected as the Committee to take charge of the matter. Some seventy-eight pairs of stockings have already been made in our town, and it is proposed to wait until one hundred pairs are done before sending them away. Some of our citizens will probably be called upon for donations of money to purchase yarn, to which it is expected they will give a cheerful response.

A small amount only is required, and I do not estimate the patriotism of our people in stating my belief that the money will be cheerfully given by the gentlemen, and the ladies will now as always be found ready to do their part in providing for our soldiers who have gone forth in defence of our country, those articles of clothing so necessary for their comfort which they have it in their power to bestow. "She hath done what she could," was a noble eulogium pronounced by our Lord upon a female friend, and it marked at once the extent of her ability and devotedness. In the great struggle in which our nation is engaged calling upon her patriotic sons to rally around its flag and shedding their blood in its defence, let our wives and daughters deserve and receive the same encomium by the part which they shall take in aiding our brave soldiers. EXCELSIOR.

BillERICA. BillERICA is very quiet at the present time, so your correspondent does not find much to place before the readers of the Journal. War is the principal talk. Quite a number of our citizens are going to work for "Uncle Sam". Although this is a small town, about one hundred of her people have joined the ranks, and more are going. Some of them may be found in most any of the camps.

Your correspondent visited Camp Chase today, and thinking perhaps some one would like to know a little about it, he will give you a slight description of it. It is situated on the ground of the North Middlesex Agricultural Society, in Lowell. There is at the present time about fifteen hundred men in the camp, and more are constantly coming. The 26th Regt., under command of Col. Jones of the "Bloody Sixes," has been ordered to start this week. The soldiers appear well, and under good discipline, but they are, some of them, hard boys; over forty were in the guard house, most of them for taking a drop too much. The punishment for running guard, is to put a barrel with a hole cut in the top of it, over the head of the transgressor, so that the barrel rests on his shoulders. Some mornings a dozen or fifteen may be seen walking about with barrels on. The guards are very particular to see that no liquor is carried into the camp. The arrangements for cooking are good. Ten bushels of beans were served up for dinner. The other day thirty bushels of clams were made into a chowder, probably the largest clam chowder ever had in Lowell. Another day nine hundred pounds of tripe were placed before the hungry men. A bathing-house has been erected for the use of the soldiers. This is a very good thing, and the soldiers know it. There is, also, another building, where cakes, pies, cigars, &c., are sold. The Fremont and Union tents are used. The soldiers eat in the Agricultural building, it being more convenient. On Wednesdays and Saturdays all are admitted, other days persons can see a friend, and go in if they have a pass.

ACCIDENT.—Last week as Mrs. Manning who resides in the east part of the town, was carrying some squashes up to a chamber in the evening, the lamp which she carried was in some way blown out, and she fell to the bottom of the stairs cutting her head, bruising her arm and thigh, and otherwise injuring herself. She is very old, but is getting better, and I hope will fully recover from all her injuries.

Several persons are very sick at the present time with fever, some of whom will not, it is feared, recover.

Married. ADAMS—SPENCER.—In Woburn, Oct. 17th, Rev. B. O'Brien, officiated. Miss Kate H. Stonehouse, both of Melrose.

Died. SHANLEY.—In Woburn, 14th inst. Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Shanley, aged 1 year, 11 mos., 27 days.

CHAMBERLAIN.—In Woburn, Oct. 16th, Sarah F. wife of R. F. Chamberlain, aged 34 years, 6 mos., 29 days.

CONVERSE.—In Burlington, Oct. 15th, Miss Eliza J. Converse, aged 18 years, 2 months, 24 days.

NICHOLS.—In Burlington, Oct. 16th, Mr. Warren Nichols, aged 71 years.

RESCUE.—In Somerville, 15th inst., Mr. Warren Russell, aged 27 years, 5 months.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the Next of Kin, Creditors, and all other Persons interested in the estate of SANCY EDGEMOND, late of Woburn, in said county, Wilcox, deceased, Intestate.

Whereas, application has been made to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased, to JOHN CUMMINGS, You are hereby notified, that said Court, on the 15th day of October, 1861, has granted such letter of administration to said John Cummings, subject to the conditions therein expressed, and that you are required to appear before said Court, on the 22nd day of October, 1861, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against granting the same.

And the said Cummings is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation in a weekly or bi-weekly paper, published in the county of Middlesex, for two successive weeks, in the next paper called the Middlesex Journal, printed at Woburn, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON, Esq., Judge of said Court, this eighth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the Subscriber has annexed, of the estate of SANCY EDGEMOND, late of Woburn, in said county, Wilcox, deceased, Intestate, and has taken law direct. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

JOHN JOHNSON, Adm.

Woburn, Oct. 8, 1861.—23w.

Beautiful Cottage House for Sale.

The subscriber being about to leave town for the seat of war, offers for sale the HOUSE AND LAND occupied by him. The estate is situated on the Corner of Wain Street and Rock Avenue, Woburn Centre, within three minutes walk of the Branch Depot, and consists of a beautiful COTTAGE HOUSE, thoroughly built and well finished throughout, containing seven rooms conveniently arranged, with good closets, a fine cellar, hard and soft water. Attached to the house is a large and well kept FERTILE OF LAND, set out with Fruit Trees, Flowers, etc., and two acres of excellent Grapes.

This estate will be sold on favorable terms, which will be made known on application to

THOMAS GLYNN.

Woburn, Sept. 27th, 1861.—4w.

BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

JAMES M. NIXON, LESSEE & MANAGER.

Mr. FORREST, Supported by Eminent Dramatic Artists.

Mr. FORREST will appear on MONDAY EVENING, at 7.15, 9.10 a.m., 3.30, 5.15, 6.30, 8.30 p.m.

Box Office opens on FRIDAY, Sept. 27.

Harper for October.

For sale at WOBURN BOOKSTORE

WM. PRATT, WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER.

And dealer in Watches, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, &c.

347 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

Particular attention given to repairing fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

May 14, 1859.

Atlantic for October.

For sale at WOBURN BOOKSTORE

East Woburn Grocery Store.

H. RAMSDALE informs the inhabitants of EAST WOBURN that he keeps constant on hand a large and well selected stock of GROCERIES, of all descriptions, and of the best quality; also, Crockery and Glass Ware; all of which will be sold at the very lowest cash prices.

East Woburn, Sept. 27.

Godey for November.

For sale at WOBURN BOOKSTORE

BLACKSMITH AND WHEELWRIGHT BUSINESS.

THE Subscriber is established at Winchester, at the shop formerly occupied by Moses Hammond, and respectfully solicits the patronage of persons having work to be done in the above lines.

27 New and second-hand wagons and horse carts for sale.

GEORGE ALLEN, Winchester, Sept. 1.

Peterson for November.

For sale at WOBURN BOOKSTORE

BOOKS! BOOKS!

THE Subscriber has made such arrangements with the various Publishers and Book sellers of Boston and elsewhere, as will enable him to furnish BOOKS or other Publications at the publishers' prices. They can generally be furnished the same day the order is received.

LYCEUM BUILDING, Winchester, June 7.

ASTHMA.

For the Instant Relief of this distressing complaint use

FENDT'S BRONCHIAL CIGARETTES.

Made by C. B. SEYMOUR & CO., 458 Broadway, New York.

Price, \$1 per box; sent free by post.

For sale by all Druggists.

MANSFIELD'S BARILLA SOAP.

WILL REMOVE Paint, Pitch, Tar, and Grease from Clothing, and Grease from Coat Collars, and Old Oiled Garments without Injury.

Sold at the WOBURN BOOK STORE, and by most of the Druggists and Grocers in New England. It may be had at wholesale of MANSFIELD & FESSENDEN, 16 Hanover Street, Boston.

WILLIAM WINN, LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

BURLINGTON, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.

Orders left for the Auction office will receive prompt attention.

JOSIAH HOVEY, DEALER IN

Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, School Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods, &c.

LYCEUM BUILDING, WINCHESTER.

Great care will be used in the selection of pure and fresh Medicines and Chemicals, and none other will be kept.

June 7.

NEW GRIST MILL IN LYNNFIELD.

THE Subscriber having thoroughly repaired and fitted up the building in Lynnfield, known as "Pillbury's Factory," for the purpose of Grinding Corn, Rye, &c.,

is now prepared to wait upon such in that line as may favor him with a call. A Cob Cracker is also being put in, and will be ready for use in a few days.

HENRY MANSFIELD, Jr. Nov. 12, 1859.

NOTICE.

R. PICKERING & CO., intend carrying on the business of the Woburn Marble Works, in all its branches, at their manufactory on the corner of Wain Street, Woburn, Mass.

MAKING AND GRANITE MONUMENTS made at short notice. Every description of SOAP STONE and GRANITE WORK furnished to order. HENRY PICKERING for Cemetery lots put up in the nearest manner.

Woburn, Nov. 17, 1860.

A. B. COFFIN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW

No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.

Entrance from Court Square to 33 School Street

At STONEHAM from 5 to 8 o'clock, P. M. Office in the Post Office building.

WYMAN'S AMBROTYPE, MELANOTYPE, AND Daguerreotype Rooms,

3 KELLEY'S BLOCK, WOBURN.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION given to copying pictures.

March 5, 1858.

FRANK B. DODGE, WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER,

ALSO, DEALER IN Musical Instruments, Fancy Goods, &c.

27 Middlesex For Sale and to Let.

(Woburn's Old Stand, Main Street, Woburn.)

Nov. 1, 1859.

MRS. C. F. PORTER, HAS taken the Store formerly occupied by Mr. ALVAH BUCKMAN, and would invite the Ladies of Woburn,

and vicinity, to call and examine her stock of

MILLINERY.

Woburn, May 4th, 1861.—2w.

Central Market

Main Street, Woburn.

THE subscriber having taken the store formerly occupied by E. O. SOULES, will keep constantly on hand West India Goods, Groceries, Provision, Vegetables, &c.

H. WHITEFORD, Oct. 8, 1859.

BOSTON AND LOWELL

and Nashua and Lowell Rail Road.

FAIR ARRANGEMENT.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Oct. 7th, 1861, trains will leave BOSTON

for Nashua, 7.30 a.m., 5.00 p.m.

for Lowell, 7.30 a.m., 5.00 p.m.

for Nashua and Lowell, 7.30 a.m., 5.00 p.m.

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Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stancham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmingion, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XI : : No. 4.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1861.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The Mother's Talk with Death.

This is thy work, Oh, cruel death!
The cheek is cold, its rose has faded.
The soft, fair hair, that white brow shaded,
Is stirred no more by the warm breath.

The wind, wooed by each quivering leaf,
Brings no comfort to me now;
Tears come, as it stoops to the pale brow,
Lifts the fair curls and mocks my grief.

The little hands that e'er before
Grasped eagerly each bud and flower,
Seek them no more; thy mystic power
Hath stilled them; I can never more.

Watch with the same wild love the rose
Unfold its beauties: for when I trace
Each pencilled leaf, a pale, sweet face
Will come, and bid my grief unclose.

The voice that warbled with the birds
By the same power is hushed: I hear
A robin singing, soft and clear—
No echo comes of hissing words.

The pleasant eye of brightest blue,
That used to greet me with its glad light,
Looks up no more. Thy withering blight
Hath stilled the tender violet's hue.

Oh, death, how can I lay that form
Away in the cold, damp grave, and sleep?
My heart will still its vigils keep,
When on his grave breaks the wild storm.

An angel came from the fair sky,
And whispered to that sad mother's heart,
"Thou best that from thy idol thou didst part,
Dark would have been his destiny."

He shineth now a star in Heaven."
Then the mother kissed the forehead fair,
And her spirit breathed a cheerful prayer,
While to the grave her child was given.

ZELIA GERTRUDE GREY.

Select Literature.

A MISPLACED ATTACHMENT.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

If we had to make a classification of society, there is a particular kind of men whom we should immediately set down under the head of "Old Boys," and a column of most extensive dimensions the old boys would require. To what precise causes the rapid advance of old boy population is to be traced, we are unable to determine; it would be an interesting and curious speculation, but as we have not sufficient space to devote to it here, we simply state the fact that the numbers of the old boys have been gradually augmenting within the last few years, and that they are at this moment alarmingly on the increase.

Upon a general review of the subject, and without considering it minutely in detail, we should be disposed to subdivide the old boys into two distinct classes—the gay old boys are paunchy old men in the disguise of young ones, who frequent the Quadrant and Regent street in the daytime, the theatres (especially theatres under lady management) at night, and who assume all the foppishness and liveliness of boys, without the excuse of youth or inexperience. The steady old boys are certain stout old gentlemen of clean appearance, who are always to be seen in the same taverns, at the same hours every evening, smoking and drinking in the same company.

There was once a fine collection of old boys to be seen round the circular table at Offley's every night between the hours of half-past eight and half-past eleven. We have lost sight of them for some time. There were, and may be still, for aught we know, two splendid specimens in full blossom at the Rainbow Tavern in Fleet street, who always used to sit in the box nearest the fire-place, and smoked long cherry-stick pipes which went under the table, with the bowls resting upon the floor. Grand old boys they were—fat, red-faced, white-headed old fellows; always there—one on one side the table, and the other opposite—puffing and drinking away in great state; everybody knew them, and it was supposed by some people that they were both immortal.

Mr. John Dounce was an old boy of the latter class, (we don't mean immortal, but steady)—a retired glove and brass maker, a widower, resident with three daughters—all grown up, and all unmarried—in Curator street, Chancery lane. He was a short, round, large-faced, tubbish sort of man, with a broad-brimmed hat, and a square coat; and had that grave, but confident kind of roll, peculiar to the old boys in general. Regular as clock-work—breakfast at nine—dress and titivate a little—down to the Sir Somebody's Head—glass of ale and paper—come back again, and take the daughters out for a walk—dinner at three—glass of grog and pipe—nap—tea—little walk—Sir Somebody's Head again—capital house!—delightful evenings! There were Mr. Harris, the law stationer, and Mr. Jennings, the robe maker, two jolly young fellows like himself, and Jones, the barrister's clerk—run fellow, that Jones—capital company—full of anecdote! and there they sat every night till just ten minutes before twelve, drinking their brandy and water, and smoking their pipes, and telling stories, and enjoying themselves, with a kind of solemn joviality particularly edifying.

Sometimes Jones would propose a half-price visit to Drury Lane or Covent Garden, to see two acts of a five-act play, and a new face, perhaps, or a ballet, on which occasions the whole four of them went together; none of your hurrying and nonsense, but having

their brandy and water first, comfortably, and ordering a steak and some oysters for their supper against they came back, and then walking coolly into the pit, when the "rush" had gone in, as all sensible people do, and did when Mr. Dounce was a young man, except when the celebrated Master Betty was at the height of his popularity; and then, sir—then Mr. Dounce perfectly well remembered getting a holiday from business, and going to the pit doors at eleven o'clock in the afternoon, and waiting there till six in the afternoon, with some sandwiches in a pocket handkerchief and some wine in a phial, and fainting, after all, with the heat and fatigue before the play began; in which situation he was lifted out of the pit into one of the dress boxes, sir, by five of the finest women of that day, sir, who compassionated his situation and administered restoratives, and sent a black servant, six foot high, in blue and silver livery, next morning, with their compliments, and to know how he found himself, sir—by—G—! Between the acts Mr. Dounce, and Mr. Harris, and Jennings used to stand up, and look round the house; and Jones—knowing fellow that Jones—knew everybody—pointing out the fashionable and celebrated lady So-and-So in the boxes, at the mention of whose name Mr. Dounce, after brushing up his hair, and adjusting his neckerchief, would inspect the aforesaid lady So-and-So through an immense glass, and remark either that she was a "fine woman—very fine woman, indeed," or that "there might be a little more of her—oh, Jones!" just as the case might happen to be. When the dancing began, John Dounce and the other old boys were particularly anxious to see what was going forward on the stage; and Jones—wicked dog, that Jones—whispered little critical remarks into the ears of John Dounce, which John Dounce retailed to Mr. Harris, and Mr. Harris to Mr. Jennings, and then they all four laughed till the tears ran down out of their eyes.

When the curtain fell they walked back together two and two, to the steaks and oysters, and when they came to the second glass of brandy and water, Jones—hoaxing scamp, that Jones—used to recount how he had observed a lady in white feathers in one of the pit boxes, gazing intently on Mr. Dounce all the evening, and how he had caught Mr. Dounce, whenever he thought no one was looking at him, bestowing ardent looks of intense devotion on the lady in return; on which Mr. Harris and Mr. Jennings used to laugh very heartily, and John Dounce more heartily than either of them, acknowledging, however, that the time had been when he might have done such things; upon which Mr. Jones used to poke him in the ribs and tell him he had been a sad dog in his time, which John Dounce, with chuckles, confessed. And after Mr. Harris and Mr. Jennings had preferred their claims to the character of having been sad dogs, too, they separated harmoniously, and trotted home.

The decrees of Fate, and the means by which they are brought about, are mysterious and inscrutable. John Dounce had led this life for twenty years and upward, without wish for change, or care for variety, when his whole social system was suddenly upset, and turned completely topsy-turvy—not by an earthquake, or some other dreadful convulsion of nature, as the reader would be inclined to suppose, but by the simple agency of an oyster; and thus it happened:

Mr. John Dounce was returning one night from the Sir Somebody's Head, to his residence in Curator street—not tipsy, but rather excited, for it was Mr. Jennings's birthday, and they had had a brace of partridges for supper, and a brace of extra glasses afterward, and Jones had been more than ordinarily amusing—when his eyes rested on a newly-opened oyster shop, on a magnificent scale, with natives laid one deep in circular marble basins in the windows, together with little round barrels of oysters directed to lords and baronets, colonels and captains, in every part of the habitable globe.

Behind the natives were the barrels, and behind the barrels was a young lady of about five-and-twenty, all in blue, and all alone—splendid creature, charming face, and lovely figure! It is difficult to say whether Mr. John Dounce's red countenance, illuminated as it was by the flickering gas-light in the window before which he passed, excited the lady's risibility, or whether a natural exuberance of animal spirits proved too much for that steadiness of demeanor which the forms of society rather dictatorially prescribe. But certain it is, that the lady smiled, then put her finger upon her lip, with a striking illustration of what was due to herself; and finally retired, in oyster-like bashfulness, to the very back of the counter. The sad dog sort of feeling came strongly upon John Dounce; he lingered—the lady in blue made no sign. He coughed—still she came not. He entered the shop.

"Can you open me an oyster, my dear?" said Mr. John Dounce.

"Dare say I can, sir," replied the lady in blue, with enchanting playfulness. And Mr. John Dounce eat one oyster, and then looked at the young lady, and then eat another, and then squeezed the young lady's hand as she was opening the third, and so fourth, until he devoured a dozen of those at eightpence in less than a no time.

"Can you open me half-a-dozen more, my dear?" inquired Mr. John Dounce.

"I'll see what I can do for you, sir," replied the young lady in blue, even more bewitchingly than before; and Mr. John

Dounce eat half-a-dozen more of those eightpence, and his gallantry increased.

"You couldn't manage to get me a glass of brandy-and-water, my dear, I suppose?" said Mr. John Dounce, when he had finished the oysters, in a tone which clearly implied his supposition that she could.

"I'll see, sir," said the young lady; and away she ran out of the shop, and down the street, her long auburn ringlets shaking in the wind in the most enchanting manner; and back she came again, tripping over the coal-cellar lids like a whipping-top, with a tumbler of brandy-and-water, which Mr. John Dounce, insisted on her taking a share of, as it was regular ladies' grog—hot, strong, sweet, and plenty of it.

So the young lady sat down with Mr. John Dounce in a little red box with a green curtain, and took a small sip of the brandy-and-water, and a small look at Mr. John Dounce, and turned her head away, and went through various other soporific fascinations, which forcibly reminded Mr. John Dounce of the first time he courted his first wife, and which made him feel more affectionate than ever; in pursuance of which affection, and actuated by which feeling, Mr. John Dounce sounded the young lady on her matrimonial engagements, when the young lady denied having formed any such engagements at all—she couldn't bear the men, they were such deceivers; thereupon Mr. John Dounce inquired whether this sweeping "condemnation" was meant to include other than very young men; on which the young lady blushed deeply—at least she turned away her head, and said Mr. John Dounce had made her blush, so of course she did blush—and Mr. John Dounce was a long time drinking the brandy-and-water; and the young lady said, "Ha! done, sir," very often; and at last John Dounce went home to bed, and dreamt of his first wife, and his second wife, and the young lady, and partridges, and oysters, and brandy-and-water, and disinterested attachments.

Next morning John Dounce was rather feverish with the extra brandy-and-water of the previous night; and partly in the hope of cooling himself with an oyster, and partly with the view of ascertaining whether he owed the young lady anything or not, went back to the oyster shop. If the young lady had appeared beautiful by night, she was perfectly irresistible by day; and from this time forward a change came over the spirit of John Dounce's dream. He bought shirt-pieces; wore a ring on his third finger; read poetry; bribed a cheap miniature-painter to perpetuate a faint resemblance to a youthful face, with a curtain over his head, six large books in the background, and an open curtain in the distance, (this he called his portrait); "went on" altogether in such an upstart manner that the three Miss Dounces went off on small pensions, he having made the tenement in Curator street too warm to contain them; and, in short, courted and demeaned himself in every respect like an unmitigated old Saracen, as he was.

As to his ancient friends, the other old boys, at the Sir Somebody's Head, he dropped off from them by gradual degrees; for even when he did go there, Jones—vulgar fellow, that Jones—persisted in asking "when it would be?" and "whether he was to have any gloves?" together with other inquiries of a highly offensive nature, at which not only Harris laughed, but Jennings; so he cut the two altogether, and attached himself solely to the blue young lady at the smart oyster-shop.

Now comes the moral of the story—for it has a moral, after all. The last mentioned young lady, having derived sufficient profit and emolument from John Dounce's attachment, not only refused when matters came to a crisis to take him for better or worse, but expressly declared, to use her own forcible words, that she "wouldn't have him at any price;" and John Dounce, having lost his old friends, alienated his relations, and rendered himself ridiculous to everybody, made offers successively to a schoolmistress, a landlady, a feminine tobaccoist, and a housekeeper; and being directly rejected by each and every one of them, was accepted by his cook, with whom he now lives, a hen-pecked husband, a melancholy monument of antiquated misery, and a living warning to all uxorious old boys.

GOOD JOKE ON A RAILROAD CONDUCTOR.—The Oswego Times tells the following good story at the expense of a conductor known among "the boys" as "Alec": On the two o'clock freight and passenger train from Syracuse, yesterday, were a lady and her son, a youth of good dimensions, the latter traveling on a "half ticket." After innumerable stoppages and delays, in unloading freight, &c., by which the patience of the passengers is usually exhausted long before they reach this city, the conductor made his appearance for tickets. Glancing at the passenger received from the boy, he looked first at him, then at his mother, and then at the ticket, and remarked that he was "a large boy to be riding at half-fare."

"I know," said the lady, "I know he is sir, but then he's grown a good deal since we started." The last seen of Alec, he was on his way to speak to the engineer about it.

Not every man who dives into the sea of matrimony brings up a pearl.

MANY live miserably and meanly, just to die magnificently and rich.

My Son's Wife.

I never liked my son's wife from the time I kissed her childish lips on the threshold of my house, to the day when, strong men carried her out. I did not wish Egbert to marry. We were very happy together till she came. He brought her from Europe, where he had been traveling for his health. The only notice I had of his intended marriage was in a postscript to the last letter he wrote before sailing. "Mother," he says, "I shall not come alone; I bring one to cheer and light up our old home. For my sake prepare to meet her like a mother, for a mother's love she has never known." From that time I knew I should never like her. It was like his father to act so abruptly and unadvisedly—so plebeian to marry in a foreign country with none of his friends round him; and then he was my only child; must a stranger, a foreigner, come between us; put her heart between ours, push me aside? No, never! Then, perhaps she might be beautiful. My Egbert was passionately fond of beauty; he often said he should never marry until he found a woman as handsome as his mother.

What if I, the mistress of the mansion, Judge Bentley's widow, should be overlooked in the admiration for the bride!

But I said nothing. New carpets and new furniture were bought to adorn her home; new pictures and books. I arranged her room with my own hands, looping up the heavy curtains and shading off the light through daintiest lace; rolled the velvet stuffed chair and footstool where I fancied the light fell softest. One would have thought me preparing for a dear, an only daughter, instead of her.

The servants were charged to receive her with every mark of attention and respect. I even gave up my own maid Flora, the best hair-dresser in the city, to her special use.

And when all was arranged, I dressed in my black velvet, and with my sweetest smile met them on the threshold. Good heavens! I had expected beauty and grace, for my Egbert was a proud man; but shall I ever forget the thrill that ran through me as he led her up the steps. How all the beauty I had ever seen or imagined faded before the marvellous perfection of that face! How the words of stately welcome I had prepared died on my lips before the courtly grace with which she took my cold hand and touched my lips. From that instant I knew my reign was over; for where that young creature dwelt, there she must rule. There was no ungraceful usurpation of authority; but gradually I felt my power waning; the chains slipped link by link from my hands, and she was the one to gather them up. Visitors crowded to the house to see Egbert Bentley's bride, and at last they forgot to ask for the old mistress. Days went by and glided into months, and against this thralldom I ceased to struggle. Why was it every sarcastic retort, every withering look was crushed down deep in my heart the instant I met her eye? Why was it I watched so intently every change in the white face I hated so? The years that have passed have not made me hate it less. Why was it every outward manifestation of that deadly bitterness was trampled down? An answer from that long silent form comes back to me in mocking tones—"Because that hate was returned as freely as given." She hated as deeply as I, and hers was the stronger spirit; she expected to triumph and to reign in my house after I had passed away. And I, I dreamed and prayed for revenge, which came quick and abundant. Her child came like a sunbeam into the house, but quickly followed by a shadow. I watched—how earnestly, ye who have watched likewise can only know, and I saw the color was not returning to her cheek nor lip. I saw before she died that she must die. One night I was in the garden, Margaret Bentley was in her own private room, on the lower floor at the eastern wing of the house; it was a beautiful secluded room, almost entirely surrounded by trees.

As I passed an angle of the building, I fancied I heard voices in the direction of her room, and knowing my son to be absent, was somewhat surprised. Softly I crept round under the foliage until I gained a station commanding the room.

A faint light from one gas-burner revealed the faces of the occupants. The low French windows were open into the garden; and leaning against one in an attitude to show to advantage a form of perfect grandeur, was a man in the rich military dress of an English officer of high rank.

Of his face I only gained a profile view; it was strong and deeply cut. Margaret had risen apparently in surprise, for her shawl had fallen off, and she holding her child. She was speaking rapidly and excitedly, with a light I never saw before in her deep eyes. The words I could not catch, but I saw her hold up her hand to the light—the hand on which glittered the wedding-ring. I saw his face darken as he took a step forward, but she again held up her hand and pointed with her eyes to the child on her arm. With a strong, deadly imprecation he turned, sprang out of the window, and out of sight in an instant. O! how I hugged my revenge as I stepped into the room! I might perhaps have spared her, but the revenge was sweet.

"Well, Mrs. Bentley—"

I am afraid I shall never forget her look of helpless terror as she fell back in her seat.

"Spare, oh, spare my husband! Save me! I am innocent; my days are numbered. For the child's sake, spare me!"

But her words fell on marble, for a long-despised heart was now gathering strength; how I smiled at that grovelling form; my words were few, but the cry they received rings this moment in my ears. I never intended to tell my son, mark you; he was my idol; I would not wound his heart; she was the stumbling-stone to be put out of my way. Neither did I believe her guilty, deeply as I hated her. I never believed her false to my son. Had such a thought entered my head I would have killed her dead at my feet.

But my revenge—ah! it was sweet, and sweeter it grew as the days flew by, shortening her path. With what eagerness I watched that proud face, knowing how soon its beauty would be food for worms. How I watched the bending of that peerless form as it moved lower and lower toward the earth. I knew by the look in her eyes that it was with horror unutterable she looked forward to the mysterious darkness she was entering; I knew Margaret Bentley brought no willing heart to death's altar, and was not my revenge complete? No! it was not complete till she died. I stole into her room and laid my hand on hers. She started from the touch, and her lips moved. The nurse said it was "forgiveness" that trembled on her lips before they were sealed, but I knew it was not. Margaret Bentley never forgave; neither did I. Just on the threshold of this world we stood; shall we leave each other in the next? Will that white face of my son's wife meet me there? They say there is rest in the grave, but I fear that face will follow me even after its everlasting silence. If there is rest, let it come, and come quickly.

Where is my Boy To-night?

Oh, where is my boy to-night?
The boy that was bravest of all;
He went to the battle of Right,
And said that he feared not to fall!

Oh, proud was his step when he went,
And deep was the gleam of his eye;
And I knew what his young heart meant
When he faltering said, "Good-bye."

Oh, where is my Willie to-night?
For I know that the strife has begun;
That many have fallen in fight,
And glorious victory's won!

Does he sleep 'neath the sod of the plain?
Has his proud form given its breath?
O, God! is my boy with the slain,
Who only would yield to death?

Be it thus, I've no fears that he sought
To shelter himself from the lead;
For he'd spring where 'twas falling most hot,
To rescue the dying and dead.

I feel—but I cannot tell why—
That fallen he was in the fight—
That God has promoted my boy,
And tempers my soul to-night.

Waterloo.

A few months since I was standing on the field of Waterloo, on the anniversary of that great battle. The fields were waving with ripening grain, just as they were on that memorable morning, before being trodden down by the charging squadrons. As I stood where Wellington had stood, on the ridge occupied by the English lines, and surveyed the entire field, and looked down on the narrow valley where the fate of all Europe was once put up and battled for, a world of conflicting emotions struggled for mastery within me. The magnificence and pomp of that stern array was before me, and my ear seemed distinctly to catch the first cannon that opened the conflict.

The great battle of Europe was to be fought. All its kings stood looking on with breathless interest, for their thrones were at stake. The feelings of those two great military chieftains themselves, as they thus for the first time stood face to face, and battled for a continent, were stirred. The British veteran, wiping the sweat from his brow, exclaimed, "Oh, that Blucher or might would come?" The next moment an immense body of French cavalry came thundering down on one of the English squares. It had already become weakened by the loss of whole ranks which the French artillery had mowed down, but withstood the desperate shock with true bravery. The French came down at a plunging trot, then breaking into a gallop, fell like a rock hurled from a mountain—they recoiled from the shock.

Driven to desperation by the repeatedly foiled attempts, they stopped their horses, and coolly walked around that square, and whenever a man fell, dashed in. Such desperate resolution, such recklessness of life began, at length, to tell on the conflict. The square began to shake and waver, when Wellington came dashing up with his guard; they opened, and he was in their bosom. The chief was in their keeping—his fate voluntarily thrown into their hands, those British hearts could not yield. Rank after rank fell, but not a man stirred from his footsteps. The French at length gave it up, and retired to their position. Again on separate squares, were those terrific charges made; and again, as they wavered, did Wellington fling himself in their midst. Thus, from eleven in the morning until four in the evening, had the battle raged, when a dark object was seen to emerge from a distant wood. Larger and larger it grew, till a column stood revealed, with banners waving in the breeze. Blucher and his Prussians had come! Both armies saw that the hour had arrived for a final issue. Bonaparte then rode up to his old imperial guard, that had not been in battle all day.

Placing himself at their head, he led them half-way down the slope, when he halted and addressed them in his impetuous and fiery manner. He told them that the fate of the battle and that of France was in their hands. He was answered by those devoted hearts, "The Emperor forever!" with a shout that rang over the storm of battle, and was heard along the British lines. Then he placed them under Ney, with orders to force the British centre, and prevent the junction of Blucher with the allied forces.

That hitherto invincible guard came down in beautiful order and array, and with hearts burning with high hopes. They knew that their Emperor and the civilized world were looking. They carried thrones and kings as they went. They needed nothing to fire their steady courage. No drum or trumpet, or martial strain cheered them on. No bugles sounded the charge. In perfect order and dead silence they moved over the plain. Above them soared the French eagle no power had ever yet wrested from their grasp, and on them was the eye of Bonaparte. The allied army saw with awe and dread the approach of that unconquerable legion. The terror of Europe was on the march. For a moment the firing ceased along the lines. The battle was hushed. The muffled tread of that magnificent legion alone was heard. The sudden calm was but momentary. The artillery again opened like a volcano on the foe. Whole ranks went down before the destructive fire, yet they faltered not for a moment.

Over their fallen comrades, with the same steady front, they moved on, across the valley and up the slope. Before their cool, resistless charge, the English lines melted like frost-work. They took the last fire of the artillery full on their bosoms, they walked over the cannon, artillery, men and all! On, on, like a resistless wave they swept, carrying everything down in their passage, till they approached within a few rods of where Wellington stood. All seemed lost, when a rank of men who had lain flat on their faces behind a low ridge of earth, suddenly heard the ringing order, "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" They started up as if from the bowels of the earth, and poured in their destructive fire in the very faces of that mangled guard. They recoiled from the discharge as if smitten with a sudden blow. A second and third followed. They reeled and staggered a moment, and then turned and fled. The battle was over.

The thunder of the first cannon came at intervals on the night air, telling where Blucher trod down the foe. Wellington had left to him the pursuit, and was leading back his weary and bleeding army over the battle field. The full, round moon was riding the quiet heavens, lighting up the mangled masses of human flesh that weighed down the field. Here an epaulet, there a shivered sword, flashed back its beams. Groans filled the air, while a death shriek came at intervals on the ear. Wellington wept. The excitement and rage of battle was over, and his heart sickened at the awful scene before him. On the surface of two square miles it was ascertained that fifty thousand men and horses were lying.

MRS. ROCHETOUCAULD'S MAXIMS.—Woman's feelings are more intense than those of men. We are happy or miserable: at a ball or at home.

A woman hates a question, but loves to ask one.

The female mind is too poetical to be tamely methodical. Who would marry a woman who punctuated her love letters?

Capid is blind to everything—save pin money.

In society compliments are loans, which the lenders expect to be repaid with heavy interest.

Praise a woman's taste, and you may at last hear her sense with impunity.

Your candid friend has never anything pleasant to say to you. He reminds you of his pet virtue by wounding you with it.

If you want to know a woman's true character, linger after the guests have gone, and listen to what she has to say about them.

A woman wins an old man by listening to him; and a young man by talking to him.

Enjoy to-day, for to-morrow the first gray hair may come.

Hymen is only Cupid in curl papers.

Women confess little faults, that their candor may cover great ones.

There are no reasons which explain love; but a thousand which explain marriage.

Age is venerable in man—and would be in woman—if she ever became old.

When a woman vows that she never flirts—she is flirting.—Punch.

Samuel Drew thus describes his first lesson in economy:—When I was a boy, I somehow got a few pence, and coming into St. Austell on a fair-day, laid out all on a purse. My empty purse often reminded me of my folly, and the recollection has since been as useful to me as Franklin's whistle was to him.

WELSH BACHELORS.—In some parts of Wales bachelors were formerly as hardly treated after death as they were among the ancients during life; for while the grave of a virgin was strewn with roses, the last resting-place of an old bachelor was covered with rue, thistles, and nettles.

The foibles of the weak palliate the vices of the wicked.

Autumn Leaves.

The leaves of autumn are beginning to fade and fall, although without the aid of still kindly-delaying frosts. It seems not long since we watched their gradual unfolding, in tufts of tender green. The spring birds sang sweetly then upon the budding boughs, their dark plumage contrasting with the scarlet flowers of the maple, the graceful tassels of the elm, and the pinky-velvet leaflets of the oak. The young leaves of the hickory burst from their calyx like the petals of an emerald flower; and, as the season advanced, the sycamore shook out its broad foliage to the sun, and the sumac veiled its hazy outline in floating and feathery plumes. And when at length the June roses blossomed by the wayside, the forest stood crowned and robed in its pomp of summer green.

But the leaves whose shadow was so welcome served not for coolness and drapery alone. Each of our graceful visitants had its modicum of work to do. Fed by branches they adorned, they in turn laid up a store of nutriment for the parent trunk. They elaborated its juices, and sent them back enriched by nourishment imbibed from the surrounding air. They imprisoned the sunshine in their delicate cells, and sent its vitalizing influence to the roots it never saw. They watched all night long beneath the stars, drinking in the "sweet influences of the Pleiades" with the moonlight dew. They nursed the young buds cradled at their feet, till rocked by the winds and lulled by the song of new-fledged birds, they grew healthful and round, the robust heirs of the developed year. They have watched over the ripening fruit, screening the too fervid rays of noon, and breaking the force and fury of the storm.

But now their benignant ministry is closed. They can no longer serve the children they have fostered, nor the parent that gave them birth. Their small housekeeping accounts are balanced for the year; their graceful task is done; and so donning their fairest robes, and kissing the strong arms that have sustained them so faithfully, one by one and in silence they steal to their places of rest. Go to the orchards and see, wherever spring frosts have not blighted the season's hope, how the boughs bend above the treasures they have lost, while on the turf beneath them

"Like living coils, the apples
Burn among the withering leaves."

Go to the woodland walks, and you will find them already strewn as if for expected guests; lightly carpeted with leaves of pale yellow, and green with crimson veins. Go to the cemetery, and see how the bright creatures have chosen their graves among the very fairest of our own, and, reversing the pathetic nursery legend, have covered the robins whose wings are folded, with a picturesque and perishable pall. And even here their mission is a kind one, for not even the frailest leaf "dieth for itself." Its dust shall yet bloom in the anemones and violets, and the crimson of the maple shall re-appear on the cheek of the peach. Verily, "we do all fade as a leaf," but the thought should never give us pain. Like our sisters of the summer, we should spend our lives in ministries of beauty, and leave a blessing behind us as we pass.—Springfield Republican.

AN ECCENTRIC WILL.—The will of the late Earl of Pembroke contained the following bequests: "Item—I give all my dear to the Earl of Salisbury, who I know will preserve them, because he denied the king a buck out of one of his own parks. Item—I give nothing to Lord Say; which legacy I give him because I know he will bestow it on the poor. Item—To Tom May I give five shillings; I intended him more, but whoever has seen his 'History of the Parliament,' thinks five shillings too much. Item—I give Lieutenant General Cromwell one word of mine, because hitherto he never kept his own. Item—I give up the ghost."

When the celebrated Bess Nash was ill, Dr. Cheyne wrote a prescription for him. The next day the doctor coming to his patient, inquired if he had followed his prescription. "No, truly, doctor," said Nash, "if I had, I should have broken my neck, for I threw it out of the second-story window."

"A fidgety lady was once consulting Mr. Abernethy, the famous English physician. She asked him what she should eat—whether this, that, or the other would injure her. 'You may eat anything,' said the doctor, 'except the poker and the bellows; for the one is hard of digestion and the other is supposed to be windy.'"

Sidney Smith was once examining some flowers in a garden, when a beautiful girl, who was one of the party, exclaimed— "Oh, Mr. Smith, this pea will never come to perfection!"

"Permit me, then," said he gently taking her hand, and walking towards the plant, "to lead perfection to the pea."

A GALLANT HUSBAND.—Mr. Cidham, the accountant, states, in reference to the late balloon accident, that owing to the extreme gasiness of the weather, he refused to allow any stranger to encounter the risk of the ascent. The party who accompanied him was only his wife.

One ought to have dates at one's fingers' ends, seeing they grow upon the palm.

The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.
TERMS: \$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

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Newbury—E. J. Whittey.

Winchester—JOSEPH ROYCE.

Reading—THOMAS HOBBS.

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Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL at the rates required by us.

To ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL, circulated largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms, and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCT. 26, 1861.

THE LAST BATTLE.

Another battle has been fought—we wish that we could add with truth, and won, but such is not our privilege; we can but say, and lost. The facts are too transparent to lead to any other conclusion. Our thinned ranks substantiate it. Our great loss of officers tells the efficiency of the enemy's sharpshooters. Are our troops never to be led to victory? Is cold water to be thrown incessantly upon their courage by inefficiency in high quarters—of the existence of which we have received a too painful proof? Are Massachusetts troops, with others, to be mowed down like grass before the fury of the whirlwind, and will the stereotyped cry ever cease, that five hundred met five times five hundred? The disaster of Sunday must be accounted for in some way; human forbearance is not like rubber which can be stretched to any length without detriment—it is limited in capacity. The only consolation we have is that our soldiers stood true and faced death with heroic manliness, becoming even the veterans of a hundred fights. The loss of brave men we could bear, if their death were atoned for by the attainment of any important result; but as this is not the case, our hearts sicken at the deplorable carnage. Have we no conception of the necessity to support our brave defenders, when stationed at exposed positions, or do we consider it wiser to close the stable door after the horse is stolen? We must not, if we wish to ward off disaster, invite attack by having insufficient means to repel it. This miserable skirmishing effects not in the smallest degree the final result, and should be looked upon as a reckless loss of life. Our soldiers are willing to fight and die for something, but they have not the will to exchange their lives for nothing. Must we always be the doomed party, who to be surprised and routed? We have, whenever we met the enemy, found him our superior in force; and when we gained advantage it was at fearful odds. Matters must change. We must have eyes that can look ahead and which are capable of taking in every contingency. Civilians, if they do not know their duty, must be ousted and sent adrift without ceremony, no matter how disagreeable the act may be. We must do something quickly or the taunts and sarcasm of European critics will have more than a selfish meaning.

NATURAL HISTORY.—A regular meeting of the Woburn Natural History Association was held with Mr. S. W. Abbott on Tuesday evening, 22d inst. After hearing, correcting, and approving the records of the last meeting, the Association proceeded to study the *Erigeron strigosus*; (*Flea bane*). E. annuus, (narrow-rayed Robins Plantain). The remainder of the evening was occupied in discussing a course to be pursued during the coming season. It was decided to take up the study of Ornithology under the leadership of Mr. Abbott. Mr. Shute has a fine collection of birds with their nests and eggs, and the members with the aid of these, and Audubon's series on this interesting branch of natural history will be able to gain much interesting knowledge pertaining to the warblers of the woods in our own latitudes. The next meeting will be in two weeks, with Mr. Abbott, when Dr. E. Cutter will discuss the Seabirds, (*Icthy. insect.*) and also the structure of the human skin.

DEATH OF AN AGED CITIZEN OF BURLINGTON.—Last week's paper contained the simple announcement of the death of Mr. Wm. Nichols, of Burlington, at the age of 71 years. Mr. Nichols was one of the most energetic citizens of Burlington, and his loss to that community is great. He represented the town in the Legislature for several terms, and served it as Assessor for a period of twelve or fifteen years. His virtues and qualities were many. He was one of the best of neighbors, and as the head of a family was beyond reproach. The good old men are passing away one by one, after a series of years of useful labor, and if their successors profit and act upon their example well will it be for all.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—This periodical for November has reached us. Like its predecessors, it is entertaining, instructive and impressive. The articles relative to our war troubles, are interesting to a degree.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Mr. Joseph Addison Parker, Jr., died suddenly last Saturday night about 10 o'clock. He had been ailing for some time previous, but it was not supposed that his end was so near. The cause of his death was dropsy of the heart. Mr. Parker was one of the Woburn men who were present at the battle of Bull Run. His funeral was attended by a large concourse of friends and relatives and those of his comrades in arms who were in town at the time, and also by the Young Men's Literary Association, of which he was a member. This Association, at a meeting held on Monday evening, passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That by this afflictive dispensation of Divine Providence we have lost a worthy member, a kind friend, and a loved associate; taken suddenly from us in the prime of his young manhood, while hope was yet buoyant, and prospects all bright for the future, we are reminded that "Death loves a shining mark," and that the solemn admonition comes to us "Be ye also ready."

Resolved, That we tender to the family of the deceased our heartfelt sympathy, and our hope that such consolation will be vouchsafed as they need, in this the hour of their severe affliction.

Resolved, That we attend the funeral of the deceased in a body, and that the room be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That the foregoing resolutions be printed in the local papers, and that a copy be sent to the family of the deceased.

Per order,
H. A. CARTER Sec'y.

STONEMAN BRANCH R. R.—The only thing which prevents the laying of the rails of this road, is the non-arrival of the sleepers, which have been expected for several days. It is not an easy matter to get 20,000 sleepers, but as soon as they arrive the laying of the rails will commence at once. When this road is in operation, Stoneman cannot complain of want of railroad facilities.

SEWING FOR THE TROOPS.—We understand that the Unitarian Sewing Circle were engaged one afternoon this week, in making under clothing for the soldiers. The material is furnished by the State ready for sewing, being cut out. Government, we believe, will furnish Sewing Circles with such work, on application. Is there only one patriotic Sewing Circle in Woburn? There ought to be more.

TEAMSTERS.—We understand that Mr. T. J. Porter, has sent home from Fortress Monroe, for half a dozen good teamsters, and that that number have already responded. They start on Monday. Their pay is \$25 per month, with rations. They are paid by the month.

CONVENTIONS.—The Democrats met in Convention, at the Town Hall, Woburn, on Thursday, and nominated Mr. John Viall of Medford, for Senator.

The Republican County Convention met at Charlestown, on Wednesday, and nominated Mr. J. H. Walt, of Malden, for County Commissioner, and on the same day the Councilor Convention met and re-nominated James M. Shute, of Somerville, for Councilor.

AN IMMENSE FLOCK OF wild geese passed over Londonderry at an early hour one day this week, en route for Jeff Davis' dominions. Hadn't some of our sharpshooters better arrest them, for carrying aid and comfort to the rebels? A roast goose is too good a dish for traitors.

LARGE DROVE OF CATTLE.—Mr. George Reed of this town, brought from New Hampshire, yesterday, the largest and best drove of cattle that has been seen in this vicinity for some time. It numbered 200 head. Mr. Reed is proverbial for having large and good droves.

LARGE BEETS.—Mr. Judathan Richardson has shown us two beets weighing respectively 10 lbs. and 8 lbs. 15 oz. Can any one beat this?

A SON OF Oliver Wendell Holmes, was wounded at the battle of Bull's Bluff.

MAGAZINES.—All the November Magazines have been received at the Woburn Bookstore.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—I noticed a paragraph in your paper, concerning the convenience of a street gas light in the immediate vicinity of the depot. Now, I for one think it is a necessity, for there is not a more dismal spot in town, on a dark night than just there. Will our Selectmen give this matter a moment's attention, and I know that many will thank them,—one will certainly.

ACADEMY HILL.

Woburn, Oct. 22d, 1861.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—There are a number of idle, and profane Irish and American boys who loiter about the Grammar School building waiting for the recess of the school, and who steal the boys' implements of sport; use indecent and profane language; insult the teachers, and disturb the school. Now, Mr. Editor, let me ask through your paper, if parental authority is of no avail, what course should be pursued respecting these boys? Have we, or can we have, a truant officer? Some of these boys belong to schools and why should they not be attending to their lessons? It is the duty of those having charge of our public schools to stop such annoyances.

Woburn, Oct. 23, 1861.

THE NEW DIMES.—A change has been made in the ten cent pieces that bear date this year from those heretofore coined. The figure of Liberty, instead of being surrounded by stars, is encircled by the words "United States of America," which formerly was placed on the reverse of that piece.

Reported for the Middlesex Journal.

Teachers' Association.

The Middlesex Teachers' Association held its semi-annual meeting at the Town Hall, Framingham, Oct. 18th and 19th. The Teachers met at 9 o'clock on the 18th inst for the transaction of business. The Col. says we are all pleased with the Staff Officers. The Col. comes around to our quarters to see that we are provided for. I think we shall be paid off by the 1st of Nov. at least report says so. The soil here is very springy and clayey, some of which is brick color. We get all our water from springs. We greatly miss Lynnfield Pond for washing and bathing purposes. A few of the men, including myself, went out to cut some grass to fill their beds with,—they had to cut it with a case knife and an old scythe which they found. After they had filled their beds nearly full, and were about to depart, a bullet came whistling over my head, and passed near the shoulder of one of the "Everett Guards," who was washing in a stream. It was all owing to carelessness on the part of some soldier who was practicing. The report was yesterday that General McClellan said we would all be home by Christmas. To-day is a real dog-day—very sultry, with rain and sunshine; the men employ their time in writing to their friends.

P. S.—There is some talk about sending tin drummers and the band home, because they will not be needed if we form a brigade.

HEADQUARTERS MICH. 4th REGT.,

Camp 1 mile north of Falls Church, Va.,

Oct. 15th, 1861.

FRIEND JOURNAL.—Since the advance movement commenced our camp has been quite movable, so that one hardly dare trust himself out of sight. For three days we were in the woods without tents, then our camp was moved out and last week one morning after the Colonel had left for Washington on business, orders were received and before noon we were pitching tents upon our present position. Already there is another regiment upon our last camping ground, (Hall's Hill), Col. Wilson's 22d, and I find several old schoolmates in the ranks. The regiment is finely equipped and will do honor to Massachusetts. They are in good health and spirits and seem pleased at entering upon the real earnest duties of the soldier. We are upon the outskirts—before us a valley heavily wooded, and then a range of hills occupied by the pickets of both armies, while beyond are the masked batteries and other death dealing implements of Gen. Johnston's division. One of our batteries was engaged in throwing shells yesterday but received no reply other than the burning of a house by the rebel pickets.

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There is earnest work going on in the army at present. Gen. McClellan passes here nearly every day; Generals and Brigadiers pass often; messengers with dispatches ride by every hour; Divisions change positions every few days; Companies of Cavalry and Batteries of Light Artillery are drilling in open field; on Sunday last, the Regiments were chopping all day, a thing which would not have been but for urgent reasons. How soon the battle will commence, on our ground or theirs, who will fall and who will live to tell the story, remains to be seen. If rumors are true, Gen. Johnston's division will be surrounded soon. May we all be enabled to do our duty nobly and soldierly in the contest.

Yours, J. M. B.

A VENERABLE TRIO.—Among the privates in the ranks of the Union army in Kentucky are three distinguished gentlemen, who are but little short of being octogenarians. They are grey-haired patriot-fathers, who have left the impress of their usefulness on their country's history, and now, in their extreme old age, are found marching side by side with their sons and grandsons, in defense of that country's honor and glory, against the machinations of traitors and the open hostility of rebels.

We refer to Hon. John J. Crittenden, Judge Daniel Breck, and Hon. William P. Thompson. Each of these veterans has been representative in the councils of the nation, and in that and other capacities they have "made to themselves a name."

They are direct descendants of those noble men who achieved our national independence, and their own memories extend back to that eventful period. They witnessed the birth of our glorious republic, and have watched and assisted in her progressive career from the beginning. No wonder that they are ready, even now, when their prescribed years of life are nearly spent, to risk their lives for her preservation in the midst of present perils.—What a noble example of patriotic fidelity to the young men of America!

Blessed forever be the soul of the true patriot, who in his honest devotion to his country's interests, would sacrifice himself to preserve her from threatened dangers.

A SHAMEFUL SAFETY.—"Glorio be to God," shouted an excited gentleman to John J. Crittenden, "McClellan is sending 20,000 men from Washington to Cincinnati, for Kentucky. We're safe now." "Safe!" exclaimed the veteran Senator. "Doesn't it blister your tongue to tell it? Safe! by Ohio and Indiana troops, while Kentucky allows themselves to be protected by others. It's a shame to old Kentucky, sir."

Letter from the Union Guard.

The following is an extract from a letter which Mr. F. L. Bryant sent to his wife. The letter is dated Hall's Hill, Va., Oct. 19.

"All along the route from Washington to where we are encamped, there is a continual line of fortifications. Of course we don't live as well here as we did in 'Camp Schouler.' We are just beginning to have soft bread. The Colonel has turned our old Quartermaster off, and I think we have got a better one. Cheese is bought here from farmers for the low price of 15 cts. per lb. I think our Quartermaster cheated us. The Col. says we shall have everything we are allowed. The men are all pleased with the Staff Officers. The Col. comes around to our quarters to see that we are provided for. I think we shall be paid off by the 1st of Nov. at least report says so. The soil here is very springy and clayey, some of which is brick color. We get all our water from springs. We greatly miss Lynnfield Pond for washing and bathing purposes. A few of the men, including myself, went out to cut some grass to fill their beds with,—they had to cut it with a case knife and an old scythe which they found. After they had filled their beds nearly full, and were about to depart, a bullet came whistling over my head, and passed near the shoulder of one of the 'Everett Guards,' who was washing in a stream. It was all owing to carelessness on the part of some soldier who was practicing. The report was yesterday that General McClellan said we would all be home by Christmas. To-day is a real dog-day—very sultry, with rain and sunshine; the men employ their time in writing to their friends.

P. S.—There is some talk about sending tin drummers and the band home, because they will not be needed if we form a brigade.

HEADQUARTERS MICH. 4th REGT.,

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Astounding Discovery in France.

The following sounds very much like the stories of the Arabian Nights of Sinbad the Sailor, but as it comes from a respectable source, we give it for what it is worth:

It has been a great mystery to English bankers, and to the Directors of the Bank of England, how the bullion of the Bank of France could be so greatly increased within the last three years, while that institution has been constantly sending gold to England, to Germany and to America. Not long since the Bank of France drew some fifteen million francs in silver from the Bank of England, which it paid for in gold bars with the French Mint stamp on them. At its last report it showed a balance of one hundred and seventeen million francs in gold, while the amount one year ago was under eighty million—nearly one third increase. It is whispered that this abundance of gold is the result of a scientific discovery, which the Emperor Napoleon has secured the monopoly of. Gold is at the present moment manufactured at Paris in a secret manner. The principal articles used are lead and arsenic; and, though it is not known how extensively the precious metal is produced, yet several hundred weight of the material are taken to a certain place on the first of each month. Everything is conducted with the utmost secrecy. None of the workmen are allowed to leave and nothing definite can be known; but the fact that gold is produced is beyond peradventure.—How long Napoleon III. will be able to keep this wonderful secret remains to be seen.

A GREAT PHYSICIAN AND HIS FEES.—The largest sum Sir Astley Cooper ever received in one year was £21,000, but for a series of years his income was more than £15,000 per annum. As long as he lived in the city his gains were enormous, though they varied, the state of the money market having a curious effect on his fees. Most city patients paid their fee with a check, and seldom wrote for less than £5 5s. In Spring-garden and Conduit street his professional income was less, though the parties were most aristocratic. Mr. Coles, of Mincing-lane, for a long period paid him £600 a year. A city man, who consulted him in Broad street, and departed without giving any fee, soon after sent a check for £63 with the following note: "Dear Sir—When I had first the pleasure of seeing you, you requested as a favor that I would consider your visit as that of a friend. I now, sir, must return the compliment by your accepting the enclosed draft as an act of friendship. A West-Indian millionaire gave Cooper his largest fee. He had undergone successfully a painful operation, and paid his physicians, Lettison and Nelson, with 300 guineas each. "But you, sir," cried the grateful old man, sitting up in bed, and addressing Cooper, "shall have something better. There, sir, take that!" It was his nightgown, which he flung at the surprised surgeon. "Sir," answered Cooper, "I'll pocket the affront," and on reaching home he found in the cap a draft for 1,000 guineas.

THE FUTURE OF AMERICA.—The *Journal des Debats* of the 28th ult. has a lengthy article on the state of affairs in the United States, of which we subjoin the last paragraph:

America seems thus condemned to undergo severe trials; but, notwithstanding, one thing appears to us certain. Not only will the American nation not perish, whatever may be the result of this struggle, or the horrors through which she may have to pass. Not long hence North America will appear on the theatre of the world stronger than ever, because there is no other race in the world having so many resources. She possesses in a superior degree the majority of those qualities which cause the grandeur of nations to survive the most threatening storms. In ten years there will possibly be another North America—very probably the same—but this other America will weigh heavily in the balance of nations, just as France, a few years after the horrors of 1793, found herself more powerful than ever, despite of the sinister predictions which announced that the revolution was the cause of her irrecoverable decadence.

Yours, J. M. B.

SINGULAR CHINESE SENTENCE.—Mr. Linton has lately made a communication to the Asiatic Society, descriptive of a mode of punishment peculiar to the criminal code of the Celestial Empire. A Chinese merchant, accused and convicted of having killed his wife, was sentenced to die by the total deprivation of sleep. The execution took place at Amoy, in the month of June last. The condemned was placed in prison under the surveillance of three guardians, who relieved each other every alternate hour, and who prevented him from taking sleep night or day. He lived thus for nineteen days without having slept for a single minute. At the commencement of the eighth day, his sufferings were so cruel that he begged, as a great favour, that they would kill him by strangulation.

"HIGH CONSIDERATIONS."—Some fellows from Maryland, or professing to be from Maryland, have attempted to get up a sensation by requesting Jeff. Davis to send a force into that State to protect the women and children from the "outrages" of the federal troops. Jeff. informs them that his heart bleeds for them, but that he is "restrained by principles of high political necessity from sending an army into Maryland, or invading or violating the sovereignty of her soil." It is supposed that these high considerations are about 200,000 in number, and under the command of Gen. McClellan.

ACCOUNTED FOR.—One of our exchanges has discovered the cause of the retreat of our army at Bull Run. It says, "when the battle was at its hottest point and nearly won to our side, there came word that there were two vacancies in the New York Custom House.—Hence the stampede of the leading officers.—The men followed."

"We will publish next week a list of the soldiers who have gone from our town, and who are receiving State pay at this time."

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

LITERARY SOCIAL.—The members of the Literary Association with their young lady friends have renewed their social meetings, the second of which was held on Thursday evening of last week, at the residence of Mrs. Lindley. A goodly number were present, and the evening was partly occupied in listening to the reading of a paper made up from the contributions of the members, and of which the daughter of the hostess was the Editor for the evening. Music, singing, and social converse took up the rest of the time. The name adopted for these gatherings is that of "Literary Socials," and in order to obtain a right to be present at them, a person must be proposed by a member and voted in. Why not make it more general by welcoming all young people to be present at the meetings and unite in the exercises? It is proposed to meet once a fortnight and have the same exercises each evening. It is encouraging to see any movement that will break up the dull monotony of our town life, especially to the young people, and promise some sort of entertainment for the long winter evenings. The plan which has been adopted, should be liberalized and extended in its operations. It looks as though there would be no lectures, debates or anything in the shape of instruction or amusement of a public character for the benefit of our citizens and their families during the winter season. When so many are out of employment, and the condition of business is such as it is, and promises to be for some time to come, it cannot be expected that our people will feel disposed to expend much, if any, money for such purposes. Yet it seems to me that something of the kind suggested is needed, and might be afforded at but a trifling expense, and prove of great benefit.

NAVAL.—Lieut. Wm. F. Spicer has been detached from the Frigate Niagara and ordered to the Navy Yard at this station, to succeed Lieut. E. T. Nichols who has been ordered to the command of the gunboat Winona, at Brooklyn, N. Y. This announcement, it is said, has given general satisfaction in naval circles, and as Lieut. Spicer's family reside in our town, and he has been for a long time absent from them,—except a brief visit on the return of the vessel to the United States some months since,—the transfer must certainly be agreeable to him, as it is a well-deserved compliment to an excellent officer.

SOLDIERS' AID SOCIETY.—Another meeting of the ladies in reference to aiding the soldiers by furnishing supplies of such articles as they are most in need of, was held agreeably to public notice given from the pulpit on the previous Sabbath, on Monday afternoon last, in Lyceum Hall. There was present a fair representation of those who are ever ready to aid in carrying forward a good work, and whose sympathies are warmly enlisted in this movement. The organization referred to in last week's paper, was modified and enlarged, and designated by the name of the "Soldiers' Aid Society." Its object being by frequent meetings and organized associated effort to procure some of those numerous articles which our brave soldiers require. Mrs. C. P. Curtis, Jr., was selected as President of the Society; Miss Caroline Ford, Secretary and Treasurer; Mrs. Meeson, T. P. Tenney, Abbott, Jaquith, Skillings, Holt and others of our well known benevolent ladies were selected as Vice Presidents and Directors. A meeting of the Society was held on Thursday, of which we will speak next week. What is to be done, must be done quickly, and the fair hands and sympathizing hearts among us will doubtless not be found wanting.

IMPROVEMENTS.—No one in passing by our School-houses can fail to note the greatly improved appearance they present, since the repairs and painting were done to them and their appurtenances. The work has been done in a thorough manner so far, under the direction of Mr. A. D. Weld of the Committee, and the buildings and fences ought not to require any additional work of the kind for a long period of time. Some work yet remains to be done upon some of them, which should not be omitted, notwithstanding the additional expense which it will cost. What is done now will not have to be done next year, and as I have before said, it will be economy as well as an act of benevolence to some of our mechanics, to do it at the present time. Washington street has at last been completed, and the abutments thereon may well congratulate themselves on the result which has been attained under so many difficulties which at times seemed insurmountable. Some of the abutments on this street are altering the boundaries of their lots to conform to the changes. Mr. J. B. Judkins has much improved his place by digging down the earth in front of his premises which was quite elevated, and reducing it to a level with the street. He is building a stone wall the entire length in front of his lot, which shows the premises to much better advantage.

DEATH.—I regret to announce the sudden death of Henry, oldest son of Mr. James H. Prince, which sad event occurred on Tuesday evening last. His parents were away from home at the time, having left the day previous for a brief visit to New York and other places, leaving this son as well as usual. He has been of late subject to violent headaches, which on Tuesday about 11 o'clock culminated in convulsion fits which continued in rapid succession through the rest of the day and evening until death released him from his sufferings. He was about 14 years of age, but his body had not kept pace with the growth of his mind, and it was painfully apparent that his earthly life must be brief in its duration. In his departure though his parents cannot but deeply feel the loss they have sustained, yet they cannot but say, it is for the best that one so ill-fitted to bear the rough winds and tempests of this lower world has passed on to a climate of unending summer where no suffering or trial awaits him, but where all is peace and rest. A dutiful and affectionate son and brother.

M.

HOW TO PRESERVE THE TEETH.—Rub them clean every morning with a stiff brush and a little soap, rinse the mouth thoroughly with water, then rub with a dry towel; and instead of eating bread, biscuit, or cake, make with common saleratus or soda, get James Pyle's DIETETIC SALUBRITY, the only article of the kind in use harmless to the teeth. See that you are not deceived by some worthless imitation in red papers. Shun all that do not bear the name of JAMES PYLE, 345 Washington St., New York.

Please observe the new Advertisements in this week's paper.

whose frailty but served to bind him still closer in the affections of all, he will be missed from the home where his loving spirit was so fully manifested, and the sports with his companions in which he so eagerly enlisted. Again has the Mystic School been called to part with one of its cherished pupils, and his classmates one whom they esteemed for the gentle spirit which he ever exhibited in his desire to obtain knowledge. Our young friend has gone to his Father's home on high to rejoin the sister who passed on before him several years since and unite in singing praises to Him whom in youth in the Sunday School he had learned to love and whose precepts were engrained upon his memory and heart. The Sunday previous he was at church and the Sunday School, and on Tuesday night the intelligence went with lightning speed to these parents that little Henry was dead. "Not lost but gone before." EXETER.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Several lads were complained of last week for trespass upon orchards, gardens, &c.—They were dealt lightly with by Mr. Justice Upton, who gave them some excellent fatherly advice and bade them go and sin no more. If the law should have "free course" among the youth, there would be a vacant chair at the table in many families. Do not parents sometimes connive at the petty thefts of their children, by withholding salutary reproof, or by treating the crime as a very small matter, or by setting up a defence in their behalf?—Why should a man who has raised a bushel of apples, or a rare specimen of pears or other delicious fruit, have them stolen from him just as he is about to realize their value?—Why should his garden be robbed of squashes, potatoes and other vegetables which he has spent the season in cultivating? Why should he be obliged to gather his cranberries before mature or lose the entire crop, on

Wit and Anecdote.

"Care to our Coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
And every grin, so merry, draws one out."

I'm Very Fond of Water.

A NEW TEMPERANCE SONG.
(Adapted from the Platt Deutsch.)

I'm very fond of water,
I drink it soon and right;
Not Rechab's son or daughter
Had therein more delight.
I breakfast on it daily;
And never it doth seem,
When once I've mixed it gaily
With sugar and with cream.
But I forgot to mention
That in it first I see,
Infused with some attention,
Good Mocha or Robusta.

Chorus—I'm very fond of water,
I drink it soon and right;
No mother's son or daughter
Hath therein more delight.
At luncheon too I drink it,
And strength it seems to bring;
When really good, I think it
A liquor for a king.
But I forgot to mention
That it is best to be sincere—
I use an old invention
That makes it into beer.

Chorus—I'm very fond of water, &c.
I drink it, too, at dinner;
I quaff it full and free,
And find, as I'm a sinner,
It does not disagree.
But I forgot to mention—
As thus I drink and dine,
To save all apprehension,
I join some Slurpy wine.

Chorus—I'm very fond of water, &c.
And then when dinner's over,
And business far away,
I feel my mind in clover,
And sip my own success.
But I forgot to mention—
I love to add a snack,
To obviate distraction,
Of Whisky or Cognac.

Chorus—I'm very fond of water, &c.
At last when evening closes,
With something nice to eat,
The best of sleeping doses
In water still I meet.
But I forgot to mention—
I think it not a sin,
To cheer the day's decision,
By pouring in the Gin.

Chorus—I'm very fond of water;
I ever must delight
Each mother's son or daughter—
When thought or right.

HORACE VERNET AND HIS CONNOISSEUR.
This great master was once employed to paint a landscape, with a cave and St. Jerome in it. He accordingly painted the landscape, with St. Jerome at the entrance of the cave. When he delivered the picture, the purchaser, who understood nothing of the perspective, said, "The landscape and the cave are well enough, but Jerome is not in the cave."

"I understand you," replied Vernet; "I will alter it."

He therefore took the painting and made the shade darker, so that the saint seemed to sit further in. The buyer took the painting but it again appeared to him that the saint was not in the cave.

Vernet then painted out the figure and gave it to his customer, who seemed perfectly satisfied. Whenever he saw strangers, to whom he showed the picture, he said, "Here you see a picture by Vernet, with St. Jerome in the cave."

"But we cannot see the saint," replied the visitors.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," answered the possessor, "he is there for I have seen him stand at the entrance and afterward farther back, and am therefore quite sure that he is in it."

AN HONEST OLD MAID.—Nothing, in my opinion, (says Dean Ramsey,) comes up to the originality and point of the Montrose old maiden lady's most "exquisite remark" for not subscribing to the proposed fund for organizing a volunteer corps in that town. It was at the time of expected invasion at the beginning of the century, and some of the town magistrates called upon her and solicited her subscription to raise men for the service of the king. "Indeed," she answered, right stoutly, "I'll dae nae sic thing; I never could raise a man for myself, and I'm no ga'en to raise men for King George."

SELECTIONS FROM PUNCH.—Secession, by Caesar.

What fun his Succession am,
For every thing, Pompey—Yes, Sir!
Massar succeeded from Uncle Sam.

"You see we can succeed from Massar."

Sports and Pastimes of the Americans.—It seems to be a favorite pursuit of the Americans to get hold of a poor editor, who has had courage to differ with them, and to tar and feather him. If asked what kind of a nation America was, we should feel inclined, after hearing of the above blackguard propensity, to exclaim, "Tar-nation!"

Kissing by Proxy.—One of the deacons of a certain church asked the bishop if he usually kissed the bride at weddings. "Always," was the reply. "And how do you manage when the happy pair are negroes?" was the next question. "In all such cases," replied the bishop, "the duty of kissing is appointed to the deacons!"

One of the Pike County boys at Louisiana, Mo., found an old darkey in the woods who had heard that secession property was to be confiscated, and therefore commenced by executing the order upon himself. He surrendered to the invader, and gave a history of himself, concluding by saying:

"Gorry! massa, I'll brack your boots—do anything you want me, if you'll only confiscate de old woman."

An Eastern paper says, "The greatest case of love is that of a youth in Kentucky, who got into the hollow of a tree, where he lived a whole week, peeping through a knot-hole at his lady-love, as she sat sewing a bearskin petticoat at her window."

SOMETHINGS-OR-NOTHINGS.

"Variety 's the Spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor."

A pretty face attracts—a good heart generally secures.

CYNICS are either sordid good men, or more sordid bad ones.

STANDER not because they have slandered you.

His spake well who said that little graves are the footprints of angels.

Those who praise you at the beginning, will ask favors in the end.

MONEY is nothing in itself; it is useful only when it departs from us.

It is easier for the generous to forgive than for the offender to ask it.

Be calm while your adversary frets and rages, and you can warm yourself at his fire.

WANTED, a life-boat that will float on a "sea of troubles."

PAID is the first weed to grow in the human heart, and the last to be eradicated.

WHEN we find ourselves more inclined to persecute than persuade, we may be certain that our zeal has more of pride in it than charity.

The death-smile is the grandest thing in the world. It makes the dark past an arch of triumph into a radiant future.

It is but a step from cunning to knavery; lying makes the whole difference—add that to cunning, and it is knavery.

A young lady at Niagara was heard to exclaim, "What an elegant trimming that rainbow would make for a white lace overdress."

YOUNG women are never in more danger of being made slaves than when the men are at their feet.

SUCH not up a brood of evil passions in your bosom; like enraged serpents, they will bite their cage.

To all men the best friend is virtue; the best companions are high endeavors and honorable sentiments.

MOROSE men are undelighted amidst all delight, joyless amidst all enjoyment, satiate in the very lap of satiety.

WHEN children die, they only attain maturity in a readier way than by the tedious route of this mortal living.

GENTLEMEN who smoke allege that it makes them calm and complacent. They tell us the more they fume the less they fret.

A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain; while witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping from a broken string.

THERE are two classes of men generally in the wrong. Those who do not know enough, and those who know too much.

"MARRIAGE," said an unfortunate husband, "is the churchyard of love." "And you men," replied the not less unhappy wife, "are the grave-diggers."

An experienced old stager says, if you make love to a widow who has a daughter twenty years younger than herself, begin by declaring that you thought they were sisters.

WHEN his cousin, Charlotte Dunne, was married, Jones said: "It was Dunne before it was begun, Dunne while it was doing, and it was not Dunne when it was done."

A bankrupt was consoled with the other day for his embarrassment. "Oh, I'm not embarrassed at all," said he; "it's my creditors that are embarrassed."

"FIGURES will not lie," is an old and used to be well-remembered saying. But the introduction of hoops, crinolines, hips, bustles, and cotton breast-works has played the dickens with the proverb.

THE INFAMOUS PRACTICE OF ADULTERATING—The adulteration of wine is a crime of the highest order, and one that is becoming more and more prevalent. It is a crime that is not only a disgrace to the nation, but a danger to the health of the people. It is a crime that is not only a disgrace to the nation, but a danger to the health of the people. It is a crime that is not only a disgrace to the nation, but a danger to the health of the people.

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WOBURN BOOK STORE!

A LARGE SUPPLY OF NEW BOOKS,
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**TESTIMONIALS OF THE HORACE WATERS
Pianos and Melodeons.**

John Hewitt, of Carlisle, New York, who has
had one of the Horace Waters Pianos, writes as
follows:

"I am a friend of mine wishes me to purchase a piano
for her. She likes the one you sold me in December
1856. My piano is becoming popular in this place,
and I can speak of it with confidence. I have
more, they will be more popular than any other
make."

"We have two of Waters' Pianos in use in our
Seminary, one of which has been severely tested
for three years, and is still in the best of order,
and in the best of order. It is the best one
in our country."—Thomas A. Latham, Campbell,
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"The Horace Waters Piano is a very fine instrument,
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of your Piano Fortes for two years past. I have
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USE AND
MEDICAL PURPOSES.**

WAREHOUSE—333 BROADWAY, N.Y.
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The unprecedented sale of this book has induced
the publisher to add some 20 new tunes and hymns
to its present size, without extra charge, except
for postage. Among the many beautiful
tunes and hymns added will be found: "I ought
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HORACE WATERS,

333 Broadway, N. Y.,
Publisher of Music and Music Books and
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Pianos, Melodeons, Alexandre Organs, Or-
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At \$175, \$200, \$225, \$250, and up to \$800; Second
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\$35, \$50, \$75, \$100, and up to \$200; Alexandre Organs,
with five stops, \$100; the tops, \$150 and \$200;
fifteen stops, \$200; the tops, \$150 and \$200;
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AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY!

FOR THE CURE OF
CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS
AND COLDS.

THE MAKORA ARABICA,
DISCOVERED BY A
Missionary while traveling in Arabia.

ALL who are suffering from Consumption
should use the MAKORA ARABICA, dis-
covered by a missionary in Arabia.

ALL who are suffering from Bronchitis should use
the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a mis-
sionary in Arabia.

ALL who are suffering from Coughs, Colds,
and all kinds of the MAKORA ARABICA,
discovered by a missionary in Arabia.

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Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XI : : No. 5.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1861.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

Our Country's Call.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Lay down the axe, fling by the spade;
Leave in its track the toiling plow;
The rifle and the bayonet blade
For arms like yours were fitter now;
And let the hands that ply the pen
Quit the light task, and learn to wield
The horseman's crooked brand, and rein
The charger on the battle field.

Our Country calls; away! away!
To where the blood-stream blots the green.
Strike to defend the gentlest way
That Time in all his course has seen.
See from a thousand covert—see
Spring the armed foes that haunt her track;
They rush to smite her down, and we
Must beat the bandied traitors back.

No! sturdy as the oaks ye cleave,
And moved as soon for fear and fight,
Men of the glade and forest! leave
Your woodcraft for the field of fight.
The arms that wield the axe must pour
An iron tempest on the foe;
His serried ranks shall reel before
The arm that lays the panther low.

And ye who boast the mountain storm
By grassy steep or highland lake,
Come, for the land ye love, to form
A bulwark that no foe can break.
Stand, like your own gray cliffs that mock
The whirlwind, stand in her defence:
The blast as soon shall move the rock
As ransling squadrons bear ye thence.

And ye, whose homes are by her grand,
Swift rivers, rising far away,
Come from the depth of her green land
As mightily in your march as they;
As terrible as when the rains
Have swelled them over bank and bourne,
With sudden floods to drown the plains
And sweep along the woods upborne.

And ye who throng beside the deep,
Her ports and hamlets of the strand,
In number like the waves that leap
On his long marauding marge of sand,
Come, like that deep, when, o'er his brim,
He rises, all his floods to pour,
And flings the proudest barque that swim
A helpless wreck against his shore.

Few, few were they whose swords, of old,
Won the fair land in which we dwell;
But we are many, we who hold
The grim resolve to guard it well.
Strike for that broad and godly land,
Blow after blow, till none shall see
That night and right move hand in hand,
And glorious must their triumph be.

—N. Y. Ledger.

Select Literature.

STORY OF AN OLD SOLDIER.

BY BLANCHE BRANDON.

[A paper found in the knapsack of an old French officer who died 40 years ago.]

I believe in affinity—the term is hackneyed now, degraded to the use of those who hold no faith with trusting fellow mortals and mock their God with sophistries. In their sense it is but a plausible pretext for licentiousness, a miserable excuse for the wicked, and a temptation for the weak. In mine it is a holy thing, pure as the Heaven above this world, beautiful as the stars which shine upon us from its blue expanse.

Every man has his affinity and meets it once during the weary march of life, recognizing it sometimes only after it has glided past and departed from him forever, but often finding it the light of his existence, the one pure thing that never tarnishes with grief or age, that does not vanish on the confines of the grave, but glides on before him, lighting the path which leads down the mysterious endless future.

When God made man pure, perfect and like unto his own image, he gave unto him woman, bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, to be his helpmeet. When man fell from purity to sin, woman fell also; but the gift was not quite withdrawn. Still in his degradation woman is man's helpmeet by the right of her creation. Still sometimes through the clouded beauty of the bond between them, falls a ray of splendor telling what they might have been to each other had the evils of sin's great serpent never entwined themselves about this world. I am an old man to write thus. A gray-haired soldier, bearing the mark of many not dishonorable scars, journeying on slowly but surely to the land of souls and ready to answer when my name is called from death's great muster-roll.

Yet old as I am, I have loved, and I love still, not with your love rash, reckless, hot-blooded man, who mistakes a fleeting passion for a pure and holy sentiment. You would say that I had never loved, for the emotion was born in a child's bosom for a child, and lives in an old man's heart for the dead. How well I remember the hour when it first awoke. It was a summer day and I sat on the roof of a garbled forest tree beside Hortense. We had been playing as other children might, and were resting in the shade, making daisy chains. Suddenly a sweet thrill crept through me and I uttered my thoughts aloud.

"Hortense, I believe I love you better than anything in the whole world."

Hortense smiled at me from the soft shadow of her Gipsy hat and answered, "You ought, for I love you."

And I put my arms about her and kissed her innocent lips, and we forgot our daisy chains and sat beside each other without speaking until twilight. The music of the wind amidst the forest leaves sounded strangely solemn to my ears as we walked

home, reminding me so much of the last dying strains of our Cathedral organ, that I wondered to myself whether it might not be the echo of music played by the hands of angels on their golden harps of Heaven.

Those were happy days Hortense; days without a cloud. We were poor men's children both of us. Living in as humble a village as France possesses, knowing no greater luxuries than our brown bread and goat's milk; no costlier toys than those which nature gave us in flowers, and pebbles, and acorns. Yet these were sufficient and we wished for nothing more. Through the summer and until the autumn ended, we found stores of treasures in the wild woods. And winter had not checked our enjoyment.—When I went one day to our accustomed rendezvous and failed to find Hortense, I waited long hours but she did not come, and I went home sadly. The next day, and the next, I sought the same spot, and still she was not there. At last on the fourth day I found an old woman seated on the fallen tree weeping and rocking herself backwards and forwards. As my steps made a rustling among the dried leaves she lifted up her head.

"Is this Francoise?" she said.

"Yes," I answered, with a beating heart.

"Little Hortense wants to see you," said the old woman. "Will you come with me?"

"To Hortense?—yes," I answered, and I put my hand in hers confidently.

We went down together toward the village, hand-in-hand.

"Why did not Hortense come to the woods?" I asked.

"She is ill," said the old woman.

"Very ill?"

"She is dying," sobbed my conductress.

"Dying!" I listened aghast—"Dying!" Hortense cannot die! She is too young. Old people die."

"We all die, young and old—the youngest and fairest first," said the old woman. "Ah, the brightest bud is plucked the soonest. You'll know that soon enough, child." And she hurried on faster.

I clung to her hand. A great horror possessed me. I tried to think—I tried to pray as I had been taught. I could do neither. I could not even shed one tear. My senses seemed turning to stone. I had seen death but once, and that was when a murdered man had been found behind a hedge near our village. His ghastly face was still before my eyes, and I thought, would Hortense look thus? Would she be so pallid and blood besmeared, so stiff and rigid? I dreaded the sight of the little cottage door. We were there now, however, and I must go in. I shut my eyes in horror, but opened them again as I heard my name called—

"Francoise?"

It was her voice. Before me was a little bed covered with white drapery, and on it lay Hortense, her golden hair framing her pure, pale face; her soft eye-lustrous, her red lips parted with a gentle smile. A great joy filled her heart.

"She is neither dead nor dying," I said.

"Look at her. How could you tell me so?"

"But the weeping women about the bed wept on still, and there was no change in the solemn countenance of the priest, whose black dress fell like a pall over the snowy pillow; and Hortense called my name once more—"Francoise, come to me."

"She lifted me up to the couch, and I bent over her. Her lips came close to my ear, and she said softly—"Good bye! I am going to be an angel, and I will take care of you. Don't cry when you go to the woods, next summer, but never love any one better than Hortense." And as I kissed her, the little arms dropped back, and there was no longer voice nor movement, nor even the slightest fluttering of her breath to be heard by the now stilled group about her.

I had but one thought as they lifted me away again, and that was that the world had nothing left in it to care for.

Suns arose and set—days and nights followed each other—seasons passed—years faded. I grew to be a boy, and left childhood behind me. I grew to be a man, and forgot the hopes and fears of boyhood. Yet still, through all, one memory clung to me—the memory of Hortense. At twenty-one, I sat upon a green mound in the church-yard, and wept above a little wooden cross whereon was written:

HORTENSE LESTER: Aged seven.

I was weary of the drudgery of a peasant's life, and longed for higher objects and a wider field of action; but how or by what means to fulfill my hopes I had no knowledge. And on this Sabbath evening which was also my birthday, I was sad and softened, and wept above my child-love's little grave.

"You promised to come to me, Hortense," I sighed. "You promised to call for me and guide me. Come to me now—let me see you—let me hear your voice!"

It was midsummer, and the air was sultry; yet, as I spoke, a cold breeze seemed to kiss my forehead, a chill ran through my frame. I lifted up my eyes, and in the moonlight opposite me, standing by a gravestone, I saw Hortense, purer and more beautiful than ever, but a child no longer. A maiden's gentle form and face were before me, expanded into mature loveliness without the loss of childhood's purity. Holy were the eyes, holy the lips, holy the pure white bosom over which her arms crossed themselves. Again, as in her death hour she uttered my name, "Francoise!"

Something in her presence forbade me to

approach her. I knelt on the ground and looked upon her—awe-stricken, yet joyful. And as I knelt, a voice stole through the air again, uttering once more, "Francoise!" and I answered, with a strange mechanical manner, "I am here."

"Here you should not be," said the voice. "You are wasting your best years in aimless toil and selfish rest. Hark! far away in the distance you may hear the rolling of drums. Your country calls you. Why do you linger? Go, take the road leading to Paris and meet your destiny."

The voice died away. A mist came before my eyes, and when it vanished Hortense was gone. All that evening I remained within the graveyard, like one watching for the re-appearance of my vision, but nothing came to me save midnight and the moon. The next day I journeyed toward Paris on foot.

It was noon, when, far away along the sunny road, I heard the sound of drums, and in a few moments saw the glitter of arms in the distance. As I came closer, I saw that those I approached were a band of soldiers, who kept within their midst a handful of dejected men, who seemed bowed down by sorrow.

"What ails you?" I asked the foremost, as he went by.

"Enough," he answered. "We are conscripts."

"Cheer up," I said, "it is a joyful thing to fight for one's country. I have no need to be made a conscript. Here I offer myself to my Emperor, as long as I have breath to fight his battles. Vive l'Empereur!"

My shout was echoed by the whole group—and when they marched on again I was amongst them.

I believe that no man can say of me that I was a coward. During all the bloody scenes through which I passed, I never knew fear. The whistling of the cannon balls was music to me. My arm seemed vested with almost supernatural power; and, though I was often wounded, I never left the field one day. Yet (I thank Heaven for it now) I was never cruel. My wounded enemy was kindly cared for. My comrades and my foes alike shared every comfort I possessed; and often as I ministered to the wounded or bent over the dying in the mid watches of the night, I fancied that I saw the shadow of a form, the phantom of a face bending beneath a flutter of white wings above me, and that the face, the form, the distant cadence of the voice I heard were those of my long-lost Hortense.

I rose slowly from the ranks, became Captain, Colonel, and at last General. I heard my name uttered with praise, and knew that our beloved Bonaparte thought well of me. For awhile my heart beat high with joy and pride, and the blows which saddened it crushed it to the earth. What need to enumerate our woes? From the hour which saw Moscow in flames our fortunes fell. The snows and solitudes of Russia saw a fearful series of disasters and disappointments, and at last the battle of Waterloo sealed our unhappy fate. I stood in the end a gray-haired veteran, worn with toil and sorrow, bewailing the strange turn of Fortune's wheel which had cast our great Napoleon in the hands of his enemies, and imprisoned him like a chained eagle, upon the isle of St. Helena.

I went back to my native province. At dusk, upon another Sabbath eve, I sat by the quiet grave where Hortense slumbered. The hair which had been black when last I knelt there was now white with age and sorrow.—Again I whispered her name: "Hortense," I said, "little Hortense, have you quite forgotten me?" And a voice answered me, and a form stood before my sight. As in that olden time, she stood in all her maiden beauty, unchanged, undimmed, with her meek hands crossed upon her bosom, and regarded me.

"Francoise, be comforted," she whispered. "All earthly pomp must fade, all earthly power grow weak; there is but one forever-brilliant crown, but one invincible army—come with me and see it."

She went before me and I followed her.

Near by was the cathedral, and there was service there that night. A solemn vesper hymn stole upon the air. A band of singers in the choir lifted up their voices to the sky; kneeling about the church were worshippers with bent head and folded hands. And in the middle, behind the altar, arose a crucifix, standing out darkly against the lamp lit wall; the image of the Meek One nailed upon it looked down as though invested with actual life. And the spirit of Hortense passed on before me, leading to the very foot of that great cross, where I knelt humbly.

"At the cross," whispered the voice. "At the foot of the cross lay down thy burden. Here thou shalt find a balm for every wound, a comfort for every sorrow. Peace be with you! I will await you at the gates of Heaven."

The voice ceased. She was gone?

I knelt here still, humbly, prayerfully, hopefully waiting for the hour when I shall hear the voice of the commander of the faithful calling me; waiting until the shadows of old life are rolled away, and in the glory of Eternity I shall once more see Hortense.

CHARLES the Second's politeness did not desert him even in his last moments. He apologized to the courtiers around his death-bed for having "been a considerable time a-dying, but hoped they would excuse him."

DIMITY is named from Danietta, a town in Egypt, celebrated for its manufactures.

Our Sacrifice.

To those brave men of the Fifteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts regiments, and the California Battalion, living or dead, who took part in the battle of Ball's Bluffs, this heart cry is dedicated.

Well, the hapless day is done!
Well, its bloody course is run!
Let a pall of blackness hide it
From the glances of the sun.

Ah, the hearts that bled in vain!
Ah, the heaps of loyal slain!
Soft—my soul—be silent—add not
Curse to this bitter pain.

Ho, the lion heart of all,
Holding life and safety small,
If his country's clouded honor
Might be brightened by his fall.

Oh! ye steadfast! oh! ye brave!
Filling now one common grave;
Lo! the nation's bosom shrines ye
With the cause ye died to save!

Shall it, shall it be for naught
That this sacrifice was wrought?
Ha! the nation starts aghast,
Burning at the craven thought!

Not until the hoary flood
That is purple with your blood—
On whose banks your scanty legions
Facing brutal slaughter stood—

From its ending to its source,
Floweth free from rebel force;
Not until your far blue mountains
Have been purged of Treason's curse—

Will we stay the costly tide
From a bleeding nation's side;
Blood and treasure flowing freely
In an ocean deep and wide.

For a spirit is abroad
Bright and terrible with God;
And we mark the troubled waters
Where his burning God have trod!

The night after the battle.

HOWARD GLENDON.

—Washington Sunday Morning Chronicle.

The Real Social Evil.

The London Times of the 2nd inst. contains the following piquant letter addressed to the Editor.

Sir,—You lately published a Belgravian lament from seven mothers, who found their daughters tramped by the pretty housebreakers. You also have taken up the cause of the women of the East, recommending them to longer to suffer themselves to be tyrannized over by the water and gas companies, who no sooner see the new-laid pavement in Fleet street or the Strand beautifully level than they instantly send their myrmidons to convert it into barricades. Will you allow a country gentleman to call your attention to a worse tyranny, under which we all groan—that of our domestic servants? I feel I have a right to claim your sympathy after the heartless practical joke played off upon me on Thursday last, when your first leader began with the inquiry, "Does any one want a sharp, clever, willing servant, always in good humor?" (the actual commencement of a smart article on Lord Palmerston). Sir, when that paper was put into my hand, I was at Blechley station on my way to London, worse off than Japhet in search of a father, or Celebs in search of a wife, for I was looking for that which a further perusal of your article told me neither you nor any one else had to offer. Allow me to send you the result of my researches.

I premise by saying that I am an easy-going young man, who think a pennyworth of comfort cheap at three-halfpence, and am not, therefore, extreme to mark what is done amiss. Sometimes, I admit, I must be to blame, as on a late occasion, when a groom left me without assigning any reason. I afterwards understood that he told his successor that "the place was well enough, but master was so plaguey dull in the buggy he couldn't stand it." It is painful for me thus to own that I am not always up to the intellectual exigencies of the position, yet, notwithstanding this drawback, my servants, as a rule, remain with me longer than with my neighbors. Still, I always appear to be changing, and each time to have greater difficulty in finding a laborer worthy of his hire. I am not, however, going to trouble you with my domestic difficulties, further than to say that, owing to circumstances over which, of course, neither my butler nor my housekeeper had any control, I found it imperative these heads of departments should be changed. I, therefore, selected the most promising advertisements in your columns, and wrote to appoint the advertisers to meet me in town.

The first that called was a butler. He was a man of some personal appearance, which he evidently thought it his first duty to cultivate. His loose fitting coat was of irreproachable cut; his waistcoat, not a "reach-me-down," but fitting without creases, and of spotless purity; his gloves (twas a miracle how he got into them) were buttoned at the wrist; his collar was turned down, and his narrow magentia tie the nearest approach I ever saw to what Mr. Slick called "the little ends of nothing whittled down." On being ushered into the room he said he had "embraced the earliest opportunity of obeying my summons."

I perceived at once, like Agag, he must be approached delicately, and should have felt some hesitation how to catechize so refined a personage but that I soon found the question was not whether I should engage him, but whether he would engage me. Did he pay the bills! Had he the entire charge of the cellar, or was there a *sanctum sanctorum* of which I alone kept the key? My answer was not satisfactory. Had I a groom of the chambers? No. In such case he concluded I had a valet? I supposed his scrutiny of my dress had not encouraged any exaggerated

notion of the value of my "exuvie," for, on my reply that the butler was the only man of livery, and officiated as my valet, I saw I was a doomed man. For form's sake, however, he kindly consented to give me one more trial, and inquired whether, under these circumstances, it would be expected of him to bring in tea and coffee after dinner. I told him that I regretted that such would be the case, and he must, indeed, be prepared for any emergency. That I did not think it likely I should ever ask him to make the fourth in a quadrille, but that he would in my house be expected to do everything he was told—except feed the pigs. "That," said I mildly, "I do myself." On looking up to see the effect of my last observation, he was disappearing in the doorway. It is my firm belief that had I attempted to detain him he would have fled like Joseph, leaving his garments behind.

The next applicant was a cook and housekeeper. She was pleased slightly to touch on her autobiography,—just sufficient to inform me that she had "always lived in the best of families," and then, like the butler, proceeded to ascertain whether I should suit her. Her first question, also, was,—Did she pay the bills? Did I come to town every year? When in the country did the farm supply the house, and did I kill one sheep or two per week? When in town, did I have "hampers of fruit and vegetables up regular, which was mostly very ill-convenient?" When my examination was at an end, I said, "Mrs. Jones, you were only three months at your last place, nine at the previous one, eleven at the one before that. It seems to me these are rather short periods." "Oh!" said she, "they were such dooses of misuses; and in course your lady is a real lady, and keeps herself to herself." Now, Sir, in declining Mrs. Jones's services it is possible I may have lost a valuable servant, who could have cooked for me all my days, taking root in my establishment like the cochman immortalized by Dean Ramsey in his "Reminiscence of Scottish character," who, on receiving notice from his mistress, quietly replied, "Na, Na, my lady, I drove ye for your marriage, and shall stay to drive ye to your burial." Still I am glad I did not take for her a first-class ticket into Northamptonshire. This is no colored statement. The whole system of service as at present understood in England is rotten to the core. "All play and all pay" is the cry, and "meat meals five times a day and port and sherry kitchen wines," the only maxim of the servants' hall!

Amongst these five meals, I am satisfied there must be some curiously digestive property in plush, else how is it that "Jamecs" having breakfasted at half-past 8 and being about to dine at 11, requires a luncheon at 11? How is it that having dined at 11, if you order the carriage at 2 to drive to a neighbor a mile off, he is invariably asked whether he will have anything? as invariably answers, "Well, I don't care if I do," and straightway disappears into the servants' hall to browse upon buffalo and drink any number of horns of ale? You or I could not so overtax our digestive organs. Surely plush pills ought to be added to the modern *Pharmacopoeia*. Lasso a boy running wild at plough, clothe him in livery, and at the end of a week ask him to pump; he will tell you it is not his place. He is no hewer of wood or drawer of water. When the governess comes back from her short holiday with James de la Pluche condescending to take up her little bonnet box, which weighs a few ounces? Certainly not. It is really time some remedy were applied, or we shall soon be worse off than the emigrant on his way to the backwoods, who, on seeing his loaded wagon standing out in the rain, suggested by his newly engaged "help" that it had better be drawn under shelter, and received for an answer, "Well I guess it had oughter, leastways I should put it in if it was mine." As Diogenes lived in a tub he could not have wanted much valetting, else I should have suspected his vain search to have been after an honest servant, when he so diligently trimmed his lantern. However this may be, I have the honor to subscribe myself

A MODERN DIOGENES.

WHO DON'T LIVE IN A TUB.

The Village Doctor.

A wonderfully wise man is the village doctor! One of the most important men in the village, exciting all due admiration for his book-learning and medical skill. He has a cure for all the ills that flesh is heir to, he understands all the symptoms of a patient by a glance, he appears to comprehend intuitively where the pain is chiefly felt, and seems to be no less intimately acquainted with the very remedy that will make the sick man sound. There is healing in his very presence. A shake of the head is enough to produce despair, a nod awakens hope and comfort; there never was so wise a man as the country doctor. This is at least the opinion of the villagers. It may be, the faculty would by no means be impressed with his sagacity, for, if some people speak true, he has passed no examination, studied in no regular and orthodox fashion, but acted as his own instructor, and dubbed himself a doctor. But what of that? good sense and skilful practice may sometimes exist apart from regular practitioners, and the country people have more faith in old Dr. Goodman than in all the College of Physicians, and more respect for his simple remedies than for the whole materia medica.

There he sits with a calm, sagacious, honest

countenance, his grey hair rather long and wavy, telling, as it were, of his free hand-some youth—spectacles on nose. He wears no suit of sable, but is very much at his ease in shirt sleeves, open waistcoat, drab shorts and gray worsted stockings; in one hand a snuff-box, from which he has just removed a pinch; and withal has so pleasant a look that one feels inclined to trust him.

The room in which he sits is his laboratory. It serves, indeed, for other purposes, for "parlor, kitchen, and hall," but bears the dignified title of study. A very room of wizardry it is to simple country folk—a mysterious apartment, the stronghold of all wisdom, a sanctum sanctorum that one must enter cautiously. From a cord suspended across the ceiling hang simples of various kinds—herbs gathered from all quarters; on a shelf are ranged bottles and jars of healing mixtures, ready to do battle with disease. On the floor stands a pestle and mortar; and on the window-seat are a pair of scales and an open book, and above them, more ominous than all the rest, more to be revered than the herbs and potions, a human skull. Doubtless, the doctor is a learned man—it gives a scientific air to the place, which makes our faith in him the stronger.

But a human skull is a terrible object, something that produces an indescribable dread. The peasant girl has accompanied her mother and young brother to the domicile of the doctor, for the boy grows feverish and restless, and has filled his mother's heart with fear. How solemn she looks, as the boy sits on her lap and she details the symptoms of his complaint; how she multiplies every particular of his disorder!

"He does not appear so bad, poor little ducky!" she says, and at every term of endearment draws him closer to her; "but he is very ill. He very often weeps, dear treasure! he seems to lose his appetite, and cannot relish our simple fare; we have obtained for him little dainties, but he appears so listless, dear heart! that I am quite afraid. I think he requires more sleep. He will never play with his two sisters; he will suffer none but his mother to touch him, pretty lamb! and never seems happy."

"Is he your youngest child?" asks the doctor.

"He is, sir, the last of all; pretty poppet!"

"Are your other children girls?"

"They are, sir; alas! this is the only boy. The girls are well enough. This youngest one who is with me, aids me to carry her brother about; it is for him we feel so much—no appetite, no sleep, no cheerfulness. Alas, we would give our all for him!"

"And you really think that he is suffering severely?"

"We do, indeed, doctor, his hands are hot, and his mouth parched, and he has no energy, poor little lamb!"

"And," says the doctor solemnly, "there is no remedy but one."

"Ah! what is that, doctor?"

"Nothing! Submit him to the same discipline as your other children; do not pamper his appetite, and so spoil his taste and his digestion; do not humor his tempers, and so ruin his character and blight his own prospects and your own. Let him go out into the fields and take care of the sheep, let him share with the rest at table; what others can eat he can eat too, a small piece of meat, a good supply of bread and potatoes, and nothing but clear water to drink, will make a man of him."

"But he is so delicate," says the anxious mother, "and so young. Really it is possible that this can be good for him? He is so very, very dear to us."

"I like not these over-loved Benjamins," says the doctor, "they nearly always grow up to be selfish men. The malady of the child is plain enough: he has eaten at all hours, and spent three parts of the day at table."

"But, doctor, he can eat nothing; we are obliged to give him spices, and sauces, and cream, and sweet-stuff, something to tempt his listless appetite."

"Woman," says the doctor, "the boy wants air and exercise. Nature will make a cure of him if nature be permitted to have her own way. Medicine can do nothing for him. Let him rough it with the other children of the family; do not shelter him from every wind that blows, as if every breath of heaven were loaded with infection; let him be as the rest fare, and labor as the rest labor, and, depend upon it, he will eat and sleep and be as merry as you could wish."

The French Zouaves and Chasseurs.

The Baltimore American contains an interesting article on "French Soldier Life, and the Peculiarities of the French Army," compiled from some recently published works on military matters, of which the following extracts, relating to the Zouaves and Chasseurs, are specimens:—

ORIGIN OF THE ZOUAVES.

Many people talk about the Zouave, but few know him. Everybody has seen him lazily crouching at the wicket of the Tuilleries, like a gigantic sphinx at the entrance of Assyrian palaces, mounting guard with a most melancholy air. As he chewed his cud he was in all probability sighing for that African sun to which the beams cast by our degenerate luminary are but as moonbeams. A piece of white or green calico rolled round a green fez; a blue jacket with red or yellow facings, leav-

ing the throat entirely bare; wide Oriental trousers, white gaiters, rising a little above the ankle—constitute his attire. As for the wearer, he is short, muscular, broad-shouldered, with short head and huge beard, with flashing eye and crafty smile; the first soldier in the world for dashes, outpost skirmishes, and forced marches. Accustomed to pursue the Arab, his eternal enemy, the Zouave is acquainted with all the war uses of the desert, for he has learned them at his own expense; and hence he will ever surprise any European troops. If the Arab be cunning, the Zouave is more cunning still; he can disguise himself like a clod of grass and advance imperceptibly on the sentinel he desires to surprise; he can walk noiselessly, remain motionless for hours, hide himself behind the smallest rising ground, and follow a trail with the pertinacity of a pound. As a scout he has not his equal; if a position is to be carried he rushes forward, head down, upsetting all he comes in contact with. He is no longer a man but a cannon ball; he must either reach his destination or fall on the road.

HABITS OF THE ZOU-ZOU.

The Zou-zou, as the French affectionately call the Zouave, cordially detests all large towns, and holds garrisons in horror. He has to clean his weapons carefully, mount guard and go on parade, matters annoying to the soldier, generally, but insupportable to the Zouave. Perhaps he is rather too fond of noisy pleasures, if we may trust the following couplet from a song that describes him, and which we translate:—

When the red-capped Zou-zou, by the merest mistake, Has not mixed with the vineyard enough of the lake,

He may seem a bit shaky about the pins; But, oh! if you're going to talk about whisks,

He's the fellow who knows how to give cracks for cracks,

Then look out for your shins! All fun, feast, and rollic,

With his whisks, smacks, cracks,

The Zou-zou's the boy for a frolic!

What the Zouave requires is the free ease of camp life, a razzia in an enemy's country, and a meal improvised in the tent. If his flask be three parts full, the stock of coffee not to near its end, and if he have a morsel of anything—he is not particular what—to grease the pot, he sings, is gay, is happy, is himself. It is true that when he is not in luck's way he is equally gay, and only sings the louder.

The Zouave is indebted to the Algerian campaign for his adventurous tastes and his almost nomadic habits. Through incessantly pursuing the Arab from marshes to forests, from deserts to mountains, he has assumed something of these erratic tribes' mode of life. Like them he considers a hut—six feet of canvas for several men—as a very agreeable habitation, and he has grown accustomed to confine his wants and his desires to what his haversack can contain. Like Bala the philosopher, the Zouave carries all he possesses about him, but it is a treat to see his sack when starting on an expedition. It is monstrous, and you are inclined to ask whether he will not succumb beneath the weight, or throw it away at the first halt. He would sooner die. Usually, when entering on a campaign, foot soldiers

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

Poetry.

The Greenwood's Truth.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HUGO VON BLONBERG.

"O, greenwood mine, thou art dearer far
Than the kingly hall to me—
Dearest than all things else that are,
Save thee, my spouse, save thee!

And oh, if death now on my heart shall lay
His hand so bony and cold,
Shut me not in marble and bronze, I pray—
Let me lie in the greenwood mould!

When chant the monks, and the bells do ring,
Uneasy my sleep would be.
O'er my grave let the boughs of the greenwood
swing,
And the small birds carol free."

When at length she slept death's sleep serene,
They heeded not her request;
In a shrine of bronze they laid the queen
In a marble tomb to rest.

Above her a chapel they built of stone,
And gloomy it was to view,
Whose deep-dyed windows dimly shone,
All dusky—red and blue.

And the years and the centuries onward passed,
Forgot was that lady fair,
Forgot was the king and his realm at last,
And the chapel was gray and bare.

And the wood hath ta'en it and folded well
To its dark green bosom deep:
No monk chants more, and there rings no bell:
O'er the threshold mosses creep.

O, tell me then, hath love such grace
To instill the love 'twould win?
The queen now sleeps in the wood's embrace:
True, true hath the greenwood been!

Through the windows the boughs have fondly
pressed,
With woodland scent and bloom,
Mid the whispering leaves the small birds nest,
And carol above the tomb.

Select Literature.

UP IN THE AIR.

Some few months back I was called in—I am a surgeon by profession—to attend a Senator Tornados, who, despite his name, was as true an Englishman by birth and parentage as the parish of Lambeth ever bred and reared. I found him suffering from extreme debility and nervousness, brought on by the overstrained tension of the muscles and sinews. He told me that he was a rope-dancer, slack and tight; a tumbler, stiff and loose; a sprit, acrobat, and bottle-equilibrist; and many other things which have escaped my memory.

His family consisted of his wife, a pale, sickly woman, somewhat older than himself, and a very handsome little girl. Accustomed as I was to witness the devotion of women by a sick bedside, and the irritability of male patients, the self-sacrifice of Madame Tornados and the demonstrative gratitude of her husband for each act of attention surprised me. He was under my care some months, and, as he recovered, grew talkative and familiar. One evening, as he sat in an easy chair, propped up by pillows, he favored me with the following narrative. I purposely suppress any professional technicalities and acrobatic argot, which would be unintelligible to the ordinary reader.

"You see, sir," he began, "my father was a hawker over in Iambeth Marsh. I never knew my mother, because she died when I was quite young. I don't know how it was I learned tumbling. The first thing I can remember is standing on my head close to Westminster Bridge, and a gentleman going by giving me a shilling. 'Now, my boy,' the gentleman said, 'do that again,' which I did. 'Now,' said he, 'spring!' which I did, and came on my feet again. 'Good boy,' said he, and he patted me on the head. That gentleman, sir, was the great Mr. Durov. Well, sir, of course, after such encouragement from such a man, a tumbler I became. I spared neither pains nor trouble, and practised till I became master of my art and head of my profession.

"About seven years ago—I was just twenty-three—I first met with James Ranford, who was also in my line, and he proposed that we should work together. I consented, and we travelled about and exhibited at town halls, and assembly rooms, and large rooms at inns; but we did very badly. Ranford had a wife and child, so it fell harder upon him. I was forced to lend him what little I could spare, for I could not see a young woman and a little baby go without while I had it, could I?

"Well, sir, things got from bad to worse; and my partner, being a man of violent temper, took to drink—he was always given that way—and, I am sorry to say, he used to beat his wife. Sometimes my blood has boiled, and I have walked away for fear that I should interfere. However, I used to cheer up the missus as well as I could, and nurse the little girl, and they both grew to like me very much.

"One night, at a little place called Peddethorpe, we had no audience at all. We were without money, and were asking each other what we should do, when the squire's son and a lot of young gentlemen came in and asked us to perform for them, which we did; and they gave us a couple of sovereigns, and, more than that, asked us to supper at the hotel. After supper the squire looked at one of our bills of the day, and said, 'Hallo! why, I see you call yourselves Messrs. J.

Ranford and W. Kerr. No wonder you get no audiences. I suppose these are your real names?' We answered that they were.

"Oh, that'll never do," he said. "You must have an alias; you mustn't let the public suppose that you are Englishmen. It is contrary to the rules of professional etiquette. You must make out that you are foreigners."

"Well, at that all the gentlemen began to laugh; but it was settled before we broke up that night that, for the future, we were to call ourselves 'The Two Foscari—the spicelless Siamese of Syria!'"

"Well, sir, from that moment Ranford and I began to do well; but I'm sorry to say that our good luck only caused my partner to drink the harder, and, in consequence to behave more badly to his wife. His child he certainly was very fond of, partly, I think, because he had only known her a short time, for Ranford was one of those men who liked new faces. As soon as he met a stranger he was all life and spirits, and he would do anything or go anywhere to oblige him; but when he had known a man some time he did not care for him, but grew cross and contradictory.

"At last we got an engagement at a garden near London, where there was a grand gala night every week, on which occasion a balloon ascended. I scraped acquaintance with the aeronaut, and one evening I went up with him. The sensation was singular. I cannot describe it, but I liked it very much. The aeronaut showed me how he managed to steer through the air, when to throw out the sand, and how to descend. As we were sailing over London he said to me—

"'You couldn't do the slack rope up here, Foscari, could you?'"

"'Why not?'" I said; and as I spoke the idea flashed upon me what a splendid feature in the programme it would be: 'Perilous Performance of the Two Foscari Brothers, who will go through their inimitable Evolutions on a Slack Wire suspended from a Balloon floating thousands of yards above the surface of the earth!'" A balloon, I thought, could bear the weight of two men outside it. The wire could be fastened to the sides of the car, and, when at a sufficient height, we could get out and perform.

"As soon as I reached the ground I went to Ranford, who first laughed at the notion, and then agreed to it. The proprietor of the gardens asked us to name our terms. We did so. He tried to beat us down, but at last consented, and we went up and did it!"

I interrupted by asking if the danger were not extreme.

"Not a bit," replied my patient. "If I fell from a wire fifty feet from the ground the chances are that I should break my neck if I fell from a height of fifty miles I could do no more. Then, if our feet miss, we have our hands to hold on by. However, I was saying we went up, and when we had risen a certain distance, we got out of the car and commenced the performance. It seemed odd to me at first, tumbling and swinging in the air, with the gardens and the audience, and the houses and the trees, such a depth beneath us; but what struck me as being stranger was when we hung head downwards, and look up at the clouds. I used to feel that the earth could not be so very distant, for, high as we had risen, the sky seemed as far off from us as ever.

"Our performance gave great satisfaction, and was favorably noticed in the daily and weekly papers. We were told that the act that thrilled the audience most was the last one we performed before descending. Ranford, who was a heavier man than I, hung from the rope with his head downwards; and then by way of climax, I let go my left hand, and hung on only by my right. I never felt the least fear. We knew each other's grip, and it was all right.

"At first the aeronaut went up with us, but after a few times we were able to manage for ourselves so well that, had an accident happened to one, the other could have got safely down.

"We were earning a great deal of money, but I noticed that Mrs. Ranford looked paler and more care-worn every day, and I knew how her husband was conducting himself by that. She often told me that she wished they were poor again, as he had been much kinder to her in those times.

"One night—I shall never forget it—I was returning from the gardens, and, as I passed the door of Ranford's lodgings, little Evelina's nurse ran out to me, and said—

"'For Heaven's sake, Sir, go in. Master and missus have had a dreadful quarrel, and missus is going to kill herself!'"

"I ran into the house. I found the parlor door open. Mrs. Ranford was in the room alone; her back was toward me, but I could see her face in the mirror that stood over the chimney-piece. She had a razor in her hand, and was about to use it on herself when she caught the reflection of my face in the glass. She stopped, turned round, and fell upon the floor in a fit. I picked up the razor, put it in my pocket, and placed the poor woman on the sofa. Ranford came into the room half drunk, half mad, and scowled at me like a demon.

"I expostulated, and tried to reason with him; but he only made me jeering replies, such as 'Oh! I understand—better than you; you think for!' 'I'm not a fool!' 'I have got eyes and can see!' and so on, and I left the house with a heavy heart.

"Next day the nurse-girl told me that Ranford was jealous, and that he and his

wife had quarrelled about me. We ascended that night. He never spoke to me nor I to him. We both twirled and tumbled up in the air without exchanging a word!

"When we got down I felt inclined to give him a good thrashing for his unjust suspicions; but I kept my temper for the sake of the poor woman, and so we went on for eight or ten days.

"Our next ascent took place on the Grand Gala night of the United Order of Ancient Toxophilites. It was a still summer night, without a breath of wind. We ascended till the gardens, and the streets, and the churches looked like Dutch toys, and then got out upon the rope.

"As I took my seat beside Ranford I noticed that he had been drinking more than usual. He had lately taken to an odd way of shutting his eyes, and smiling with his lips tight pressed together; and what with his knitted brows, white tights, spangled trunks, and the bit of ribbon round his head, with a paste star in the centre, he looked, as he sat swinging backwards and forwards in the air, more like an evil being than a man.

"We went through our performance, all but the last trick. As I was swinging from his two hands the thought came into my head, if he should not hold on!

"As I let go with my left hand, and swung only by my right, I heard his voice above me. 'Kerr,' he said, 'are you guilty or not?'"

"I asked him what he meant.

"'You know,' he answered. 'Confess that you have wronged me; speak the truth! They are your last words! I have but to lose my grip, and down you go!'"

"I tried to seize his disengaged arm, but he held it above my reach, and put his other in such a position that I could not catch it, but swung entirely at his mercy.

"I leaped to reach the rope with my feet, and so hang by my heels, but I failed. I shut my eyes, and prayed Heaven to forgive me. Every act of my past life rushed through my brain; at the same time I was perfectly conscious of everything about me—the blue sky, the quiet evening, the rope, the bottom of the car, and Ranford's head inverted over me. I thought what a time I should be falling, falling. I knew how slowly the sand sank from the car, and what a long, long time I should be dying ere I reached the earth.

"I found strength to speak.

"'Ranford,' I said, 'you are mistaken.'

"'You lie!' he answered.

"'If you let go my hand you are a murderer. There will be an inquest.'

"'I don't care.'

"It is known that there was ill-blood between us," I continued. "You may be hanged. Your wife will say how jealous—"

"'A wife cannot give evidence against her husband!'"

"I knew the next moment I should be falling through the air. A spasm shot to my heart. I fancied I saw the bottom of the car rising from me. I felt the grasp of his fingers loosen! With the energy and strength of desperation, I leaped up and caught his wrist with my disengaged hand. I clutched by his body, I know not how, till I reached the perch, and thence into the car, where I lay panting for breath, and trembling like a hare.

"He soon followed me. 'I frightened you, didn't I?' he said. 'You don't suppose I meant it, do you?'"

"I made no answer, but prepared for the decent. While arranging the cordage our hands met. I could not bear his touch. I struck him, and knocked him into the bottom of the car, where he lay groaning and swearing till we came to ground.

"Next morning I called on the proprietor of the gardens, and told him all. To my intense astonishment, he flatly refused to cancel our engagement, and said that our quarrels were nothing to him; that an agreement was an agreement, and business was business; and he insisted on its continuance. I told him that I would not risk my life again, and he threatened me with an action for breach of contract. Shortly after I got an engagement at Glasgow, and left London without seeing either Ranford or his unfortunate wife and child.

"Two years passed away, during which I heard but little of my late partner. While I was performing at Manchester I heard of an old friend of mine, of the name of Coobie, being at a circus in a neighboring town. I took the train and went over to see him. We dined, and at seven o'clock went together to the circus. Lounging near the entrance I saw Ranford. He was considerably altered—thinner, and, if possible, more evil-eyed than ever.

"'I know that man,' I said to Coobie.

"'I know you do,' my friend replied. 'He calls himself the Excelsior, or Champion Somersault Thrower of the World. He is in the bills for a treble somersault to-night.'

"You must know, Sir, that a treble somersault means standing on a spring-board, throwing your heels up, and turning completely round three times in the air before you light upon your feet. I need not say it is a very difficult thing to do.

"I said to Coobie, 'It's odd that a man who drinks so hard should be capable of such a feat.'

"His engagement depends on it," was the reply; 'we're full in every other line. The governor told him that he'd sign articles with him for that, but not for anything else. Eh! he sees you.'

"I turned round, and saw Radford walking quickly from us. I entered the circus, and was accommodated with a seat in the orchestra. I could not help thinking of my old partner, and had a strange nervousness upon me, as if something was about to happen; but the feeling wore off when Ranford came to the ring. The audience applauded loudly, for he had thrown a treble somersault twice before, and was a favorite in consequence.

"I saw that he was not sober, and I noticed that he had the same little star upon his forehead that he wore the last time we made an ascent together. While the ropes were altering the position of the spring-board he walked up to the orchestra, and, with the old devilish smile upon his face, said to me—

"'You can't keep away, then, can't you? You will come!'"

"'Ranford,' I whispered, 'you're not yourself to-night; take my advice—don't throw the treble!'"

"He swore an oath, and then burst into a loud laugh.

"'You want me to fail, do you?' he said. 'Fail when you're here! Hi!—yoo—la!'"

"He ran up on the spring board, bowed, kissed his hands. The music began. He threw several single somersaults, then a double one; then he stopped, crossed his arms, and looked at me. The audience were very enthusiastic, and he began again, repeated the performance, and stopped again. There was more applause. Then he turned toward me, smiling, as if he said 'Now!'—and went to work a third time. He made some little preparation—turned over once or twice. The house was so silent that you might have heard a pin drop. He got the spring, and over he went—once, twice. My heart rose in my mouth, for I saw that he had not room to turn a third time. His head came down with a horrible thud among the tan and saw-wood; and he lay in the ring, doubled up and dead!

"A surgeon came out of the boxes, who said that his neck was broken, and that death must have been instantaneous. I fainted away. When I came to I saw his body being carried out of the ring.

"Well, Sir, I was pitched upon to be the bearer of the sad news to the widow. I'll pass over that. I was surprised to find that, in spite of his cruel usage she still was very fond of him. I kissed the child, who had grown a fine little girl, and returned to Manchester the next day. I attended the funeral, of course. Ranford hardly left a pound behind him. I gave the widow an address that would always find me, and told her to write whenever—when—if she wanted—that is, whenever she required assistance.

"First the poor thing tried to set up a school for children, but that failed, and, knowing that she must be sometimes pressed, I often sent to her. I don't know how it came about, but, after a long correspondence, and a courtship, I married her; and here she comes with my boy, and—here comes Evelina; for that's the very woman, Sir, and that's the very little girl, and a real beauty she is!"

"Death of the Author of "I love to steal awhile away."

Mrs. P. H. Brown died at the residence of her son-in-law, Elijah Smith, in Henry, Ill., October 10th, aged 78 years, 5 months and 10 days. Her end was peace. Her husband preceded her by seven years, and sleeps in death, as one of Christ's saints, at Monson, Mass. The mother of four children, she had the happiness of seeing them all usefully settled in life. Of these, the only son is a missionary to Japan; two of the daughters married ministers, and the third a Presbyterian elder. The late Rev. D. M. Lord was her son-in-law by his first marriage.

Mrs. B. was a native of Canaan, N. Y. At ten months old she lost her father by small pox, which disease she herself took from him. The first nine years of her life she was chiefly under the care of her maternal grandmother Allen, a lady of a high order of intellect. From nine to eighteen years of age she was with a brother-in-law, from whom she received anything but kind usage. This man was the keeper of a jail; and the many trying scenes to which by his austere command she was subjected in connexion with the prisoners, doubtless conduced to the engendering of her characteristic element of an unfinishing heroism.

In her eighteenth year Mrs. B. entered the family of the Whittings, of her native place, who adopted her as a daughter. Under their private tuition, her education, hitherto so much neglected that she was—even at this period of life—scarcely able to write, rapidly advanced. It was about this time that she made a public profession of religion. She married at 22. Her four children were born, two at East Windsor, and two at Ellington, Ct. For the purpose of educating these, the family removed to Monson, Mass., where there was then and is now an excellent academy. In connexion with that flourishing institution Mrs. B. found a fruitful field of labor, in her influence over young men. Many a christian minister at home, and missionary to the heathen, who may perhaps read this notice, will be ready to testify to their great indebtedness, under God, to her counsels and prayers for what they are and have done.

In this pleasant village, and in her quiet cottage, she resided until her husband's death, a space of 35 years. From Monson she came to Springside, (near Auburn), and remained with her son, Rev. S.

R. Brown, up to the time of his departure (two and a half years ago) for Japan. Her last move was to Henry, Ill., the home of her two surviving daughters. Here her body finds a present resting place, with ultimate removal intended.

Forty-five years ago Mrs. B. wrote the popular tract, "Poor Sarah, or the Indian Woman," and the favorite hymn, "I love to steal awhile away." She is the author of a catechism for children, much used in New England, and also of two small volumes suited to Sunday school libraries, named "The Village School," and "The Tree and its Fruits." Not a few are the hymns of her composition in general use among evangelic churches, among which we might mention—"How sweet the melting lay," "Go, messenger of love, and bear," and, as the most recent, "The mid-day prayer meeting."

"Jesus, this mid-day hour of prayer." Her last piece of poetry was on the late comet, written amidst great bodily infirmities, and never intended for publication, but which we herewith submit as an appendage to this sketch. The circumstances which called forth the hymn that has given her most reputation are briefly these. Accompanied every day to take a stroll for meditation about sunset, she was observed by a rich worldly neighbor and cruelly censured for it. Hearing of his ungenerous remarks, she sat down and penned this lovely hymn, and sent it to him, as an explanation of her course. But she is now beyond the reach of praise or censure. May we follow her as she followed Christ.—N. Y. Observer.

On seeing the Comet of 1861.

By Miss P. H. BROWN, in her 79th year.

MY FIRST EXCLAMATION.

Ho, beautiful stranger! from whence art thou come,
So suddenly on light is thy home!
In what distant orbit of light is thy home?
And now, oh where dost thou fly?
What bright constellation of stars didst thou shun,
On thy way through the regions of space?
To burnish that train with the light of our sun,
And fondly up Dipper embrace.

SECOND THOUGHT.

As nightly I rise to see what thou hast gained,
Ascending the zenith on high,
Thy nucleus seems still to the Dipper enchain'd
By some strange and mysterious tie.

THIRD THOUGHT.

Ah, ah! thou hast severed that first silken tie!
Now, speeding thy way to the East,
But still climbing upward aloft in the sky,
Thy train is adroit to the West.

FOURTH THOUGHT.

Farewell, brilliant stranger! I must bid thee adieu!
I have watched thee with care and delight;
Thy train is now fading away from my view,
And the nucleus eluding my sight.
Men of science will watch thee, and trace out thy way,
And follow thy path in the sky;
I am old and dim sighted, and passing away,
And soon in the grave I shall lie.

But Nature, dear Nature, hath been my delight—
A friend that ne'er frowned on my pain,
My companion by day, and my study by night—
Her teachings have not been in vain;
And now in my weakness and imbecile age
I still love this friend of my youth:
The works of Creation my warm thoughts engage
With lessons of wisdom and truth.

A glorious future all rises to view,
When Christ will appear from above;
This sin-blighted world be created anew,
And filled with His glory and love.
Transcendent in glory the saints will appear,
A countless and glorified host;
My poor wasted body, so suffering here,
Immortal will spring from the dust.

A WOMAN OF GOOD TASTE.—The following very happy and equally true sketch is from the London Quarterly Review:

"You see this lady turning a cold eye to the assurances of shopmen and the recommendation of milliners. She cares not how original a pattern may be, if it be awkward. Whatever laws fashion dictates, she follows a law of her own, and is never behind it. She wears very beautiful things which people generally suppose to be fetched from Paris, or, at least, made by a French milliner, but which as often are bought at the nearest town and made up by her own maid. Not that her costume is either rich or new; on the contrary, she wears many a cheap dress, but it is always pretty, and many an old one, but it is always good. She deals in no gaudy confusion of colors, nor does she affect a studied sobriety; but she either refreshes you with a spirited contrast, or composes you with a judicious harmony. Not a scrap of tinsel or trumpery appears upon her. She puts no faith in velvet bands or gilt buttons, or twisted cording. She is quite aware, however, that the garish is as important as the dress; all her inner borders and beading are delicate and fresh; and should anything peep out which is not intended to be seen, it is quite as much so as that which is. After all there is no great art either in her fashions or her materials. The secret simply consists in her knowing the three grand unities of her dress—her own station, her own age, and her own points. And no woman can dress well who does not. After this we need not say that whoever is attracted by the costume will not be disappointed in the wearer. She may not be handsome nor accomplished, but we will answer for her being even tempered, well informed, thoroughly sensible, and a complete lady."

A WARNING TO BACHELORS.—A young gentleman from the "rural districts" lately advertised for a wife through the papers, and got answers from eighteen husbands, stating that he could have theirs.

What Men Eat.

It is not long since a distinguished party of French philosophers enjoyed a repast entirely composed of equine materials. The soup, the bouilli, the roti, the cutlets, the fricassee, and a host of other dishes, were all horse—it was, in fact, a regular horse feed; and although the world in general was inclined to treat it with a horse laugh, the men of science were animated by a fit of gastronomic benevolence, and sought to break through a prejudice, which appeared to them undesirable with a crowded population and a high price of food.

M. l'Abbe Le Noir has taken up the subject of alimentation, and boldly bids Europe learn the lessons and consult the experience of the Chinese. The worthy abbe considers that our dietetic prejudices are simply the result of the fertility of our soil and comparative sparsity of our population; and if no great catastrophe, like the barbaric invasions and the overthrow of the Roman empire, should again reduce our numbers, he anticipates the time when necessity will conquer daintiness, and we must be content to waste nothing, but eat everything that is digestible, excepting, we suppose, our civilized slaves. French officers, have brought from China and Cochinchina specimens of all kinds of combustibles, unknown to or unused in Europe, and they stand in the bottles and cases of the Conservatoire, suggesting gustative experiments to all families and cooks. M. Le Noir remarks, that while the flesh of the dog is thought in Europe to be one of the worst kinds of food, in China, it enjoys an excellent reputation, and is regularly exhibited for sale in the butchers' shops. Nay, more, Chinese farmers breed a variety of dog with a special view to its culinary distinction. It is an animal easy to fatten, like a Berkshire pig, and is known as the meat dog, (*chien de boucherie*). It resembles a wolf-dog, but the tongue and interior of mouth are black. A dog of this kind is at present one of the inhabitants of Paris. The commissariat officers bought a lot of fatted beasts in China, and among them was this creature, of whom the sailors made a pet instead of a dinner, and so his life was spared. "Some of our restaurants," says the abbe, "are accused of serving up cat for rabbit, but the Chinese have no need for this mystery, and their provision shops are decorated by enormous cats, suspended either by the head or tail! Like their domestic companions the dog and cats belong to the agricultural system of the Celestial empire, and at every farm we find these animals attached to small chains, and put up to fatten with refuse rice." After dogs and cats, the mind naturally turns to rats, and these, instead of being, as in England, simply a nuisance on a farm, are objects of solicitude and affectionate care. The Chinese farmer cannot only show his Cockney friends his piggy, but also his dog, his cat, and even his rat. In the corners of walls he places bottles in which the rats make their nests, and in due season he goes to the ratery for a supply of young rats, just in the same manner, says the abbe, as we go to our dove-cotes to get pigeons for a pie! Not only do the Chinese take the frog into their pantries, but they eat all of him, not confining themselves to the hind legs; and even that more repulsive batrachian, the toad, is not allowed to escape the omnivorous maw: "not a single capraud is lost in China," exclaims the abbe, in economic enthusiasm. The cookery, by which these various members of the animal kingdom are rendered fit for table, is highly praised. The "Chinese are the best roasters in the world;" they adopt the old English plan before bottle jacks were invented, and make a twisted thread of worsted turn their delicacy until it is nicely done. Then, whatever the material, it is chopped into small pieces, flavored with a national sauce, called *sania*, and served up with rice, no one being able to make out what the dish is composed of.

In Europe we waste a good many sorts of shell-fish—not so the Chinese; they eat all, even the large fresh water mussel (*anodonta*), which are to be found in the mud of English ponds. A monster snail (*voluto melo*) is a favorite article, and the abbe is glad to tell us that Paris is making progress, and that already snails can be bought of any *merchad de comestibles*. The insect tribes are not forgotten by the celestial foragers; exquisite silkworms are composed of spiders, and superfluous silkworms are conducted to the pot. Grubs and caterpillars are popular delicacies, and when the silk is wound off the cocoons, the chrysalis is taken out and formed into a nourishing food. Zoophytes contribute their quota to the national commissariat, and a large sea cucumber (*holothuria*), appears in a variety of ways. Sea-weeds are also laid under contribution; the so-called Chinese grass is said to be the golden corn, and to be capable of yielding the substance recently known in London as Japanese Isinglass.

Mr. Payne has examined the celebrated bird's nests, and finds that the Salangane swallow produces a mucous secretion, which gives them their peculiar quality, and which he names *cubiose*. In China, a plate of bird's nest soap costs twelve francs, and in Paris a similar quality has been sold for one hundred and twenty francs! So valuable is this article, that a rich Chinaman, who had been ruined, repaired his shattered fortunes by the discovery of a Salangane cavern, out of which he made one hundred thousand francs.

SOCIETY, like shaded silk, must be viewed in all situations, or its colors will deceive you.

Feeling for a Sunbeam.

The sun has just burst out through the clouds, and a heavy golden beam comes in at our window. How bright and cheerful! It comes in so silently, yet it speaks to the heart. Yes, thank God for the sunshine! Ages on ages it has illuminated and gladdened a world, yet we hardly think of the great fountain of light and beauty.

Writing of sunshine brings to mind a touching incident which came under our observation as we were traveling in the cars. Opposite was seated a family of four, consisting of a man and his wife, and two children—a boy and a girl—twins, totally blind. Two lovelier children we never saw. The family were from the South. A tropical sun had given each cheek a rich olive complexion, relieved by a beautiful bloom upon the children's countenances. The boy was slightly built, had finely-chiseled features, and hair of a dark brown, clustering in rich curls around his neck. The girl was yet more slender, and fragile as a leaf, and of the most spiritualized beauty. Her hair as black as night, its heavy glossy tresses confined by a golden band, which glittered brightly upon the dark background. They both seemed happy, conversing with an intelligence beyond their years. The train stopped for a moment upon the route. The windows were all raised, and the children leaned out as if to see. The little girl heaved a long sigh, and then leaned back in the seat, exclaiming—

"O, mother I cannot see anything." A tear trembled in her eye, and her voice was so sad and low, that it went to the heart of every passenger who heard the beautiful and unfortunate creature.

"Neither can I see, Belle; but I think that everything is beautiful," said her brother, as the light wind lifted the thin locks. "You are beautiful, are you not, Belle?"

Just then a flood of sunshine gushed from the white clouds in the west, like a flash, and then fell full and warm upon the cheek of the sad girl, and upon the tears in her eyes. Quick as thought she put up her hand, and attempted to grasp the golden pencils that were playing through the braids upon her neck and cheek. Eagerly she shut her hand upon vacancy, and a shadow fell upon her countenance as she failed to touch the sunshine.

"Mother, I cannot feel it; has it fled out of the window?"

"What, Belle?"

"The sunshine, mother. It touched my cheek, but I cannot touch it!"

The mother's eyes swam in tears, as did those of nearly all in the cars. A blind girl feeling for a sunbeam upon her cheek! That beam was radiant with beauty, yet she could not behold it. It glimmered upon a world, yet it was all night. Its silver bursting in the east, or its golden light fading in the west, followed as day followed day; but it burst not upon her vision, or faded at decline of day. It glowed in the sky, upon forest and field, and lake, and river; but not in the blue orbs of the sightless girl.

By a singular coincidence, the boy tried to feel of the breeze that came cool upon his cheek as the cars sped swiftly on. The breeze swept over the yellow fields and meadows and still waters, and coqueted with the locks of the blind boy; but its footsteps were unseen by him.

We involuntarily thanked God that we could look upon the beautiful world He has made, and dropped a tear for the hapless children who must grope their way to the grave through a long night. But the light of bliss will burst upon them. Long shall we remember the two blind children.—*Exchange.*

Wings Some Day.

Passengers on board one of the ferry boats that are constantly plying between the opposite shores of the Mersey, may occasionally see, on warm bright days, a poor crippled boy, whose limbs, withered and helpless, are still those of a child.

He wheels himself about on a small carriage, similar to that the boys use in play, and while the little boat threads its way among the ships of all nations

a location for the Wyman School House several locations. One of which was a lot belonging to Marshall Wyman situated on a private way commonly known as "Johnson's Lane," 240 feet from Cambridge Street and 150 feet from present location. Said lot is eight rods in length by five in breadth, and can be obtained for \$500. The Committee thought this lot the most suitable, as nearest to the geographical center of the district and the centre of the population, is retired from the Main Street, and would be at the same time of less annoyance to the inhabitants and a more quiet and pleasant place for the school, and accordingly recommended that the house be located thereon. The report was accepted, and recommendation adopted.

Under Article 7th, the filling up of the flats near Cutter Village, was dismissed.

Very little interest was manifested in the election, and a very small vote cast. Both of the candidates for Representative being Democrats, many of the Republicans did not vote for that officer, while others voted for W. C. Parmenter on the principle that of two evils choose the least, and he being in their opinion the best man, although both claim to be union men. The vote for Governor was Andrew, 121; Davis 87; for Representative, Parmenter 102; Winn 97; The town of West Cambridge which constitutes a part of our Representative District gave a plurality the other way which elected Mr. Albert Winn who is said to be a Douglas Democrat.

It is to be hoped that the result of this election will serve as a lesson to the Republicans of West Cambridge not to expect that the other parties will unite with them even if they do go so far as to put up a candidate of the opposite party to their own. The best way is for them to have their own candidate and stand by him whether in the majority or minority. They went into a union in good faith, and their offer having been rejected, it only remains for them to go on their own way and fight their own battles.

EXCELSIOR.

READING.

A citizens' meeting has been called, signed by a large number of persons, to meet in Lyceum Hall next Monday evening, at 7 o'clock, to provide means for collecting and forwarding such articles as they may wish to send to the soldiers who have gone from among us to uphold the stars and stripes and maintain the Constitution of our common country. The ladies are especially invited to be present, and it is hoped they will be present in large numbers, which will give eclat to the occasion. Many articles have already been sent, but the town will get little credit, so to have everything more systematically. Notice of the above meeting will be given from the pulpits of the several churches next Sabbath.

Our town meeting passed off very quietly, without excitement enough to make it interesting. The whole number of votes cast was less than three hundred, or about one half of the whole number of legal voters in town. Mr. Charles Manning was chosen, by a large vote, Representative from this (the 21st) District. The article in reference to reducing the pay of members of the Legislature was, after some little discussion, passed over. The polls were opened at 9 A. M., and both State and Town matters disposed of at half-past 2 P. M. when the meeting was dissolved.

Some little stir and excitement has been produced the last few days by the report of a Hytortugvianabogaloresupus, or pronounced by some Cougar, being seen in and about the cemetery, it was seen for the first, and probably for the last time, last Sabbath afternoon by several persons, and is represented to be a fierce looking critter about three feet in length of body, with a tail of sufficient length and capacity to eject mosquitoes from his proboscis at pleasure. A company of sharpshooters have been in pursuit of the apparently restless creature, but of his whereabouts remains a secret to himself. I am told that this animal came in sight of a hoop skirt on the occasion above alluded to, and if this be so, it is no sort of wonder he cannot be found, for animals not trained and accustomed to such prodigious spreads might well be expected to make reasonable efforts to escape.

The following shows how politicians do up things out South. They come out boldly and tell just what they want. "To the Voters of Williamsport District, Md.:—Fellow Citizens,—At the solicitations of many of my friends, I am induced to offer myself to your consideration as an independent candidate for Constable at the next election, and respectfully solicit your support. JAMES H. LONO." It will be seen at once that the above method does away with the necessity of caucusing or any underground railroad work.

From a letter received, I gather information that perfect satisfaction is not given to members of the 18th Regiment M. V. in respect to their fitting out, &c. Thus letter states "There is a marked difference in the fitting out of the two—the 18th and the 22d—while the last named have two suits of clothes, two tents, letters, blankets, &c., the 18th have only one suit (fatigue), old leaky tents and have to pay for material to clean their guns, and for all writing materials, four times their weight, and besides all this, are obliged to pay one cent extra on every letter or paper that comes to them." The above statement comes from a source that is entirely reliable, and cannot be successfully called in question nor ransied. Can it be possible that the authorities of Massachusetts are cognizant of this state of things in the 18th Regiment, and yet make no move to better it? While it is true that most of our soldiers are comfortably provided for, it is nevertheless true that some of them are sadly neglected and little cared for. Whether this is owing in part or mainly to the officers in such cases, I am not informed, but I am inclined to the belief that the 22d Regiment were in the condition of the 18th, as here represented, the vigilant

eye of Gen. Wilson would soon make an impression in a quarter that would very soon put a new face on things pertaining thereto. It is high time that officers evinced some care for their men if they expect their men to fight, it would seem to be of some importance that they should be kept in a proper condition for that service, for one soldier well provided for is worth half a dozen that are not so; hence it is both policy and economy that our soldiers be fully equipped with every necessary comfort. Will it be said in extension that they are sometimes dispatched so hastily to the seat of war that it is quite impossible to provide good tents for them. This is equivalent to saying that there is not material wherewith to supply them, for there are many men out of employment that are quite competent to this purpose. But I suppose, that just so much red tape must be used in regard to all these matters however much the soldiers may suffer in consequence.

The news from Western Virginia that Rosecrans had surrounded the thief Floyd, was of course most acceptable. If the arch traitor is captured the Government would do well to let Barnum take him on exhibition for a few weeks, at ten cents a sight, and doubtless there would be no further necessity for any new laws.

Army clothing is all the rage here now, and Mr. W. H. Nash advertises for one hundred girls to work on the same. LENO.

BILLERICA.

For the Middlesex Journal.

DELEGATION MEETING.—The Delegates from the towns of Billerica, Tewksbury and Wilmington, met at the School House in District No. 7, East Billerica, on Saturday night last, for the purpose of nominating a Representative for the above named towns. At the commencement of our Representative District system, it was voted to pick men first from Billerica, then from Tewksbury, then from Wilmington. This year it was Tewksbury turn to send a man, but as Billerica is interested about the cutting down of the Dam at North Billerica, it was voted to send a man from Billerica. At first the delegates from other towns did not like the plan of losing their turn, but after Mr. Talbot and some others had spoken upon the subject, the delegates passed a unanimous vote to send the Representative from Billerica, and G. P. Elliott, Esq., was chosen. He is the one sent last year, and I hope, as he has had some experience in that business, he will do all in his power to prevent the taking down of the Dam, as it will greatly injure the town as well as the Messrs. Talbot & Faulkner, for they own a mill adjacent thereto, and the taking away of all the men employed, would decrease the population and business very much.

Town Meeting.—At the Town Meeting held on Tuesday, "Art. 2d, to see what the town would do in relation to the Singing School Fund," was dismissed, much to the sorrow of some of the people who wanted a Singing School during all previous Winters and ought to have one now, as the interest of the money left the town by Judge Abbott for that purpose is sufficient. "Art. 3d, to see what the town would do in relation to the case of C. S. Brown of this town, whose wife was badly hurt last Spring, by being thrown out of a wagon." This subject was discussed for some time. Mr. Brown offered to settle Tuesday for \$500, but if the town did not see fit to settle then he might call for more in some other way. Some were in favor of paying him, others wished to look into the matter; at last it was voted to choose a committee of five to investigate the matter. I think that the town was somewhat to blame, as the road was bad, and perhaps he was to blame about driving.

The Ladies of the town are at work for the soldiers, and quite a number of things have been sent off. NEW STORE.—A new store is about to be opened at "Pattenville" for the accommodation of those who live in that neighborhood. We hope that it will succeed well. This will make seven stores in town. Among other things have left our town for the seat of war is Mr. Joseph Persons, father of Edwin H. Persons, who died at the Camp, at Readville, last week. Mr. Heaton, a well known citizen of this town, died at his residence on Thursday of last week. The funeral was at his late residence on Sunday last, at 9 o'clock, after which his remains were conveyed to Saugus for interment.

COME ONCE MORE.—The stones that come so singularly upon the house of Joshua French, (before called, by mistake, Edmund French), in Tewksbury, came again in one week from the time they first came. This time the neighborhood was aroused and officers procured to arrest the offenders if found, but they were not.

The storm on Sunday did good service in raising the water in the wells, which was getting very low.

CAMP CHASE.—Visitors are not allowed to visit the camp without a pass. I am glad of that for then it is known who goes on. Last week a number of blankets were stolen from the camp by some one who did not feel much for the soldiers. I think they had better provide them with some instead of taking them away.

TERMS REDUCED.—To from \$7 to \$10 per week, at the Round Hill Water Cure in Northampton, Mass. Open summer and winter.

Dr. Halsted's success in the cure of Women's Diseases is well known. The cure is speedy and reliable. Those brought on beds even, are soon enabled to walk. Over 400 cases of Spinal Diseases, Paralysis and loss of the use of Limbs have been restored, and numerous cures made of stubborn difficulties which had lingered without help for years.

For the successful treatment of more ordinary complaints, and the great favor given the Turkish Chemical and other baths, see Circular, sent gratis.

Needing a little change, and desirous to confer as well as receive benefit, he will make a few professional visits, travelling expenses being paid, without charge.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE OF A STOCK OF CARPETS.—John H. Osgood, Auctioneer, sold, on the 23d ult., by order of the Assignee, the stock of Carpets contained in the warehouse 124 Hanover Street. The entire stock was sold in one lot, and brought fifty-nine and one-half per cent, on the cost. The terms were cash. The New England Carpet Co. were the purchasers.—Boston Journal.

The stock referred to above, is advertised in our paper to-day, to which the attention of purchasers is directed.

Special Notices.

DR. J. M. HARLOW.

Formerly of Cavendish, Vermont, respectfully tenders his professional services in the practice of MEDICINE AND SURGERY, to the people of Woburn and vicinity, and hopes after an extensive and varied professional experience during the last 18 years, in the successful practice of the profession, to deserve and receive the patronage of this community. Office for the present at the CENTRAL HOUSE.—Dr. H., refers to the following gentlemen:—Hon. Richard Fletcher, Boston; Ed. Phelps, M. D., LL. D., Windsor, Vt.; John W. Graves, M. D., Lowell, Mass.; Alfred Hitchcock, M. D., Fitchburg; A. A. Ranney, Esq., 35 Court St., Boston; Hon. B. F. White, Boston; Ex. Gov. Bryant Fletcher, Otis Robbins, Esq., and Rev. Jos. Freeman, Cavendish, Vt., and the people of Cavendish, Vt., and vicinity generally.

Book-keeping Rationalized. Price, \$1. A new work by George N. Comer, A. M., now and for twenty-one years past senior Principal of COMER'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, Boston. RULED BLANKS for the same price, 45 cents per set. COMER'S NAVIGATION MANUAL, price 50 cents. COMER'S & LINTON'S Copies for Penman's Shop, 35 cents. COMER'S admirable Steel Pens, four Nos., \$1 per gross. Any of the above sent post-paid on the receipt of price.

NAVIGATION, BOOK-KEEPING, WRITING, &c. Thoroughly and practically taught, day and evening. Separate department for ladies. No class system. Students added, as heretofore, in obtaining employment. Catalogues and terms may be had at the College office, 129 Washington Street, or by mail, free. 5-3w

"How great a matter a little fire kindleth." Who would have thought a few years since that the little medical sugar pill, was to play so conspicuous a part in the drama of life, but such it is, and to the actors of the drama are looking for a continuance of that vitality which will enable them to act. Homeopathy has now grown to such proportions that it overshadows all other systems of medical practice, and since the introduction of Dr. Gifford's Homeopathic Candies, as a family medicine, which by its simplicity of arrangement, saving of money, and curative properties, has won the hearts of all. A complete assortment of all the medicines Sold at the Woburn Bookstore, M. S. Barr & Co., Boston, wholesale agents, or sent anywhere on receipt of price, 35 cents duty free. PHILIP LEE, 136 William St. New York. Manual furnished free on application.

Married.

BENSON—WHITING.—In Reading, Nov. 4th, at the residence of the bride's mother, Rev. Wm. Barrows, George Benson, Esq., of Chicago, Ill., to Miss Cornelia E. Whitting, of Reading, Mass. SHER—WHITING.—In South Reading, 3d, by Rev. Mr. Wilcox, of Reading, Mr. Frank Sher, of Hildesheim, N. H., to Miss Sarah Augusta White, of South Reading.

HANSON—BUCKNAY.—In Medford, Oct. 21st, by Rev. J. A. Usher, Mr. Margus A. Hanson, of Stoneham, to Catherine Ellen Bucknay, of East Woburn.

BANKRUPT STOCK OF CARPETS!!

WE have just purchased at Auction, the entire stock of Carpets contained in the warehouse, consisting of TAPESTRIES, BRUSSELS, VELVETS, MEDALLIONS, all grades of Woolens, and an extended assortment of FLOOR OIL CLOTHS,

MATTINGS, RUGS, MATS,

and a full and complete assortment of every thing usually found in a carpet store. This entire stock has been removed to our warehouse, and is now ready for inspection of our customers, presenting a very rare opportunity to furnish their dwellings at low prices.

In the stock there are 2000 yards remnants Floor Oil Cloth, and about 2000 yards of Carpets, Tapestries, and Mattings, which will be sold at half price.

NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., 75 HANOVER STREET, Opposite American House, BOSTON.

WINTER CLOTHING!

Overcoats, Pants & Vests,

FROM THE Choicest Fabrics the market affords.

Can be found at GAGE'S.

AT HALF PRICE.

A LOT OF HATS, OF LATEST SPRING STYLE, will be sold without regard to cost, by

J. W. HAMMOND, Lyceum Building.

Woburn, Oct. 26th, 1861.—4 Jim

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

MIDDLESEX ss. To the Heirs at Law, Next of Kin, and all other Persons interested in the estate of WILLIAM NICHOLS, late of Burlington, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said WILLIAM NICHOLS, was presented to said Court, by WILLIAM H. NICHOLS and HENRY NICHOLS, who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to them, the executors therein named.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Thursday of November, next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against granting the same.

And said WILLIAM H. NICHOLS and Henry Nichols do hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Middlesex Journal, printed at Woburn, and also to publish the same in the public notice publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this thirty-first day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

MIDDLESEX ss. October 21st, 1861. BY virtue of an execution which issued from the Court of Common Pleas for said County of Middlesex at the December term, A. D. 1860, to wit, on the thirtieth day of February, A. D. 1861, in favor of James McKelroy, of Medford, in said County, against E. F. Lindsey of Winchester, in said County. I have taken and sold at public sale, for the satisfaction of said judgment, a certain lot of land situated in Winchester, in said County, and bounded and described as follows, viz: Northernly by Kendall street, so called, there measuring about forty feet; Northernly by land of said E. F. Lindsey, there measuring about eighty feet; Southernly by land of A. N. Shepherd and others there measuring about one hundred and eighty-eight feet. And on the TWENTY FIFTH DAY of NOVEMBER next, at four o'clock, P. M. at my office in Woburn, No. 4 WADE'S BLOCK, I shall offer for sale at public auction said right in equity of redemption.

HORACE COLLAMORE, Deputy Sheriff.

To the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex:

GENTLEMEN: THE undersigned, inhabitants of said County, respectfully represent, that the boundaries of the County Road, formerly the Andover and Medford Turnpike are not explicitly defined. And that the County Commissioners, in their honorable Board to view the premises and new roads or make such alterations and improvements as shall appear to Your Honors necessary.

FERRIS GERRY, AND OTHERS. Stoneham, Sept. 4th, 1861.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX ss. At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Lowell, in said County, on the first Tuesday of September and the fourth Tuesday of October, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-one. On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties, at the TOWN HALL, in STONEHAM, on the Second day of December next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, by serving the Town Clerk of Stoneham with a copy of said petition and this order thereon, thirty days before said day of view, and by publishing the same in the Middlesex Journal, a newspaper, printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication not to be fourteen days at least, before said day of view, and also by posting the same in two public places in Stoneham fourteen days before said day of view, and that he make return of his doings herein, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

M. PRISTON, Ass't Clerk. Copy of Petition and order therein.

Att. M. PRISTON, Ass't Clerk. A true copy Attest.

MOSES MITCHELL, Deputy Sheriff.

HOUSE FOR SALE OR TO LET.

THE house formerly owned and occupied by the late Capt. T. V. Sullivan, situated on Railroad Street, is offered for sale or to let. The house contains 9 rooms with many conveniences, one of which is a furnace, and has 15,000 feet of Land connected with it. There is a large number of good bearing apple trees on the premises. Last year it bore 100 bushels of apples. The terms will be such as will suit the times. Apply to T. V. SULLIVAN, Agent.

Woburn, Oct. 26th, 1861.—4w

WILLIAMS & CO.,

No. 65 & 67 Union St., Boston.

MANUFACTURERS OF Plain & Fancy Tin Ware,

AND DEALERS IN COOKING AND PARLOR STOVES.

FOR SALE, THE FIRST QUALITY KEROSENE OIL,

AT WAR PRICES.

With good Lamps of all kinds to Match.

Lamps altered to burn Kerosene Oil at short notice.

We also have a Nice Lantern to Burn Kerosene Oil.

ALL ARE INVITED TO GIVE US A CALL.

WILLIAMS & CO., 65 AND 67 UNION STREET, BOSTON.

NEW MEDICAL TREATMENT.

The great remedy for the cure of disease, Hot Air Bath,

OF ROMAN AND TURKISH ORIGIN, IS NOW IN SUCCESSFUL OPERATION AT

NO. 42 AVON PLACE, BOSTON.

DR. L. TILTON, may be consulted upon Diseases of the Skin, in every form, such as

Canker, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Scald-head, Pimples, Eruptions of Every Kind.

In hundreds of cases they cause Consumption, Asthma, Throat Disease, Catarrh, Gout, Dropsy, Lung difficulties, Female complaints, Nervousness, Kidney and Liver derangements, Piles, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, &c. In fact, all diseases originate from a poisonous, unhealthy action of the blood and skin, and a very rare opportunity to furnish their dwellings at low prices.

In the stock there are 2000 yards remnants Floor Oil Cloth, and about 2000 yards of Carpets, Tapestries, and Mattings, which will be sold at half price.

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HORACE COLLAMORE, Deputy Sheriff.

THAT "PRINCE"

—OF— CLOTHIERS

GEORGE H. LANE.

AT HIS "Great Bargain Store,"

KNOW AS

LANE'S CLOTHING PALACE,

No. 31 & 32

Dock Square,

BOSTON.

INVITES the attention of the residents of WOBURN and vicinity, irrespective of party, to his

NEW AND SPLENDID STOCK OF

Fall and Winter

CLOTHING,

AMONG WHICH IS THE

LARGEST & MOST SUPERB STOCK

—OF— OVERCOATS

TO BE FOUND AT ANY HOUSE,

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL, IN NEW ENGLAND.

Please remember also, that No Clothing House in Boston can offer APPROACH OUR PRICES.

All our Customers say so — Everybody says so.

Wholesale Buyers for Cash will find Bargains here that are not to be found elsewhere.

Look until you find the RIGHT PLACE. You will get amply repaid for all time and trouble.

SEE THAT THE SIGN READS

"Lane's Clothing Palace,"

31 & 32 Dock Square,

BOSTON.

Nov. 1, 1861. 3m

NOTICE.

R. PICKERING & CO., intend carrying on the business of the Woburn Marble Works, in all its branches, at their manufactory one door North of G. W. ALLEN'S Furniture Warehouse, Main Street.

MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS made at short notice. Every description of SOAP STONE and GRANITE WORK furnished to order. IRON FENCIBLES for Cemetery lots put up in the neatest manner.

R. PICKERING, J. F. PICKERING.

Woburn, Nov. 17, 1860. 1y.

NEW GRIST MILL IN LYNNFIELD.

THE Subscriber having thoroughly repaired and fitted up the building in Lynnfield, known as "Milling's Factory," for the purpose of Grinding Corn, Rye, &c., is now prepared to wait upon such at that line as may favor him with a call. A Cob Cracker is also being put in, and will be ready for use in a few days.

BEIJ MANFIELD.

Nov. 2d, 1861.

FRANK B. DODGE,

WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER,

Also, DEALER in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, Musical Instruments, Fancy Goods, &c.

For Repairs and for Sale and to Let.

(Western's Old Stand, Main Street, Woburn.)

Nov. 1, 1861. ytt

A. B. COFFIN,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW

No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.

Entrance from Court Square at 3d School Street.

AT STONEHAM from 5 to 8 o'clock, P. M. Office in the Post Office building.

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Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XI : : No. 7.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1861.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

Lullaby.

Come to my arms, you bewitching elf!
Let me gather you, body and soul, to myself,
Bury your scintillant eyes and hair,
And all the glory and grace you wear,
From twinkling feet to golden crown,
Deep in the folds of my crimson gown:
Clasp me close to my bosom and heart,
A thing of my holiest being a part;
Crowning a song in the olden rhyme,
Tender and sweet as a vesper-chime:

Sleep, baby-boy!
The little birds rest,
Downy and soft,
In the mother-bird's nest:
The lambskins are safe
In the shepherd's warm fold:
The dove-drops asleep
In the butter-cup's gold.

One violet nods
To the daisy's dream;
The lily lies hushed
On the lap of the stream;
And holy and calm,
Like motherly eyes,
The stars look down
From the silent skies.

Sleep, baby-boy,
My birdling, my flower,
My lily, my lambkin,
My dew-drop, my dower!
While heart against heart
Beats softly in time
To the murmuring flow
Of my tender old rhyme.

—N. Y. Ledger.

Select Literature.

THE CHILDREN AND THE NOVEL.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"Well, there," muttered Mrs. Lee, in a somewhat petulant tone, as she laid down her babe, "thank fortune, the last one is abed and asleep. Now for a little comfort."

Carefully drawing the blankets around the tiny form, she rested one hand for a few moments on the gently heaving breast, and stirred the cradle with the other, singing the while a low lullaby.

Assured from its soft breathing and quiet limbs that it was indeed asleep, she turned from it quickly, drew her low rocker to the stand, picked up the light, and took from underneath a miscellaneous pile in her work-basket, an uncut novel.

"What a beautiful title," said she, all traces of weariness vanishing with electric rapidity from her countenance. As her eyes glanced over its pages, the dull look under which all day disappeared, and the light of anticipated joy flashed in its stead.

"I know I shall be pleased with it; I feel that it will be interesting," continued she. "What charming names the author has chosen. The writer must be one of unusual taste!"

Having hastily cut the leaves, she shaded her brow with one hand, grasped the book with the other, and commenced, in the phrase of enthusiastic novel readers, to devour the pages.

Rapidly did her eyes run over the first chapter. But then—she turned her head with a quick, impatient movement. Did she not hear a rustle in the cradle? Yes, a little hand was lifted from beneath the cover.

"Too bad, too bad; he'll be awake all the evening now," and she glided with a noiseless step to the child's side.

But the eyelids were still closed, the measured breath of slumber stole gently from the half-parted lips, and the offending hand rested in quiet beauty upon the soft cheek.

It was a fair, sweet babe, whose little heart had throbbled but one short summer. As it lay there, the spell of sleep upon his brow, it seemed the type of all things pure and blest. The holier feelings of the mother's breast were touched as if by a hand from heaven. The angel began to trouble the deep waters of her soul as she stood beside that cradle-bed; and when, after a vigil of several moments, the child still sleeping, she bent her head and imprinted upon its lips the kiss of love, the healing wave flowed for an instant—then ebbed, for the novel was not yet read.

Resuming her seat, Mrs. Lee again took her book. But the fiction seemed to have lost some of its fascination. She even put on her thimble, and threaded a needle. But a moonlight scene, where, in a honeysuckle bower, the noble lover draws a trembling girl into his bosom, and pours into her ears the bewitching words of wild courtship, acted like magic on the reader's mind, and she became absorbed in the glowing picture.

The second and third chapters were soon perused, and she was entering with increased interest upon the fourth, when a sweet voice from the cradle-bed called out, "Mother, mother!"

Her ear caught the sound, but it made no impression upon her mind till it had been several times repeated; then turning quickly in no very gentle voice she exclaimed, "What under the sun do you want, Lizzie? I thought you were asleep an hour ago."

"I have been asleep mother," answered the little daughter in a timid tone. "I waked up because—"

"Because you are a naughty girl, and wanted to plague me. Strange that I can't have a minute's comfort!" and going hastily to the bed, she drew the clothes around the child, and bade her shut her eyes and go to sleep.

"I want a drink, mother; I can't sleep, I am so thirsty."

The mother looked around; there was neither pitcher nor glass in the room.

"It's always just so. I never forgot to bring up water, but you were sure to want some. Why didn't you drink last night, when I had a whole pitcher full for you?"

"I wasn't thirsty last night. Do please give me a drink, and I'll go right to sleep."

"I am not going to run down stairs again to night; so just turn over and shut your eyes;" and she sat down again to her novel, leaving the thirsty child to its thoughts, or dreams, as the case might be.

Lizzie, as she said, wanted a drink very much, and so she turned and tossed, and tried to think of everything but water, while that was all she could think of.

"If only had one little swallow," murmured she to herself, "I guess I could get along till morning." But she might as well have wanted a pailful; there was no hope or prospect of getting any. By-and-by, she spied upon the stove-heap a tin cup. "The baby's milk!" said she. "Perhaps that would be as good as water—I wonder if mother would let me have it." She looked toward the parent. She was absorbed in her book; her very being seemed bound up in it. The child knew too much to disturb her. But perhaps she could get it without disturbing her mother, and she did want a drink so much. She hesitated awhile, then crept quietly out of bed, stole to the cup, seized it eagerly, and took a swallow. But it tasted better than she thought it would, and her thirst was such that she drained it. Alarmed at what she had done, she was in such haste to put it down, that it slipped from her trembling hand, bounding against the stove, falling on the hearth, rolling thence on the carpet.

"Why, Lizzie Lee!" screamed the mother, dropping her book and running to the child. "I should like to know what you have been about!—spilt all the baby's milk, I'll warrant!" as she took up the empty cup. Then, seeing the carpet was quite dry, she seized Lizzie by the shoulder, exclaiming in an angry voice, "What have you done with the milk, you little plague? Tell me this minute what's become of it?"

"I was so thirsty, mother," answered the child in a pleading voice, tears starting to her eyes. "I could not go to sleep, and so—" "So you drank it, did you? you naughty girl," continued Mrs. Lee with increased vehemence of tone; "and I haven't another drop of milk in the house. I'll teach you to do such things," and her hand came down heavily upon the shrinking shoulder, once, twice, three times! A wild scream of pain burst from the child's lips. Another and another; and, angry and excited as the mother was, they pierced her heart as with deep arrows.

The noise startled another child who slept in the same bed with Lizzie. Frightened from its sound slumbers, it shrieked an alarm, when the babe, waking at the same moment, joined its voice with the others, not in harmony, but in one of those discords which echo so often in the nursery, stunning the ear and bewildering the brain.

With quick steps, quick hands and a softened tone, Mrs. Lee strove to calm the tempest she had raised. Lizzie's cries soon merged into piteous sobs, but Willie and the babe continued their loud screams, till the mother, in her perplexity, would fain have wrung her hands and sat down and wept with them. At last she took the babe in one arm, and Willie in the other, and at length the two youngest rested in a sweet, calm slumber.

"Lizzie," called the mother, after a long while, in a very low, gentle tone. The child was quickly beside her.

"Bring your little chair and sit down close to me, and see if you can draw the baby on your lap without waking him."

Lizzie did as directed, and the babe was soon clasped to her heart, her lips breathing childish words of affection over its unconscious form.

Very carefully did Mrs. Lee lay down her little Willie, and for some moments she sat beside him, smoothing gently his fair brow, retaining his golden locks around her fingers, and pressing the softest and sweetest of kisses upon his still lips.

Then, going to Lizzie, she took from her arms the babe, and placing it in the cradle, bent over it, whispering the fondest terms of endearment.

Sitting down beside it, she covered her face, and thought grew busy. By-and-by, Lizzie stole quietly to the chair, knelt beside it, and buried her head in her mother's lap.

Mrs. Lee's hand toyed with the soft brown curls that fell over it in such rich profusion, and several times pushed them off the forehead, when the child felt the mere pressure of her lips. For some time both were silent.

At length Lizzie looked timidly up, saying, in a touching voice, "I am so sorry, mother, I made you so much trouble. I'll try and never be thirsty again when you are reading."

The mother started; she drew the child to her bosom, embraced it fondly, closely as though she thought by pressure to still its painful throbbings. Then, bearing her to the bed, she sat her down, and hastily left the room.

She soon returned, a glass of water in her hand. "Thank you, mother," said Lizzie, when she had quenched her thirst, "you will have a good time to read now, for I shall go right to sleep."

With eyes brim full of tears, the mother bent over her child and kissed her again and again. And Lizzie, feeling that she was quite forgiven, and not dreaming that she had been more sinned against than sinning, threw her arms around her parent's neck and gave back kiss for kiss. Then, nestling on the warm pillow of her little brother, she closed her weary eyes, and in a few moments was sound asleep.

For a long while the mother knelt beside the low couch, and, when she rose and sat down again by the stand, she left the novel where she dropped it, but took from her basket an unfinished doll, and with rapid fingers plied her needle.

It was late ere she placed her head upon her pillow. When she did, the doll, completed and neatly dressed, lay by the side of Lizzie; the novel, half-read, upon the coals in the stove, a handful of light ashes.

There are some people always looking out for slights. They cannot pay a visit, they cannot receive a friend, they cannot carry on the daily intercourse of the family, without suspecting that some offense is designed.

They are as touchy as hair-triggers. Their *amour propre*, like a porcupine, is ever ready to erect its quills. If they meet an acquaintance in the street, who happens to be pre-occupied with business, they attribute his abstraction to some motive personal to themselves, and take umbrage accordingly. They lay on others the fault of their own irritability. A fit of indigestion makes them see impudence in everybody they come into contact with. Innocent persons, who never dreamed of giving offense, are astonished to find that some unfortunate word, or some momentary tactlessness, has been mistaken for an insult.

To say the least, the habit is unfortunate. It is far wiser to take the more charitable view of our fellow-being, and not suppose a slight intended, unless the neglect is open and direct. After all, too, life takes its hue in a great degree from the color of our own minds. If we are frank and generous, the world treats us kindly. If, on the contrary, we are suspicious, men learn to be cold and cautious to us. Let a person once get a reputation for being touchy, and everybody is under more or less restraint in his or her presence; and in this way the chances of an imaginary offense are vastly increased. Your people who fire up easily miss a great deal of happiness. Their jaundiced tempers destroy their own comfort, as well as that of their friends. They have forever some fancied slight to brood over. The sunny, serene contentment of less selfish dispositions never visits them.

Have you this suspicious tendency in your character? Lose no time in eradicating it. Whether it comes from excessive sensitiveness, or from a worse source, it will prove the bane of your life and the annoyance of your friends. You will always be "in hot water," to quote the old adage, while you retain such a weakness. Neither wife nor husband, parent nor child, friend nor acquaintance, can preserve for you an undiminished affection, if you continue suspicious, if you imagine slights that were never intended. It is both more prudent and Christian to err, if you must err at all, by not seeing a neglect that is intended. Often a bitter quarrel, a life-long alienation, may be averted by overlooking conduct which is the result of temporary irritation. How worse than foolish, therefore, to see a slight where none was intended.

WAIT.—I saw the proprietor of a large garden stand at his fence and call over a poor neighbor—

"Would you like some grapes?"

"Yes, and very thankful to you," was the ready answer.

"Well, then, bring your basket."

The basket was quickly brought and handed over the fence. The owner of the garden took it and disappeared among the vines; but I marked that he was depositing in it all the rich and various clusters from the fruitful labyrinth in which he had hid himself. The woman stood at the fence in the meantime, quiet and hopeful. At length he reappeared with a well-replenished basket, saying—

"I have made you wait a good while, but you know the longer you have to wait, the more grapes you get."

It is so, thought I, with the proprietor of all things. He says to me, and to all—"What shall I do for thee? Ask, and thou shalt receive." So I bring my empty vessel, my needy but capacious soul. He disappears. I am not always so patient and trustful as the poor woman. Sometimes I cry out, "How long! how long!" At last he comes to me—how richly laden!—and kindly chides my impatience, saying, "Have I made thee wait long? See what I have been treasuring up for thee all the while!" Then I looked, and behold! fruits more and richer than I asked or hoped for; and I pour out my heart's thanks to my generous benefactor, and grieve that I distrusted him; and I carry away my burden with joy, and find that the longer he makes me wait, the more he gives.

WHAT LITERATURE IS.—Poetry is said to be the flower of literature; prose is the corn, potatoes, and meat; satire is the aqua-fortis; wit is the spice and pepper; love-letters are the honey and sugar; letters containing remittances are the apple-dumplings.

The Age of Wisdom.

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

Ho, pretty page, with the dimpled chin
That never has known the barber's shear,
All you wish is woman to win,
This is the way that boys begin,—
Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,
Billing and cooing is all your cheer;
Sighing and singing of midnight strains,
Under Bonnybell's window panes,—
Wait till you come to Forty Year!

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear,—
Then you see through a clearer glass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,
Once you have come to Forty Year!

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,
All good fellows whose heads are gray,
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wear some, ere
Ever a month was past away?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper, and we not list,
Or look away, and never be missed,
Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian's dead, God rest her bier;
How I loved her twenty years since!
Marian's married, but I sit here
Alone and merry at Forty Year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

The Stoneham Murder.

We copy the following from the Concord, N. H., "Farmer's Monthly Visitor," dated March 31st, 1843. It will place our readers in possession of the facts of a murder that occurred just forty-two years ago, and which has become as "household words" in many of the families of Stoneham and elsewhere.

MR. EDITOR:—It may not be uninteresting to some of your readers to have an account of the awful tragedy which stands at the head of this article. I extract it from an unpublished manuscript now in my possession, which will probably be given to the public in the course of the season.

Among the early settlers of Stoneham, there were some by the name of Gould. The name has now become quite common in that town, and in the adjoining town of South Reading. There were two families of that name settled near to Spot Pond, on the old road leading to Malden and Medford. One of the families, at the time in which the murder took place, consisted of two brothers, who were bachelors, a sister who was a maid, and a widow Winslow, hired help. The names of the brothers were Jacob and David; and the sister's name was Molly. Jacob was the oldest, and owned the real estate; but David and Molly were misers. Sometimes they would let money, where there was very good security, but generally preferred to keep it in specie. Some of their gold pieces were so ancient, (having been handed down from several generations, in whom the miser principle existed) that their true value was not known. It was generally understood among the people that there was considerable specie in that house, and many a thief, no doubt, had longed to get hold of it. At length the time came for the hoarded gold and silver to get into circulation.

A notorious rogue by the name of Dalton, who had formerly resided in Stoneham, was an inmate of the State prison at Charleston, when the murder took place. It was ascertained afterwards, that this Dalton informed some convicts, who were about *graduating*, of this store of money, and instructed them how to get it. (At that time there were opportunities for the convicts to converse with each other). The name of one of these *graduates* was Daniels, who had formerly been a shoe dealer in Boston. About two weeks before this murder, Daniels passed through that part of the town in which the Goulds lived, on a tour of discovery. He made inquiries of two boys, whom he met separately, relative to the condition of the family; "whether they had money; had they guns, or dogs, or were they pretty courageous?" The boys' answers probably satisfied him that there could be but little difficulty in the way of making an effort to get hold of the money.

The widow who lived with this family was knowing to their having a considerable sum of money, as she had heard them talk about it; and being a woman of not a very reputable character, and moreover being on pretty familiar terms with an infamous man by name of C—, (who was suspected of being one of the robbers) it is very reasonably supposed that she was part and parcel in the horrid tragedy. She had been known to make frequent visits at the house where this man lived, previous to the fatal 25th of November. On that night she acted strangely, looked at the watch, and went out twice, as though something uncommon was on foot. She had never been known to look at the watch before. But her conduct farther will be noticed hereafter.

On the 25th of November, 1819, Jacob went up to town to get some rum, as he was intending to kill his hogs the next day. Poor man! he little thought of being butchered himself. He had come home, and between eight and nine o'clock, while he sat either drinking some sling, or taking his supper of milk, (which it was not now recollected) in rushed three ruffians with their faces blacked, and with dirks in hand, and demanded his money. The widow had just been out and left the doors ajar, so that they came in without noise. Jacob attempted to defend himself with his chair, but they overpowered him. He fell, being stabbed in several places; and

one of the wounds, which reached the region of the heart, proved mortal. David, through fright, passed by an axe which stood near him, and seized upon a billet of wood; but the fellows left Jacob and fell upon David. He received three wounds; one in his side, or abdomen, one against his heart, but which was prevented by reaching by the dirk's passing through the thick part of his left arm first; and the third stab was near the left shoulder-blade.

"As no farther resistance was made, the robbers proceeded to bind the hands of David and Molly, which they tied so tight as to cut into the flesh. The fourth man stood at the door to keep watch, and to prevent escape, and was no doubt the notorious C—, who had consulted the widow upon the matter before-hand. When they were about to tie the hands of the widow, the ruffian at the door cried out, 'don't hurt the widow.' The robbers called them all by their names. The widow's hands were tied so slightly, that she said, in a laughing manner, 'I can get my hands out;' but they charged her not to do it.

"After their hands were secured, David and Molly were compelled to go up stairs to hand over their money. In going up stairs, the light went out in the dark lantern which they had with them, and in the scuffle to secure their prisoners, Molly's hands were badly cut with a knife, as well as one of the fingers of a robber. This robber was evidently Daniels, who was afterwards detected, partly by means of this wound. When they had lighted up again, they led David to his money, which consisted of about two hundred dollars in silver and gold. Molly got hers next, which was about eight hundred dollars in gold and silver, hoarded up in a large stocking. Jacob had but one five dollar bill. He was not a miser.

"After they had secured the money, they threw the poor creatures down cellar, and set a table against the door. The widow walked down among the rest. They then drank upon the rum, divided the money, and finally left, threatening that they would kill them all, if they attempted to come out of the cellar till morning. But Jacob's dying groans aroused the feelings of David, and at about eleven o'clock he ventured to go up, went to a neighbor's and gave the alarm. Three men started out immediately with their guns, and went to the house with him. The robbers had probably been gone two hours.

"By day light the whole town was aroused, and many were in pursuit. Jacob died at daylight, and his last words were said to be, 'the worst devil is in the house,' referring, as was supposed, to the widow. David was so much frightened that he did not know of his wounds, till they brought a light and took up the others from the cellar. When he recovered himself a little, and saw the blood flowing from his own wounds, he began to faint, and it was several days before the surgeon gave encouragement that he would get well.

"Though the most diligent search was made, nothing of the robbers could be found. That old scoundrel C— had fled, and no trace of him was left.

"An inquest was held upon the body of Jacob. When the widow was examined, she could not hold up her hand to take the oath, nor raise her eyes to look upon the coroner. It was said she drank pretty freely of the rum that was left; but whether it was guilt, or because she was tipsy, which made her drop her hand and eyes, others must judge. Suffice it to say, that though the people generally suspected her of being accessory to the murder, she was never arrested on this suspicion, but was suffered to run at large, unhung.

"A reward of five hundred dollars was offered by David Gould for the detection of the robbers, and the Governor of the State added five hundred more. This started out many in pursuit. It was not long before Daniels (the man spoken of before) was taken up in Newport, Rhode Island. There were many suspicious things about him, all the particulars of which are not now recollected. He had a cut on one of his fingers, which looked as though it were done with a knife, but which he declared was caused by a sea-shell, while he was skipping it upon the water. There was blood in his pocket-book, and on some of his money, which he said came there by his putting in his finger after a rag to wrap around it. He had also some gold pieces, resembling those which had been described by the Goulds, but which he said he had taken in Boston, or elsewhere. The suspicions were so strong against him, that he was brought on to the jail at Lechmere Point in Cambridge, and committed for trial. The two boys with whom the conversation had been held previous to the murder, were carried to the court-house and were required to go into a crowd of men, among whom was Daniels, and see if they could find the man who had conversed with them. One went in and immediately pointed out Daniels as the man. D. did not seem to be moved by this boy's story. The boy was then taken to another room, and the other boy brought in. He quickly walked up to Daniels and declared him to be the man, at the same time telling him what he said to him at the time mentioned. Daniels then turned pale, and began to sweat profusely. He did not have his trial in full at that time, and was again committed. Just before his trial was to take place he hung himself in his cell, thereby confirming his guilt, though he made no confession.

"About this time a man by name of Phillips was taken up on suspicion of being

concerned in this murder. He was at a gambling house in West Boston, and had money in his possession which answered to the description given of that lost in the robbery. Upon his examination, though David and Molly felt positive that the money was theirs, yet they did not dare to swear to it, and so he escaped. He left the State prison about the time that Daniels did, and was no doubt an accomplice with him.

"After this, another man was taken up at Portland, Me., but probably he was innocent. He was not retained.

"Old C— came home some years afterwards, but he was of such a malicious disposition that he did not dare to swear to it, and so he escaped. He was no doubt the notorious C—, who had consulted the widow upon the matter before-hand. When they were about to tie the hands of the widow, the ruffian at the door cried out, 'don't hurt the widow.' The robbers called them all by their names. The widow's hands were tied so slightly, that she said, in a laughing manner, 'I can get my hands out;' but they charged her not to do it.

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then suddenly stops short, wipes her eyes, and doesn't waste another tear till she sees you again.

That's the way they all do; and talk as peacefully as you can, she is never satisfied in her heart till she sees you in uniform.

Sweet Sixteen.

Poetically, it is very well. Practically, I object to it. Has it ever "a decent dress," although the family sempstress works from morning till night of every day in the year, taking in and letting out, lengthening and shortening, narrowing here and widening there. The very first day a new dress is worn, don't "sweet sixteen" tear it, and that in a most conspicuous place, and in the most zig-zag manner. *Could she* "help it," when there is always a protruding nail or splinter lying in wait purposely for her, which by no foresight of her's could be walked round, or avoided? Don't the clouds always seem to know when she has on a new bonnet, and the mud when she wears new gaiters? And when she wants her umbrella at school, isn't "the nasty thing" always at home, and when she needs it at home, is it not always perverted at school? Don't "sweet sixteen" when she takes a notion to sit down and sew, always locate herself by the side of the bed, which she sticks full of needles, and going her way straightway forgetteth, till roused by the shrieks of punctured sufferers? Don't "sweet sixteen" always leave the street door open, and the gas in her room burning at high pressure all night? Does she ever own a boot lacing, or a pin, or a collar, although purchases of the articles are made for her continually, if not often? Isn't her elder sister always your "favorite," and was she ever known to like her breakfast, dinner or supper, or prefer wholesome food to saccharine and dyspeptic messes? Is she ever ready to go to bed of a night, or get up of a morning? Don't she always insist on wearing high heels to her boots, which are constantly locating her feet where her head should be? Don't she always, though consulted as to the hues and make of her garments, repine at the superior color and fit of those of Adeline Scraphina Elgitha Smith's? And finally, although she has every thing she wants, or thinks she wants, isn't every thing, and every body, "real mean, and so there!"

FANNY FERN.

TESTS OF CHARACTER.—A great many admirable actions are overlooked by us, because they are so little and common. Take, for instance, the mother, who has had but broken slumber, if any at all, with the nursing babe, whose wants must not be disregarded; she would fain sleep awhile when the breakfast hour comes, but patiently and uncomplainingly she takes her seat at the table. Though exhausted and weary, she serves all with a refreshing cup of coffee or tea before she sips it herself, and often the cup is handed back to her to be refilled before she has had time to taste her own. Do you hear her complain—this weary mother—that her breakfast is cold before she has time to eat it? And this not for one, but for every morning, perhaps, through the year. Do you call this a small thing? Try it, and see. Oh, how does woman shame us for her forbearance and fortitude in what are called little things! Ah, it is these little things which are the tests of character; it is by these "little" self-denials, borne with such self-forgetting gentleness, that the humblest home is made beautiful to the eyes of angels, though we fail to see it, alas! until the chair is vacant, and the hand which kept in motion all this domestic machinery is powerless and cold!

MODERN ARMS.—In glancing over the war-history of the present century, he must be indeed a stoic who does not sigh over the enormous sacrifice of life which the statistics of the historians disclose. In the battles of the First Napoleon, from the conflict at Marengo, in June, 1800, to the closing fight at Waterloo in the same month of 1815, over eight hundred thousand vigorous men were "expended;" and during the eleven weeks' campaign of Napoleon III. in Italy, at least one hundred thousand were killed and wounded. Of course, the short vigorous campaign of the nephew was infinitely less disastrous than the protracted warfare of the uncle. Rifle cannon and Minnie rifles, little as they look like it, are merciful weapons. They plough the way to peace. Shut up in his all but impenetrable shell at Sebastopol, the Russian long defied them, but in field contests they are irresistible. When the entire war-history of the present century shall come to be written, it will probably be found by those who come after us that all its great battles were decided by superior arms.

A GOOD MAN'S TURN.—The celebrated John Howe, Cromwell's chaplain, was often applied to for protection by men of all parties, and never refused assistance to any worthy person, whatever his religious views. One day Cromwell, who had observed this, said to him—"Mr. Howe, you have asked favors for everybody except yourself; pray, when does your turn come?" "My turn, my Lord Protector," said Mr. Howe, "is always come when I can serve another."

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The Middlesex Journal.

B. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines type) one insertion, \$1.00
Each subsequent insertion, .75
Each subsequent insertion, .50
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One square six months, 6.00
One square three months, 4.00
Half a square one year, 5.00
Half a square six months, 3.00
Half a square three months, 2.00
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.
Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, headed, 12 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—DR. J. D. MASSIE.
Stoneham—E. T. WHITTELL.
Winchester—J. H. HOBBS.
Reading—THOMAS RICHARDSON.

S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., Boston and New York; S. H. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Seely's Building, Court Street, Boston, are duly empowered to take orders for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOV. 16, 1861.

THANKSGIVING.

Since last we met around the festive board, how great has been the change in things in our land! From a state of peace and tranquillity we have fallen to the horrors of civil war. The machinations of wicked men have ripened and robbed us of our rights and all our blessings under the constitutions, and forced upon us the dire necessity of deadly strife. When friends gather from distant parts and scan the many empty places which were but one short year ago filled by those who were nearer and dearer to them than life itself, with all its charms, and which will not again on earth be filled by them, will they not feel like offering up petitions that the investigators of this cruel war may see the error of their ways and receive forgiveness for their great sins of commission? We can but pity our enemies that they should allow their vile ambition to overtake their better judgment and lead them to make war upon the very flag under whose protection they owe all they have or expect in the future. We have one consolation, which is as much as earth can afford, for the loss of our friends, and that is, that they have fallen in a righteous cause and that their names will be written imperishably upon the hearts of their countrymen. Those noble souls who once found a happy home in Worcester County, and who died gloriously, manfully, heroically upon the banks of the Potomac a few short days ago, while battling for the right, will never be forgotten as long as an American heart beats or the fire of liberty courses through our veins. Their praise will be sung around the firesides of the Old Bay State for centuries to come, and the story of their bravery will be handed down from sire to son, gathering fresh lustre from each generation, until it becomes wreathed in a halo of glory that shall never fade. And these will not be the only honored ones, but all—come from where they may—who render up their lives that our institutions may be perpetuated, will be spoken of in terms akin to adoration, and their names will be placed side by side with those which the Revolution immortalized.

Amid all our trials we have great reason to thank God for the many mercies vouchsafed us. We have reason to thank him that he has favored our cause and that he has given us victory over our erring enemies. Although he has tried us through the afflictions of bitter defeat, he has never deserted us or our undertaking for a moment; and as long as we acknowledge him as our sovereign and leader, our feet will keep the right path. We have reason to thank him for the bounties of the past harvest, which have filled our storehouses and given us power over our enemies—at home and abroad. Some may feel during the months of the coming winter, the need of the common necessities of life, but a door will be opened to them by an unseen hand through which relief will surely come. We may not all "fairly sumptuously every day," but what we lose in one way we gain in another—no man is blessed with every bounty.

"Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." Let us make next Thursday day of Thanksgiving and Praise, in something more than a name; let us make it so in deed and in action, and show thereby that we feel deeply the great necessity for Divine aid and guidance in this our day of sore trial. Let us throw off—and forever—that self-dependence which has ever been a stumbling-block to us, and acknowledge fully and devoutly our dependence upon a higher and holier power, which controls all things. If there ever was a time in the history of this nation when united prayer was necessary, that time is now; and when we gather in our places of worship on Thursday, let our hearts gush upward in one unbroken and fervent prayer that the Giver of all good will look compassionately upon our transgressions and bless us according to our requirements; that the horrors of civil war may be removed from us, and that when brother meets brother it may be with the olive-branch instead of the sword.

We have heard it said that trains on the Stoneham Branch Railroad will commence running about the first or second week in December.

WOBURN RIFLE DRILL CLUB.—A club having this name has been formed in town under the auspices of some of our citizens who wish to pass away the evenings of the coming winter in a useful and social manner. At a meeting held last evening in Academy Hall, the following officers were elected:—President, J. G. Pollard; Vice President, Thomas Shepard; Secretary, Geo. H. Conn; Treasurer, S. O. Pollard; General Committee—John T. Stevens, Wm. M. Miller, C. S. Pollard, L. J. Lyman, C. S. Converse. The company at present number 25 members, and contemplate drilling twice a week—Tuesday and Friday evenings, under the direction of Mr. Wm. M. Miller. Their meetings in future will probably be held in the Armory in Lyceum Building. A case of rifles are expected this evening; they will cost but \$2.50 each, which with the small cost for the use of the hall will make the expenses of the members quite light.

This idea seems to us to be a good one, as it does not appear just now that we are to have many public entertainments of any kind in town this winter, and we need something to wear off the monotony.

WARREN ACADEMY.—It will be seen by an advertisement under our Special Notice head, that this old institution is to be re-opened December 2d, under the auspices of Mr. D. W. Sanborn, who has been a professor of Greek and Latin in Boston, where he has attained much success as a teacher. As all our readers know, the Academy is beautifully located, and students from this as well as other towns will find it convenient and well adapted for the purposes of study. We hope Mr. Sanborn will receive enough patronage to cause him to make the Academy one of our permanent institutions of learning.

THE NAVAL EXPEDITION.—The most sanguine expectations of any one must have been realized when the full particulars of the success of the Expedition became known. A few more such victories as this, and also the recent one in Kentucky, will make the rebel cause a little more dubious than it has been for some time. We trust that the good work will go on,—slowly if necessary, surely at all events,—so that the salvation of this country will be made apparent in every corner of the world.

THE LADIES OF THE BAPTIST SEWING CIRCLE, met on Thursday afternoon and evening last, for the purpose of working for the Soldiers. In the afternoon they sewed on underclothing; in the evening, when their number was largely added to, they both sewed and knit, and passed through their hands no inconsiderable amount of work. The time was passed very sociably, and the gathering dismissed by singing "America."

GLOVES FOR THE TROOPS.—The Committee have furnished us for publication, the following directions for knitting gloves:

Twenty-three stitches on a needle, seam half a finger in length, widen every third time until you have twenty-four stitches for the thumb. Cast on eight stitches for garter after slipping off stitches for thumb. Knit two inches plain, slip the stitches off the middle needle for the finger. Knit the remaining stitches three and one-half inches before narrowing off. Knit the finger two and one-half inches before narrowing off.

Any lady who wishes to Crochet gloves rather than knit, will be furnished with all necessary particulars on application to any of the Committee.

SCHOOLS.—The quarterly examinations of the Woburn High and Central Advanced schools will be held at their respective rooms on Wednesday, the 20th inst. That of the Advanced from 9 to 12 A. M., that of the High School in the afternoon. The exercises will be brief and the near approach of our annual thanksgiving will prevent many from attending; yet all will remember that their presence is ever welcome.

WILD GOOSE.—It is seldom that one of this species of the feathered tribe is captured in this vicinity, but an exception was made last Tuesday by Mr. Abner G. Wood and Joseph L. Phillips killing one on Dea. Stephen Richardson's Mill Pond. It was seen hovering around the Pond all that day, and probably become detached from a flock that flew over the day previous. It weighed eight pounds.

THANKSGIVING SERVICES.—Services will be held in the First Congregational Church, by the Baptist and Orthodox Societies, on Thanksgiving day. Rev. Mr. March will preach. Services will be held by the Methodist and Unitarian Societies in the Unitarian Church Thanksgiving day in the forenoon. Dr. Stebbins will preach the sermon.

ACCIDENTS.—Mr. Abel Wyman of this town had his arm accidentally broken near the shoulder last week, while stabling a horse. Mr. Stephen Nichols, jr., of North Woburn, was thrown from a carriage this week and had both bones of his right leg broken.

LAST NIGHT'S ACCOUNTS FROM BEAUFORT, are to the effect that our troops have captured there \$2,000,000 worth of Cotton. Glory!

THE MAY CASE.—We understand that the petitioners in this case, have had "leave to withdraw."

THOSE who are about furnishing their dwellings with Carpets, are referred to the advertisement in our paper, of a large bankrupt stock now being retailed by the New England Carpet Co., of Boston.

GODEY for December has reached us, and bears the impress of variety, worth and neatness. It will prove undoubtedly interesting to every lady who examines its pages.

MR. Samuel W. Abbott of this town has been appointed Assistant Surgeon in the Navy.

RATIONALIZED.—Our attention to this word was particularly arrested recently upon taking up a book entitled "Comer's Book-Keeping Rationalized." In order to test the appropriateness of such a work, we were led to give it a careful examination; and we feel that we do it and its author no more than justice in saying that its title is by no means a misnomer, but the work is eminently qualified to bear the test of criticism and to answer all that is claimed for it, viz: "A proper work for schools and teachers, but also a reliable book of reference for book-keepers and clerks;" in fact it is what every business man needs upon his desk ready for reference at all times. One worthy merit which this system possesses is the abolition of the tedious practice of "Journalizing" from "Day" or "Cash" book previous to posting into the "Ledger." It contains many other improvements in the art beside an "appendix" containing valuable knowledge for mechanics, navigators, and accountants. Mr. Comer has done much toward producing the mighty improvements lately wrought in this art, and our business men are largely indebted to him for a supply of competent accountants and a clear and concise system of recording their business transactions. We wish him and his book all the success which they merit.

PROCEEDINGS OF TOWN MEETING NOV. 5th, 1861.

For Governor—John A. Andrew, of Boston, 317; Isaac Davis, of Worcester, 202. For Lieutenant Governor—John Nesmith, of Lowell, 316; Edwin C. Bailey, of Boston, 249. Secretary of State—Oliver Warner, of Northampton, 319; Frederick O. Prince, of Winchester, 261. Treasurer—H. K. Oliver, of Salem, 319; Emory Sandford, of Oxford, 263. Auditor—Levi Reed, of Abington, 319; Moses Bates, of Plymouth, 263. Attorney General—Dwight Foster, of Worcester, 319; Edward Avery, of Braintree, 262. County Commissioner—Joseph H. Waite, of Malden, 317; Timothy Fletcher, of Charlestown, 264. Clerk of Courts—B. F. Ham of Cambridge, 319; B. F. Ham, of Natick, 263. County Treasurer—Amos Stone, of Charlestown, 581. Register of Deeds—Caleb Hayden, of Cambridge, 581. Councillor for District No. 3—James M. Shute, of Somerville, 319; J. B. V. Coburn, of Lowell, 263. Senator—Horace P. Wakefield, of Reading, 316; John W. Simonds, of Bedford, 262. Representative for 19th Middlesex District—John R. Kimball, 320; Lemuel G. Richardson, 285.

On Art. 1—Chose John Cummings, Jr., Moderator.
On Art. 2—Voted to adopt the 9th Section of the 46th Chapter of the Revised Statutes.
On Art. 3—Accepted the List of Jurors as revised by the Selectmen.

Letters from the Union Guard.

The following extracts are taken from letters which have been received from Mr. Francis L. Bryant by his wife. The first letter was dated Hall's Hill, Va., Nov. 1st.

"This morning, Nov. 1st, is delightful; it looks more like August than November. The nights and mornings are rather cool, but when the glorious orb of day is up in all its splendor, the sharp morning air gives way and all is lovely. Those of us who are in the habit of washing before breakfast, are obliged to go about an eighth of a mile to bathe, in the rear of the encampment. Some mornings the ground is entirely white with frost, and the tall grass, which reaches nearly up to my shoulders, makes a fine appearance. Flowers are to be found on the margin of little streams in Nov. Three of us generally bathe in a stream discovered by Sergt. Josiah Stratton of Winchester, so I have named it "Stratton Run." It is a beautiful stream of running water, clear as crystal, and in its course forms nearly an island. In the centre stands a beautiful weeping willow, which bends gracefully over the stream, but Jack Frost is commencing his work and the leaves begin to fall.

The boys are all well and in good spirits, and enjoy themselves much. Wednesday morning the order was given "fall in pickets." About three hundred of the regiment fell into line with two days' rations and forty rounds of cartridges each, and took up their line of march for about 5 miles beyond Fall's Church. The same night they were called to march about 5 miles further, to within a mile of Vienna, which is occupied by the rebels. On returning to the picket line, they found a circuitous route, they came suddenly and unexpectedly upon the rebel pickets, one of which immediately discharged his rifle, the ball just clearing their heads, and was in the act of reloading for a second shot, when the whole line of sentinels fell into headquarters expecting a brush with the sons of the South, but were disappointed. Twenty-two of the three hundred were of the Union Guard, under command of Second Lieutenant S. Davis of Milton. * * * All the officers of the Guard are held in high estimation by the men. * * * Lieut. Davis gave some of the men a nice pair of home-knit socks, which were sent to him by the ladies of Milton, for the soldiers. When the boys have warm feet they will think of the ladies of Milton. * * * Our conference meetings are not so well attended as when in Camp Schuler. A majority of those who took part in the exercises belonged to the Haverhill Guard, and were transferred to the 23d Regt., but I trust the good work will not die out."

CAMP HOLMES, HALL'S HILL, VA., Nov. 10th, 1861.

Yesterday, Nov. 9, was the day set apart for a grand review of troops in this section of the State in Gen. Porter's Division. The day was very unfavorable; it began to rain about halfpast twelve. The Regiment was trotted out and marched down to Bailey's crossroads, about a mile distant. On our way we could see Regts. coming upon the field from every quarter. There were about fifteen or twenty thousand Infantry, Cavalry and Artillery present. When it rained in Old Virginia the water stays on the top of the ground, it does not soak down as it does in Massachusetts. We were taken into a ploughed field—a sugar cane field—and there we were kept the whole afternoon in a drenching rain. Only about fifteen or twenty thousand got a tremendous sprinkling; but what of that, of course Uncle Sam owns us, and he has a right to do with us as he pleases. The water ran down the back of our necks and filled our shoes full. We are obliged to wear shoes because the Government can't afford to find us in boots. In this muddy country the troops are obliged to wear shoes four sizes larger than their feet or they could not travel over the muddy roads, and the men were very fortunate to get back to camp so safe. Soldiers shoes will have to be made wide enough to walk on the top of mud. Our journey

home was mostly up hill. The Regt. slid back two feet to every one they advanced, so you see it took us sometime to get home. If we had been an hour later the whole Regt. would have been mired probably up to their arms, and derricks would have been absolutely necessary to extricate us. This is a miserable looking place, nothing to be seen but woods and a few houses partially torn down and some entirely demolished. The medical staff was on the field, and the surgeon thought it doubtful if we survived.

STONEHAM.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. EDITOR.—Although there has been any amount of opposition to the Stoneham Branch R. R., I believe it is now, generally conceded that we are to have it built immediately. The road is entirely graded and the track laid as far as Stoneham line and we expect ere many days to be able to visit you, as well as the city of Boston, by steam. It is only by the indomitable perseverance of the managers of the road that it is being carried through in these times.

The annual Fair and Festival of the Universalist Society took place on Wednesday evening last. The usual amount of Fair tables, Refreshment stands, &c., &c., each attended by one of the fair sex, helped to make the evening pass pleasantly; and all seemed to enjoy themselves hugely. An accident occurred during the evening which at first was thought might prove serious. A gentleman while at play with a son of Jesse Curtis, accidentally let him fall, striking his head upon the floor and rendering him senseless some hours. Drs. Stevens and Heath were immediately called, and we are happy to state that he is rapidly recovering.

Maj. Gould, we see, is despatched on special duty, what that duty is no one seems to know; suffice it to say, that whatever the Major undertakes will be done with credit to himself and honor to our cause.

A number of boxes more of "Goodies" are to be sent to Company G. Mass. 13th, this week. The Association whose object it is to furnish clothing to our brother soldiers in the West are also busily engaged in this work.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The Animus of Secession.

We are permitted to publish the following brief extracts from letters, by Maj. J. P. Gould, of Stoneham, now so patriotically and heroically engaged in "putting down" and "crushing out" the Great Rebellion, recently written to one of his former partners, and which serve to show the prevailing, accursed spirit of secessionism, and the real foundation thereof.

"No one knows what secession is until he comes into the midst of it. It is purely Satanic, and has been cultivated by the institution of Slavery. No one can doubt it. Every thing becomes debased by that institution, which is, in effect, like the ancient Harpies, who made all things they touched have an offensive stench. My pickets are fired upon most any day by the marauding Cavalry of the rebels, I ought to say, Satans. They have just shot a boatman, near Harper's Ferry, wounding him mortally. This is a terrible form of war, and all its features are horrid. My feelings are much changed since I first came here, into a Slave State. I had then much charity; but now I could order the death of rank secessionists without compunction, because I have so often witnessed their base designs and diabolical acts.

Slavery will go out with this war. I see no help for it. But the war is not over. There must be retributions to this people yet. Perhaps I have seen more of secessionism than most persons. Virginia is doomed to become a desert. The present race of people will be swept from the earth. Terrible is God's wrath upon a people who persist in slavery."

Let us most earnestly pray that slavery, which is evidently the chief procuring cause of this gigantic and inhuman rebellion, may indeed "go out with the war." Then may we expect a righteous and lasting peace, with genuine and permanent prosperity.

W. C. W.

Rev. Mr. Whitcomb, of Lynnfield, will deliver another Lecture, on the Perils and Responsibilities of Young Men, in the Stoneham Orthodox Church, next Sabbath evening, at 7 o'clock. The public generally are invited to attend.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The meeting for Education in the Home on Monday evening was not fully attended. After a drenching rain during the afternoon, it cleared away toward night with a prospect of a pleasant evening, but just before the commencement of the meeting a heavy gale was experienced, accompanied with rain, which must have prevented many who would otherwise have attended. There being a desire that the discussion should have a beginning, Hon. Mr. Eaton opened on the affirmative, and Rev. Mr. Eaton on the negative of the following question: "Ought domestic and servants to be admitted into the drawing-room and parlor?" Remarks were made by other gentlemen, when the question with the meeting was adjourned for two weeks. James M. Evans, Esq. in the chair. The subject is likely to elicit a good deal of interest, and it is desirable that those persons who are friendly to these meetings should exert an influence for a full attendance.

According to report, none acted with more courage and intrepidity at the Battle of Ball's Bluff, than two young men from South Reading, belonging to the 16th Mass. Regiment. It is said that Thomas McKay was the last to leave the Virginia shore, and he said to young Warren, (who were boys together), "let us leave our bones here rather than run," but when all other had retired he threw his gun into the river, then his clothes, and then himself, and swam across, with the bullets flying after him and striking near him. His brother, John McKay, took to the river about the same time, but his fate is unknown, as he has not since been seen or heard from. Without much doubt he was drowned. A letter from the Chaplain to Horace M. Warren's mother, states that he (Warren) received three wounds, one in the arm by splinters, a ball through the thigh, and a ball through his side. It is thought he will recover and be able in a few weeks to be removed home.

Last week we unintentionally omitted to give notice to the printer of a serenade to Mr. Wm. H. Atwell, on the evening of his election as Representative from the 20th Middlesex District. At a late hour in the evening a party arrived from Stoneham with the Stoneham Band, which discoursed excellent music. Mr. A. not expecting to be honored with such a call had retired to rest to dream over the fortunes of the day, when he was aroused by such music as would reconcile any one to arise from his bed and prepare an entertainment, which was done on this occasion. Neighbors and others were called together by the sound of the Band and several hours were pleasantly occupied, when between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning the company separated for their homes.

Sergeant B. F. Barnard of this town, a member of the Richardson Light Guard has received a commission of 2d Lieutenant of Co. K. 23d Regiment, Col. Kurtz. He is one of the number whose sense of duty impelled him forward for the defence of his country at the sound of the first note of danger.

The weather has been remarkably mild during the Fall months thus far, though we may soon expect it in severity, as Thanksgiving is near, after which great liberties are generally taken by the winds, the frosts and the snows. Those who have but little fuel and not much means to procure more will not regret if it should continue mild for many days yet to come.

We are informed at No. 20 Bromfield St., Boston, that army mittens are much needed, but that it is not necessary to attach a finger thereto. They can be knit, or made of cloth and lined with cotton flannel, &c. If made at all with a finger it should be only for the right hand. Dr. Howe being most of the time in Washington knows better than we do what the real wants of the soldiers are.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. EDITOR.—I have been much pleased, (as have many others,) during the last two weeks, in reading two letters on "Wire-pulling and Log-rolling," one by E., the latter by O. S. M. of this place. It seems to me that they come with an ill grace just at this particular time. Have they an object in so doing? Do they by thus exposing the "secret, mercenary, and corrupt bargains and bribery," that they confess they have been engaged in, seek to lead men to the belief that they have become honest? I must confess it would take much more evidence to make some believe it. There has been some talk of important changes in the town offices at the annual town meeting in March. Is it in view of such changes that these letters come out at this time? We shall see! It may be charged upon me that I speak that which I cannot prove. There are many signs that denote the currents of the water and although facts may be wanting, there are signs that lead to definite conclusions. O. S. M. writes "that as E. has opened the before unwritten book, others may, and I have no doubt will, appear before the public." If any more is to be written, I beg to be excused from reading, especially if O. S. M., who affirms that he is young in the business, can call himself an "unprincipled politician." If he who is young in the business can call himself an unprincipled politician, what must those be who have been all their lives in the business.

It has long been the standing order of things in this town, as has been remarked, for a few to meet in caucus and nominate whoever they choose. But the people have at last got their eyes opened, and as a consequence, at the last caucus there was a very large attendance, and no one could complain of unfairness in the proceedings. I have only been engaged in politics two or three years, and I consider it to be the duty of every young man to take active part in the affairs of government, as it is given to us by divine favor. But to so take part in it that we may do as much as in us lies to defeat the machinations and intrigues of "Wire-pullers and Log-rollers." Yours very truly,
So. Reading, Nov. 13, '61. W. N. T.

thirty cords of wood which we burnt up in seven days. We keep about fifty fires most of the time, so you will see that it must take a good deal of wood. When Gen. Patterson was here last spring he burnt all the wood in town, so we have to work to get it. I want to tell you something of the people out here. I got a pass to go down town to get some things, such as handkerchiefs, &c. On going out of store I met a man and a young lady, he stopped me to inquire about one of the officers; in the course of some conversation I asked him where I could get my things hemmed, the young lady quickly responded "she would like to do it," and the old gentleman invited me in to wait for them, but I told him I wanted to go down to the river and would call on my way to camp. The old man went with me and while on the way I found out that he was a minister in the place. He thought it a pretty hard look for a minister here; he said that before Gen. Patterson came here the boys went to the Sabbath School, but since then they don't go at all, and when he goes to speak to them for not coming, they get high as the devil, as he expressed it, and he thought the rising generation would be very immoral. The men here do not know how to make change, so they have to take one of the little ones to make change for them. The three companies from Harper's Ferry came here last Friday, so we are all together once more. It is very remarkable that we have lost only one man since we left Boston. You speak of knitting me some stockings if I wanted them. I have a plenty of everything to wear now and we get new pants next week. You know how my pants fitted when at home, (large enough for two like me) now I can't button them around me. I have just been down to the Quartermaster's and weighed and found that "I keep going up." I wish father could have been here the night before election to hear the speeches in town. Most everybody takes a nipper out here and some of the speakers were so drunk it was hard work for them to stand up.

The meeting held on Monday evening for the purpose of adopting some systematic plan for collecting and forwarding articles to the soldiers, was duly organized by the choice of Dr. Wakefield as Moderator, and Thomas Richardson as Secretary. Remarks were made by Rev. Mr. Barrows, Milo Parker, Charles Manning, C. D. Brown, and others; after which the following persons were appointed a committee to solicit and collect such articles as may be of service to our brave soldiers: District No. 1—Mrs. S. M. Pratt, Mrs. S. S. Crouch; No. 2—Mrs. J. B. Leathe, Miss Augusta Weston; No. 3—Mrs. Henry Emerson, Miss Adelaide Burrill; No. 4—Mrs. Jacob Jones, Miss Sarah Johnson; No. 5—Mrs. Charles Parker, Miss Sarah Emerson; No. 6—Mrs. Jeremiah Cook, Mrs. J. D. Campbell, Osgood Eaton, Mrs. Samuel Parker. The committee to pack and forward all articles furnished them is constituted as follows: C. D. Brown, Thomas Richardson, D. B. Lovejoy, Abner Bancroft.

The thirty-third annual course of the Reading Assemblies give their first entertainment in Lyceum Hall on Thanksgiving evening. President, L. E. Gleason; Clerk and Treasurer, Thomas Richardson; Managers, Eben Beard, E. M. Burbeck, E. S. Wainwright, J. T. Eames, J. A. Blunt, Baxter Parker; Committee of Arrangements, T. Richardson, L. E. Gleason. The music will of course be of a high order, it being no less than Gates' vocal and instrumental band.

LEN.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

FAIR AND FESTIVAL.—The Fair and Festival for the benefit of the Baptist Sabbath School referred to in a previous paper, came off on Thursday evening of last week in Lyceum Hall, and was very successful in its results. Salem Wilder officiated as master of ceremonies. The settlers in the centre of the hall were removed, leaving a large space for promenade, &c., which was well improved by the younger portion of the audience. There was music, singing by the Glee Club and others, in connection with the sales of useful and fancy articles from tables at the sides of the hall, for which a moderate price was asked and which were quickly disposed of. Grab boxes, guess cake, and the usual concomitants upon such an occasion were well patronized. Ice cream and refreshments were dispensed to those wishing the articles. A large number of children and youth with their parents were present, and seemed to enjoy themselves very much. The affair was got up at short notice, and the receipts over and above expenses being about seventy-five dollars, shows it to have been well managed and generously supported.

RELIGIOUS.—Rev. Mr. Meeson the pastor of the Baptist Society, has sent in his letter of resignation, to take effect at the expiration of three months, according to the terms of the agreement made with him.

At the Cong. Church last Sabbath the pastor officiated. Morning text, "Who can forgive sins but God only."—Mark 2d chap., verse 7th verse. Afternoon, text in Genesis, 37th chap., 3d verse. The latter discourse was addressed to the children, and briefly sketched those traits in the character of Joseph which made him a good and great man. His truthfulness, integrity, fidelity to duty, humility, and faith in God, were enforced and illustrated by numerous examples in his life, and that of others whom the world has delighted to honor.

In the evening the Sabbath School Concert was crowded, thus evincing a deep interest in the cause. Both religious societies in town unite in this meeting. The pastor, Deacons Abbott, Clark, and Sanford, Dr. Chapin, R. H. Fletcher a private in the 24th Regiment, and others took part in the services. "Glory Hallelujah" was repeated by request, and other hymns sung by the children.

LITERARY ASSEMBLY.

The last meeting of this association was held at Union Hall. The evening was occupied in a mock trial of

a supposed breach of promise case which was commenced at a previous meeting. One of our teachers officiated as the Judge, two young men on each side were the legal counsel, while a Jury was made up from the ladies and gentlemen present. The trial was carried on with all the dignity and form of such proceedings, showing the parties to be somewhat conversant with them, the arguments were quite lengthy, and the Jury returned a verdict at a late hour on that evening in accordance with their view of the facts.

SCHOOLS.—On account of Thanksgiving the Fall term of our schools will close on Wednesday next instead of Friday. There will be no public examination of the schools this term.

REPORTORIAL.—Our fellow townsman, Stillman Fletcher, has recently become connected with the *New England Farmer* in the capacity of Reporter of the transactions at the Cattle Markets at Brighton and Cambridge. His well known interest in agriculture as well as in this department of business so closely connected with it, renders him an excellent person for the duty he has undertaken. The readers of that paper and all others interested in such matters, will find in the communications of this gentleman much valuable information and many suggestions concerning that branch of business referred to.

SOLDIERS' AID SOCIETY.—This Society is increasing in numbers and in the amount of its benefaction. I should be pleased to give a list in detail of the articles which have been furnished through its medium to Dr. S. G. Howe, its almoner, but the officers think it not of sufficient consequence to furnish the same. It would be interesting to many to know the kind and quantity of articles donated as is done in other places, and it might serve as a stimulus to more earnest efforts. The meeting last week was at the residence of O. W. Gardner—this week at that of F. P. Ayer.

WAR ITEMS.—The recent merging of the 29th Regiment of Mass. Volunteers into the 28th, has thrown out of active duty for awhile our friend, Quartermaster Brackett, who was attached to the former. He however retains his commission, and will be assigned to some other Regiment, probably to one at Fortress Monroe which is being made up from companies already there and now forming for the same. George F. Collins of our town formerly a clerk in the Boston Custom House, has been appointed as Mr. Brackett's Clerk.

MR. N. A. Richardson sold his entire stock of farming and stable stock and tools at auction on Tuesday last, and purposes to join the U. S. army in which he states he has been offered eligible situations.

EXCELSIOR.

BILLERICA.

For the Middlesex Journal.

On Saturday night last, a Committee, consisting of Thomas Talbot, Edward Spaulding, Jonathan Hill, Aaron H. Patten, Moses P. Greenwood and Elijah Corliss, met at the Town Hall for the purpose of investigating the case of Caleb S. Brown against the town for damages done his wife who was hurt last spring by being thrown out of a wagon while going down a hill. Mr. Brown stated that if the town would give him \$500, he would settle, if not he would try some other way to get it. Several witnesses were called to testify as to the road, and other things. By them it appears that the road was in a bad condition. After examining the witnesses it was thought best to give him the \$500 rather than stand a lawsuit. I hope that the roads will be kept in good repairs after this, as the town has had to pay quite a number of small bills and some large ones for damages, or for what persons claimed damage for, though they were to blame themselves.

A party of Indians are encamped at the present time a short distance from the Billerica and Tewksbury station. They employ themselves in making Baskets, and Bows and Arrows.

MEETING OF THE LADIES TO AID THE SOLDIERS.—On Sunday last notice was given in the various churches that there would be a meeting of the Ladies of the town, on Tuesday afternoon, at the Town Hall, to see what could be done toward forming a society to aid the soldiers. At the appointed time, the hall was well filled with ladies from all parts of the town, eager to do all in their power to help comfort the soldiers. The meeting was organized by choosing Miss L. A. Rodges, president, after which a treasurer, and a committee for each District to act as a rallying committee were chosen. This is the first society that has been formed in the center of the town, but quite a number of the ladies have been at work for some time past. A society was formed at North Billerica, about a month ago and has been at work diligently. Thomas Talbot, Esq., promised to give them all the yarn they could knit if it did not exceed one hundred pounds.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE OF A STOCK OF CARPETS.—John H. Osgood, Auctioneer, sold, on the 23d ult., by order of the Assignee, the stock of Carpets contained in the warehouse 124 Hanover Street. The entire stock was sold in one lot, and brought fifty-nine and one-half per cent, on the cost. The terms were cash. The New England Carpet Co. were the purchasers.—Boston Journal.

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XI : : No. 8.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1861.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

Union and Liberty.

FLAG of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through their battle-fields' thunder and
flame,
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry—
UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!

Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation,
Pride of her children, and honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!
Up with our banner bright, etc.

Empire unscathed! what foe shall assail thee,
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fall thee,
Striving with men for the birthright of man!
Up with our banner bright, etc.

Yet if, by madness and treachery blighted,
Dawns the dark hour when the sword thou must
draw,
Then, with the arms of thy millions united,
Smile the bold traitors to Freedom and Law!
Up with our banner bright, etc.

Lord of the Universe! shield and guide us,
Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us: who shall divide us?
Keep us, O, keep us, the MANY IN ONE!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry—
UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!
—From December Atlantic.

Select Literature.

RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

It was the 15th of April, 1861—a day to be recorded—to be remembered; for on this day, across countless wires, flashed the startling intelligence, "SURRENDER OF THE FORT AND GARRISON! 75,000 MILITIA CALLED FOR!"

"Just back from Europe, in the midst of the rose odors of a lady's boudoir, and surrounded by the costly preparations for a party—laces and jewels and flowers—Edgar Mayne was reading this; Edgar Mayne—sound of heart as of limb—a young Hercules, ardent and impetuous, who for the last three years, at English clubs, and French salons, and Roman cafes, had raved and roared his patriotic belief in the Government of these United States with true American zeal. And now drums were beating and bugles blowing at its dissolution.

"75,000 men! Do you hear that, Caroline? I tell you before three months have elapsed we shall be occupied in fighting, and not flirting; so you might as well put up your flowers and bouquets, and all this gauze folly," settling a strong hand down with a contemptuous crush on flowers, and bouquets, and "folly."

"75,000! Do you realize it, Caroline?" looking with large brown eyes over the newspaper at the girl there, decking a gauze gown with slips of scarlet kalmia and beads of golden grain. She tossed her head at him with an air.

"Bah! blonde and flowers—that's all the women of to-day are fit for! You girls! what do you care for your country, for liberty or tyranny, so that you can have your fineries?" and rising, he half smiled at his own earnestness, and, passing her, let the strong hand drop caressingly upon her loose silky hair, dropping a remark with it to soften his previous brusquerie; for Edgar Mayne was too well-bred to be deliberately rude, even to his own sister.

Later in the day, as he sat by the fire absorbed in an evening journal, the mistress of the boudoir put her gem-like face between him and the news with a question:

"Will the state of the country allow you to accompany me to Mrs. Welles's to-night, Edgar?"

He pinched the vivid cheek, and with a little grimace made answer,

He pushed a curtain aside, and they stood in the conservatory.

"What ails the night, Miss Caroline? We've had a shock—an electric shock—and we are a little stunned by it. One can't help thinking, while the horns and bugles are playing in there, of how they will sound a month hence, perhaps, when the bullets are whizzing round our heads.

"Do you really think it will come to that, Mr. Ryversant?"

"I think it is already here."

"Yes, I know there has been a call for troops; but I fancied there'd be a bluster, and then—"

"And then what, Miss Caroline?"

"Why, that both parties would keep on the defensive a while, but that it would finally be settled without bloodshed."

"It will be settled only with the shedding of the best and bravest blood in the country."

She smiled. At length, speaking half-absently: "I wonder who will go?"

"I shall go, Miss Caroline."

"You!"—a little start of surprise, covered by a laugh of incredulity; then an exclamation, as she held out a hand with its snowy glove spotted and streaked with crimson stains.

"What is it? Ah! I see; you have cut your hand on that vile Egyptian urn against which you leaned. I did once in this very spot!" and he took the hand commiseratingly.

"No, no, it is nothing of the kind; it is only the red orchids that you gave me—I crushed it between my fingers."

There was a glow upon her cheek as fiery as the red orchids' stain, and a stormy gloom gathering in her eyes, while the little stained palm was dented and crushed by the fingers yet trembling from the effort.

"Ugh! how it looks like blood!" she went on. "Yes, take it off—do. I hope it isn't an omen."

"An omen?"

"Yes, of real bloodshed, and of what may follow if what you say comes true—of death, you know."

"Ah!" and a lifted look of lofty pain crossed his face. "The sin is great, but it shall be washed away in a nation's blood!"

The rapt expression was yet in his eyes as the little hand, soft and cold, lay uncovered in his own; and the absent air with which he kissed it could no woman with a heart and soul gainsay. But the cool touch of the slight fingers brought him back—he was but a man, and a young and ardent one. Lingering over the fair, little hand, he said,

"I want a keepsake to take away with me when I go, Miss Caroline—a gem of empire. Give me this little glove, with its mock blood-stains. It is a fitting token of the present—a symbol of the 'blood-red blossom of war.'"

She shuddered visibly. "Oh no, no, Mr. Ryversant, not that!"

The sudden passion of her manner, the gathering color, the kindling eyes! Up sprang the hope that for six months had been living and dying in his heart. In a moment all the conventionalities had swept by.

"But you will give me something! Oh, Caroline, give me yourself!" And the young fellow bent down his head, and hid his eyes against the little soft hand in that moment of suspense.

There came a stir—a lifted curtain drenched the moonlight in a flood of gas. A ripple of laughter, a rustle of silk, and the apartment had two other occupants. One, a woman, had quickly caught the spirit of the scene. And this woman? She hated Caroline Mayne as women hate sometimes from sheer antagonism of youth and beauty; and hating her, she knew her weak points. She knew that Caroline Mayne had the dangerous reputation of a Clara Vere do Vere—whether deserved or no she did not care to inquire. So, with one of those mischievous impulses which tempt some souls, she dropped this small sneer at their feet.

"Oh! just in time to interrupt your rejection, Mr. Ryversant."

And Caroline Mayne—what did she do? A splendid thing. One moment she hesitated, while the fiery flame of wounded delicacy rose to her cheek and kindled in her eyes. Then, quite clearly, though a little haughty of tone, and with an inscrutable depth in her glance, she made answer:

"You are just in time to give me your congratulations, Miss Wylde. I am happy in owing allegiance to Mr. Ryversant." And over Mr. Ryversant's arm a little ungloved hand went stealing.

If ten minutes before he had thought Caroline Mayne the dearest and fairest of women, what did he think now, in view of her charming courage, her proud and tender generosity? In view of it, his heart thrilling with its sudden rapture of acceptance, a new feeling of reverence touched him so deeply that eyes filled and cheeks flushed. "If I am ever tempted," he said to himself, "to judge this woman in anger, the memory of this night shall often all later memories."

Into the German waltz no longer would the solemn strains of dissonance. The wind no longer sighed in fitful melancholy, the flowers no longer drooped; Death's head had vanished from the feast, and the eternal flower of love bloomed in its place.

Riding home, Edgar Mayne asked his sister,

"What did Lou Wylde mean by your being a subject for congratulation? She met me as

she went to her carriage, and said she had just congratulated you on your engagement.

"Some of her nonsense, I suppose."

"No, it was quite true," and Caroline, as briefly as possible, related the circumstances of the last half hour. Brief as the relation was, Edgar Mayne perceived in these "circumstances" the peculiar nobility which had so touched the soul of Jerome Ryversant.

He bent forward and scanned her face—touched the lovely, falling hair, and the drooping kalmia, and the "gauze folly."

"Carrie, I didn't think it was in you."

"To love?"

"To be so brave. Carrie, do you know what you have done? By this one act you have bound Jerome Ryversant to you by a bond of tender admiration which years of ordinary devotion would not have accomplished."

"You overrate it. I don't see."

"You little girl!" coming over, unchecked now by the clouds of "gauze folly," to sit beside her and put his arm about her.

"Don't you see that you did it for him. I see, and so did he, that your soul rose to meet the occasion because you were assailed in your pride and tenderness for him. It wasn't an easy thing to do, Carrie. I can fancy the color mounting, and the storm in your eyes; but it was easier than to let the shadow of a momentary mortification or pain rest upon your lover. No, I didn't think it was in you, Carrie. I give you my congratulations!" bending forward and touching his lips to hers.

"She is really quite splendid!" he thought.

"I am glad I know her better."

Did he know her better? Did she know herself better? Let us see.

Three days followed of congratulation, of happiness. The pretty boudoir was odorous with the rarest flowers that a lover could find, and redolent with the fair presences of youth and beauty. Every hour he thought—this young lover—"She is the noblest woman in the world!"

Outside this rose-Eden of youth, and happiness the three days were set to sadder music while the 75,000 loyal souls were rapidly gathering under the Stars and Stripes. Did Jerome Ryversant forget that he had promised himself to his country in this new, and nearer promise? In the fair fetters of this rose-Eden did he forget his allegiance to his native land? He was only waiting. At the close of the three days there would be time enough for parting words. So the three days went in a trance of happiness.

He saw the sun set upon the last with a sigh that was like the echo of a farewell; and with the sigh yet upon his lips he sought her presence. She was standing by the window, the warm mellow light bathing her beauty in a celestial bloom. The lovely hair half falling, as he liked it best—the lovely figure wearing the colors he approved—and on her breast and in her hair the very flowers he had given her in the morning. The pang of parting struck deeper. She came forward in her pretty, stately way, her head drooped to him, her proud lips melting into a smile, and a conscious color rising.

"What is the matter? Has anybody hurt you?" as he saw to little Nell, she asked him. He never answered; but the glance he dropped down upon her, yearning and mournful, the touch of his hand, lingering and tender, like a benediction upon her head, while a sigh tore up from his heart like a sob—all this was more eloquent than words, and in affright she put her question a second time with affectionate alarm.

"What is the matter, dear? What has happened?"

He drew her nearer, bending down his gaze to meet hers.

"I was thinking of what is to happen, dearest—that the time draws nearer. It seems harder now, though I have the heart I sought for a 'guardian of empire.'"

She looked puzzled, shook her head, and said, questioning, "I don't understand."

He watched her a moment as she leaned against his arm—so soft tints of rose, and violets dark—all a flower made to wear in one's bosom, to

"Sing and say for, Watch and pray for."

And as he watched a fear shot into his heart—she didn't understand! Then he said, softly, drawing her closer still, to ease the ache, "My regiment you know, it leaves soon."

"Well?"

"Wouldn't she understand?"

He waited a second—her face was out of sight—he was holding it in his breast; and she was quite still. Presently he spoke,

"I go with it as—"

"You!" The utter coldness of the tone, the ringing resonance, as she ejaculated this one word, sounded like an accusation—like an accusation, pale and fierce, rose the clear-cut face, and she looked at him. He met the gaze tenderly, but sorrowfully. She waited for him to speak.

"You have forgotten, dear," he said at length, "that"—he paused a moment, hushing his heart at the memory of "that time"—"you have forgotten I told you four nights ago that I was going."

"Then!—but now—all is changed since then. Is life no dearer to you? Do you owe it to none other than yourself?" The clear-cut face gathered color, and the eyes began to fill with hot tears.

"Caroline!"—he met the angry crimson, the tearful tones, with a firm gaze; he answered steadily, "I owe it to my country!"

She laughed in bitter scorn, then said despairingly, "To your country! Wait till you are needed more imperatively; thousands are ready to go, are going; thousands are outside you. Why should you rush thus hastily forward? It is a madness; a piece of folly; you are excited with the occasion. Because others are going you go; and you call it patriotism, courage. It is neither; you are a coward, because you dare not stay behind. And more than that, you love your own glory better than you love me!"

Conflicting passions reflected themselves in the face of her listener. Sorrow, tenderness, and a man's honor shone there: all three dictated his reply:

"Caroline, you do not know what you say, or you would not say it. I love you, because I honor you and admire you above all other women. I love you as I love all that is beautiful and true; for you are to me the representative of every thing beautiful and true; and so to love you is to love my honor and duty. How then could I do less?"

The passionate tears she shed, the wild words of denial she uttered, were not all passion and wildness. It was her first grief; and out of an aching heart sprang all this force emotion. From the soul's most sacred recesses of tenderness came the hot tide of agony that translated itself in taunts and reproaches. Perhaps something of this was apparent to her listener; for through the harshest taunt, the cruellest reproach, he possessed himself. Perhaps one memory still more possessed him—a remembrance of that night, four days ago, when the world was transfigured for him, and when on the altar of his soul he made a vow to let all judgments soften to that hour. They softened now into clear, concise answers, perfectly manly, and perfectly tender; but they failed to convince or soften. To all this forbearance she returned only sharp reproach or bitter scorn, and lastly drew from her finger its one special ring, dropped it into his hand, from whence it fell unheeded to the floor, gave him her stateliest courtesy for a "good-by," and swept from the room. Half-stupefied with the shock, the young fellow stood a moment gazing vacantly before him, murmuring, incoherently, "And this is the end—this is the end!"

It was true, Edgar Mayne thought now. He went up to him asking the same question his sister had put a few minutes before under such different circumstances, "What is the matter?" but in that instant his eye caught the gleam of the diamond flashing out like a star against the soft glooms of the carpet.

"Ah!" and he looked sadly into the face before he lifted it—"A lover's quarrel!" A bad time for that now, on the eve of his departure, however. He would ask no questions; but all his questions were anticipated, were answered in a few brief words.

Edgar Mayne was indignant.

"The girl is crazy!" he ejaculated, and was rushing from the room to tell her so, when the calmer reason of Jerome Ryversant stayed him. But after, when he had bade his guest good-night with tears in his eyes, and haunted by his suffering face, he sought her. He was not prepared for the pale look of agony that met him, and his greeting softened; but his errand was enough to rouse her, and something of the old scorn returned to her.

"But you cannot see," he returned, impatiently to her persistent accusations, "that he had pledged not only his word, but his heart and soul, to this cause in the very outset."

"That was before!—that was before!" she exclaimed, with quick significance; "and after, when hundreds are pressing forward, and many rejected, why should he leave me, and so soon? No, do not argue with me—I am only secondary. I thought him finer than other men, but I was mistaken; it is their own glory first—not a woman's love. If I never marry I will not take a man who makes me second in his heart. I must reign there, the first consideration; his first honor and glory, as he shall reign in mine."

"But—" He stopped, wise enough to see that only time could open her eyes to her error—time and remorse; that his words were wasted; and worse than that, adding still more to her determination.

As abruptly as he had entered he left her presence, left her to the sharp, burning pain, the consuming passion, that devastates such proud, concentrative natures.

Thus days went on in this wild inward war which gave no outward sign. In the time she asked no questions, she made no allusion to the past; but secretly and alone she devoured every crumb of information that the newspapers offered. She, who hated politics and newspapers!

One day, in a long list of names, she read one that sent every vestige of color from her cheek—Jerome Ryversant! If she had had any hope of his relenting, it was over now; but even here she gave no sign—there was an outward calm.

Three days more and he would be gone. Gone! it was a bitter word.

The night of the third day came drearily to many a heart—to none more drearily than to her, sitting apart and alone in a rose-hued boudoir. The sickly scent of faded flowers filled the room—his flowers. The curtains were undrawn, the chairs and couches still strewn with the trifles that had occupied them ten days ago. All as he had left it. In this sepulchre the proud heart struggled on.

For these last three days her brother had caught no glimpse of her. But on the last night, somewhere between the hours of twelve and one, a little knock came outside his door, and her voice called him. He was sitting writing, and, somewhat startled, bade her come in. The face that greeted him started still more. Its rose-bloom was gone—youth itself seemed to have departed. So touching was the sight that his eyes filled, and he received her with more kindness than he had evinced since that fatal night. Was she ill? he inquired.

She hesitated a moment, then told her errand. She would see Jerome Ryversant once more before he sailed. Would her brother aid her to this? There was no time to lose, for at dawn they might have left the city; but let him understand her: she had not changed her mind—this was not to acknowledge that—it was no reunion, but she would see him once again!

At what he considered unpardonable obstinacy, Edgar Mayne was again indignant; but another look at the pale, worn face, and he consented to undertake the mission.

To Jerome Ryversant he communicated the letter and spirit of her words. For a moment his eye blazed, and the man's passion rose angrily. Then the memory of another night came up. He remembered her, proud and tender and brave for his sake; he remembered his vow as well, and signified his readiness to go to her.

The lights were all down but one in the "rose-Eden"—that one, burning through pale purple glass, sent forth over the room a mystical radiance. Into this room Edgar Mayne conducted young Ryversant, leaving him at the door.

As the two looked at each other after the door closed upon them, they realized, perhaps, something more of the change wrought had wrought. But to her it had wrought much more of change in these three days than the whole time had wrought to him. He was upheld by the sublime knowledge of sacrifice, of patriotism, of right; plunged, too, into the midst of unparalleled excitement.

She, nursing an insane sense of wrong, born of her defective education as a woman of her ignorance; alone, too, in the inaction of domestic life, had nursed out the pale colors of distress. Seeing her thus, he knew she loved him, though still blinded to the right. Seeing him, with a flush upon his cheek, uniformed and eager, she still less believed his love.

So her voice came coldly:

"I sent for you," she said, slowly, and with painful effort. "We parted angrily, with not more nor less for what may be a final parting. In my view of your undertaking I yet hold the same opinions; but we will part as friends should."

He came forward and took her hands. Once more he pleaded with her. She heard him sadly, not angrily, but yet unbelieving. He glanced down upon the fair little hands he held, but his ring had never been replaced. She was fearfully in earnest then—it was only a friendly "good-by." So, bending down, he dropped a kiss upon the two hands; and lifting his head, with a "God bless you, Caroline!" was about to go, when the ghastly pallor of her face, the faint drooping of her figure, stayed him. She had no strength, nor any will to resist, as he took her in his arms. Very quietly she rested there, and when once or twice his hand went caressingly down her hair a tear forced itself through the shut eyelids.

At length, rousing herself, with a motion of her hand she bent his head and voluntarily kissed him, "Good-by!" He held her tightly a moment more—then the rose boudoir had but one occupant, and this one was headless of all pain and passion until the dawn recalled her from her unconsciousness to life and misery.

Later, her maid coming in opened the window, and the fresh draught blowing through fluttered something that looked like a star-flower from its resting-place upon the floor, and blew it to her breast. She shuddered; then kissed it passionately—one of those little silken emblems—a cockade of red, white, and blue. Last night it glittered on the breast of Jerome Ryversant. Almost at the very instant a boy's young voice ascended, lark-like, singing,

"With her flag proudly floating before her, The boat of the red, white, and blue!"

Following this, wound the notes of a bugle; then the long-rolling call of a drum; and the city was astir with the warlike preparations.

How that morning went she never knew, and other mornings came finding her saddened, but alert, with a serious watchfulness. A week after, when her brother announced his own determination to join in the struggle, she did not gainsay it.

On her table now, in place of romances, newspapers and books pertaining to the various struggles for liberty in other countries, and all manner of patriotic addresses that had gone forth from this, found place. She was learning a new lesson. It filled her soul with sorrow and perplexity, but it elevated and enlarged it.

So the days lengthened into weeks.

There came at last a day that will never be forgotten. In one portion of the land church bells were ringing and organ strains ascending on the summer air. In another,

"All into the valley of death, Rode the six hundred!"

Sitting in church that morning, through the solemn sweetness of the chants, Caroline Mayne was haunted by one sentence—"I owe it to my country!" The organ strains sounded to her like the dirge of hope, and the hymn had notes of wailing in it. "I owe it to my country!" That noble life! Was he even then, perhaps, giving it up? She dropped her flushed face, lifting her handkerchief as a shield, when lo! there dropped from out its folds the little silken token he had left behind—red, white, and blue! At such times, to imaginative persons, such simple occurrences come like omens. As such it came to her; and there, in the summer warmth, she grew chill with her emotions.

When, shortly afterward, the awful news came of that vain struggle she felt that her soul had been warned. Then followed the uncertainty of life or death for the beloved. In silence and alone she waited.

One day the bells rang, the cannon roared, and shouts of welcome rent the air. At a sheltered window a fair figure stood in white watching the returning heroes. Her watch was rewarded; but she can scarcely see for tears as a proud head lifts itself above the others to her vision; and in close company her brother—Edgar Mayne—both safe and before her!

When a bouquet, small and delicate, fell at Jerome Ryversant's feet, he did not doubt its source nor its meaning as he looked at it. A bunch of scarlet kalmias, and red orchids, and beads of golden grain surrounding one rose—a white rose, the heart's gift—and girdling it all, a circle of laurel. Thus she spoke to him from her sheltered window. Thus she made her confessions.

Later, when he held her to his heart, with the same noble simplicity which had so endeared her at first, she briefly said,

"I was wrong, and you were right; but I sinned through ignorance. Life has wider meanings to me now. This war has been my education."

How truly she said he began to realize as he saw with what clear perception she put personal ends away and flung her sympathies into the common cause.

He realized it more fully, when, a month later, sitting in the "rose-Eden," he put his arms round her. Should he stay or go? A little lower dropped the head, a little brower grew the clasping hand, a little bolder came the sweetest voice, as she answered:

"If three months ago the country needed the services of brave men, we know it needs them now. As you would give up for its cause what is dearer than your own life, I give what is dearer than mine."

While we await the result of this war to our country, let us hope that its lessons have been thus nobly received, and that from the claims of pleasure, the fetters of fashion, other women may be able to renounce mere personal ends, and give up with such spiritual insight of love what is dearer than their own lives—what is dearer than any life—a country's salvation. And when they drape their rooms with banners and silken symbols, let them think of the meaning of this—"Red, White, and Blue."

Indian Summer.

BY CHARLES PENNO HOFFMAN.

Light as love smiles, the silvery mist at morn Flows in loose flakes across the limpid river;

The blue-bird's notes upon the soft breeze borne; As high in air he curls, faintly quivering;

The weeping birch, like banners idly waving; Bends to the streams its spiky branches loving;

Beaded with dew, the witch-elm's tassels shiver; The timid rabbit from the furze is peeping, And from the springy spray the squirrels gaily leaping.

I love thee, Autumn, for thy scenery, ere The blasts of Winter chase the varied dyes That richly deck the slow declining year;

I love the splendor of thy sunset skies, The gorgeous hues that tinge each falling leaf, Lovely as beauty's cheek as woman's love too brief;

I love the note of each wild bird that flies, As on the wind he pours his parting lay, And wings his loitering flight to Summer climes away.

O, Nature, still I fondly turn to thee, With feelings fresh as e'er my childhood's were; Though wild and passion-toss'd my youth may be, Toward thee I still the same devotion bear;

To thee—to thee—though health and hope no more Life's wasted verdure may to me restore— I still can, childlike, come as when a prayer I bow'd my head upon a mother's knee, And deem'd the world, like her, all truth and purity.

Letter from India.

The following beautiful letter from Rev. Mr. Sudder, India, addressed to the Old South Sabbath School, in Reading, was read to the children at their last Sabbath evening concert, by the pastor Rev. Mr. Barrows.

Most of your readers, it is believed, will peruse it with a deep interest. Having solicited and obtained a copy with the consent of the pastor and Superintendent, Mr. Oliver Wallace, that the same be published in the *Middlesex Journal*, I take pleasure in forwarding it.

As the letter fully explains itself no further introductory is deemed necessary. LENO.

DINDIGUL, INDIA, AUG. 6th, 1861.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Here I am at last, on the opposite side of the globe from you, under a different sky, and among strange faces. Before I left home I promised you that I would try to write you a letter about my voyage to India, and the things I first saw there. I am spared to reach India, but how, what shall I write? Did you ever try to pour water out of a full narrow-necked bot-

tle? What a rattling and gurgling it makes! Just such a bottle am I; full enough of things to say, but so very full that they roll over one another in great confusion, if I try to pour them out. So this time you must let me gurggle a little.

I have so much to say about India, that I shall have to leave out all about the Oceans that we crossed, the ships we met and bowed to, the big whales we saw, the birds we caught with fish hooks, the stormy winds, when the great waves rushed in over our ship, and the hot still days, when the great ocean was as smooth as a mill pond. Read the 107th Psalm and you will have a good picture of life at sea. Through all God kept us. For more than one hundred days we sailed along without once seeing green grass or even barren sand, until one fine morning the cry came down to us from the mast head, "Land, Ho!" How we did cheer and rush to get a sight. We strained our eyes and then, away off, over the water, was a dim blue line. Land at last, hills in India. The wind was blowing us quickly towards it, and soon we could catch the form of the other hills, and then the beach, the white sand glistening in the sun, and there were trees, yes, living trees, tall coconut palms, waving their feathery leaves in the morning breeze. "There's a village!" "What, that!" How muddy it looks!" "Yes and well it may, for all houses in India are built of mud." "But see those black things all around us, on the water! Why, there's a man on them, on every one. What can they be?" Those are boats made of three logs tied together. They are called Catamarans, which means "tied trees." They are fishing boats, and those men, who look as if they were dressed in black, but are really dressed in nothing, are the fishermen. Here they come along side with fish to sell. But we can't stop to look at them, for there just coming in sight, is Madras, where we are to land. We can see plainly the ships lying at anchor, the flag flying in the fort, the tall towers of Mohammedan mosques, and what is still more pleasing, than steeples of churches. Soon the Captain gives orders to cast anchor,—we hear a tremendous rattling of chain, down goes the anchor to the bottom of the sea, and our long voyage is over.

Soon after, larger, but very odd-looking boats, row up to us, and in one of them comes Mr. Hunt, the missionary printer. We are glad to see him, for he brings us letters from home which we left four months ago. If you want to know how blessed a thing it is to get "good news from a far country," come to India and see. We sat down at once, tore open our letters, found all were well at home, and then made ready to go ashore.

America, so we must expect that many things will be different here from things at home. I might tell you of many strange ways of working the people have. While I am writing a miller is sitting close by. If you watch him, you will see that he sits by pushing the needle from him instead of toward him, as you girls do. When the people milk the cows they always sit on the left hand side, not on the right. It is not thought wrong to walk into a gentleman's house with your hat on, but it would never do to go in without taking off your shoes. Nor must you ever go away from a house before you are told to. Which of you boys or girls is No. 1 at school? If you should tell a Hindoo scholar that you were No. 1, he would think you were at the foot of the class. If there are twenty boys in a class No. 20 is at the head. So when the Bible tells us that Elisha was ploughing with twelve yoke of oxen, himself with the twelfth, it means in our way of counting, that he was with the first.

But I forget; we are taking a walk. Do you notice how all the people you meet have marks on their foreheads? Here are some who have three marks of yellow and white, up and down. Here are others that have a broad mark across their foreheads, and even on their breasts and arms. Others have a spot as large as a five cent piece just above their noses, and others a blue line running down their nose. What are they for? They are sacred marks, showing what god they worship. But some of the marks are rubbed in so deep, that no washing can take them out; so I have seen some Christians here, who were once heathens, wearing these marks still. They are the old marks, and as those can never be washed away till death, so many spots on their souls shall not be clean gone till they pass to where the pure live and have on their foreheads a new name written. There are no marks on four foreheads, are there any on you souls? The Roman Catholics here mark their foreheads with the cross, and well show by that how like the heathen they still are.

But we have taken a long walk and the sun is up. It will not do to stay out late in this hot country for the sun is scorching. We have seen no temples as yet; let us look out for one on the way back. Just before you turn into the missionary's house on the left hand side of the road, you see a man turning round and round, bowing and muttering over something. What is he about? Go a little nearer, and there hidden behind some trees you see a small white washed house. In front of where the man is standing is a hole in the wall about two feet square, and inside it sits a great black, dirty looking image with a garland of red flowers around its neck. Look carefully and see if you can tell the name of the image. Do you remember the story I told you about the god with an elephant's head? This is the one, for you can see his trunk as he holds it in his hand. Wasn't it strange that it should be the first idol that I saw in India? It made me think of the many Sunday Schools to which I had told the story. But here really was that idol; Yes, and here was a real man praying to it. Of course I knew before that real men did such things, yet I had never seen one till now. There he was, joining his hands together, bowing down and saying his prayers to that black stone. Poor man! Do you truly believe that such a thing as that can hear you or do you good? I could not talk to him, for I did not know his language; so I stood and looked and wondered. Pretty soon he walked around to the front side, where was another stone image. He bowed to that, with his face to the ground, turned round five or six times and bowed again, and was doing so when I left him and went into the house.

How do you suppose that temple happened to be in just that place? Some years ago there was a large well on the spot. Some priests spread a carpet at the bottom of that well was a god, and that he wanted to be brought up and worshipped. So they called a great crowd of people together, had a feast, said prayers, and then sent some one down into the well. Down he went and after a time came back bringing, to be sure, the god with him. Then the people shouted out, and said that the god must have a temple on that very spot. So they set to work, the people giving money, and the building I saw was the temple which they put up for the god.

Since I began this letter I have been out with some other missionaries to preach to the heathen in another place. On the way back I saw what was a new sight to me. Under a large tree were some idols. All around the tree were swings made of wood, hung on wooden frames about six feet high. What think you, were they for? They were put there for the gods to swing in. Every dark night, say the people, when the wind blows high, the gods come out and have a swing. We can't see them because it is dark, but we can hear the swings creak, as they swing back and forth. Now I must stop. But what have I written this long letter to you for? Can you answer? Because you promised me that if I would write you three or four times a year, you would give enough money to keep a Christian school. In these schools the children will be taught not to bow down to stone, but to the living God. Do you not think that they need to be taught this? I have not told you about these schools yet, because I had so much else to write about. In my next letter I shall try to. And now don't forget your pennies and when you drop them into the contribution box, wrap each one up in a prayer to God that he will make them good for the little heathen children in India.

Your affectionate friend,
DAVID C. SCUDDER.

CARPETS.—See the advertisement of the bankrupt stock which is being sold by the New England Carpet Co., of Boston.

Our Ellerie correspondence, with much other matter, is unavoidably laid over this week.

The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS.—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

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Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, loaded, 15 cents per line for one insertion, and subsequent insertions 5 cents.
All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading.—DR. J. D. MANSFIELD.
Stonham.—E. T. WHITTIER.
Woburn.—THOMAS RICHARDSON.

S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Seaboard Building, Court street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and all will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms, and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOV. 23, 1861.

MASON AND SLIDELL.

The capture of Mason and Slidell, Ministers Plenipotentiary from his honor Jeff. Davis to the Court of St. James, gave no little surprise and satisfaction to our people. When the news came last Saturday that they were taken by one of our Commodores on board a British Mail steamer, every one at once asked the questions, what will England do in such a case? What is the substance of international law on the subject? On Monday, when the Metropolitan editors had time to collect information bearing on the case, we were led to believe that the capture was purely legal and that it was only on account of the forbearance of our officers that the steamer bearing these august personages was not made a prize of. This seemed to settle the question, but no sooner did we feel complacent in the matter than up comes the question, Does not their landing at a neutral port before being captured, place them under the protection of the British flag? To this question some answer may and some may not. Some call them fugitives from justice; if they are such, are not the slaves in Canada the same? And have we not the same right to enter Canada and arrest those slaves, as we had to arrest Mason and Slidell on board the Trent? Some quote the Queen's proclamation in defence of Com. Wilkes' proceeding, but we think it does not bear on this case, inasmuch as the Trent was not engaged in the special service of carrying those two persons, but was a mail vessel and was engaged in her legitimate business of sailing from one neutral port to another, and it is not to be supposed that the captain was in duty bound to examine his different passengers to ascertain whether or not they belonged to either of the contending parties in this country. If the Trent had sailed from any port in the South for a neutral port, or vice versa, and was captured on the way, then the capture of these men would have been perfectly safe and correct. But such is not the case, and consequently we think the proceeding of Com. Wilkes is illegal, and will not be recognized by England. We will wait with much patience until the comments of the English press on the subject are received, which will probably be about the 7th of December. We think that it will take a totally different view of the matter from that which our press has taken.

We are much pleased that the reported sayings and doings of the British and Spanish Ministers upon this subject have been contradicted. When we first read these statements, we did not believe that those men could so forget their diplomatic positions and standing as gentlemen, as to act in the manner attributed to them. The object which impels men to make such statements as these, that are so utterly devoid of truth, we cannot for a moment imagine or conceive, and what they expect to gain by so doing is also equally unintelligible to us. If they suppose that such proceedings create public opinion, and antipathy on the part of our people toward England, they are somewhat mistaken in their calculations. We believe that the people of this country have enough wit to judge for themselves, and that they will do so. We hope and pray that the day is far distant when England and America will cross swords in battle.

We confess that we have never seen any real cause for apprehension of a war with England before. We have seen much on paper relative to the matter, but nothing containing any real cause for such dark forebodings. The London Times has thundered loudly, and blustered fiercely; the New York Herald has done the same in retaliation. Mr. Seward has been snappish and lacked a great deal of diplomatic courtesy, in speaking of and treating with England. But if nothing serious arises from the taking of Mason and Slidell, we think our people can safely place themselves at rest in respect to war with England.

Mr. Stephen Nichols, Jr., who was seriously injured on Wednesday of last week, as stated in our last, died suddenly on Sunday. A post mortem examination was made, which proved that he died of congestion of the lungs.

Natural History.

One of Woburn's most laborious students in Natural History, has called our attention to some rare specimens and facts in his favorite study, which he has discovered and collected during the current year. One of these is the "Rose-breasted Grosbeak"—male and female, with five eggs, which he secured last June near Horn Pond, the nest being in a juniper bush. This bird is very rare in New England, so much so that when Prof. Agassiz was told that a pair, with nest and eggs, were found in Woburn, he could not credit the assertion until the veritable subjects were placed before him, for his examination. Prof. Nuttall, a former Professor of Natural History in Cambridge, says—"The history of this splendid songster is very obscure, the species being rare and accidental in the Atlantic States. The remote North-Western Territory of the Union, Canada, and the cool regions toward the Rocky Mountains, appear to be the general residence of the Rose-breasted Grosbeak. Mr. Say met with it on the lower banks of the Missouri on the 5th of August, in the 49th degree of latitude. The enterprising Dr. Richardson, who accompanied Capt. Franklin into the dreary northern regions of Canada, also observed it in the latitude of 53°. It has likewise been seen in Mexico. These are, no doubt, its proper natal regions, from which it only ventures accidentally in severe winters. They are then seen occasionally in the vicinity of Philadelphia, in the State of New York, and in Connecticut, but rarely, if ever, in this part of New England." It will be seen by this that our Woburn friend has come in possession of quite a rare and valuable treasure, and one that he has great reason to prize highly, who no doubt he does. He has the birds "stuffed," and the eggs, which have been blown in the latest and most approved manner, are in the nest which the birds themselves built and which rests on the same twig as where they placed it, so that the whole arrangement is true to nature.

Another specimen is the "Chestnut-sided Warbler." Of this species he has three pairs with nests and eggs. He spent a day and a half in searching for one of these nests, it being so artfully concealed, in a thicket not twenty-five feet square; and then, when about to give up the search as vain, he by the merest accident discovered its situation. Prof. Nuttall says, "This rare and beautiful Sylvia, which probably winters in tropical America, appears in the Middle and Northern States early in May on its way North to breed; they are also seen in the spring in Canada and around Hudson's Bay. A few remain, no doubt, to rear their young in secluded mountainous situations in the North States, as on the 22d of May, 1830, a pair appeared to have fixed on their summer abode, near the summit of the Blue Hills of Milton. He says that, on the 27th of June, 1831, I observed a pair selecting food for their young with their usual address and activity, by the margin of a bushy and secluded swamp on the west side of Fresh Pond, in this vicinity; but I had not the good fortune to discover the nest. I have, however, since I believe discovered the nest of this bird in a hazel copse in a wood in Acton, in this State. It is fixed in the forked twigs of a hazel about breast high. The fabric is rather light and airy, being made externally of a few coarse blades and stalks of dead grass, these filled in with finer blades of the same, the whole matted and tied with caterpillar's silk, and lined with very slender strips of brown bark and similar white pine leaves. A few feathers have been forsaken, and the eggs I have never seen." The nest found by our friend differs from the one which Nuttall describes. The outside seems to be made of thin shavings taken from cedar rails after they had become worn, resembling flax; the inside is lined with fine, fibrous roots, and there is no decayed grass about it. Two of the nests were found pendant, not built in the fork of a tree. The eggs, four in number, are principally white, with brown spots at the large end. Audubon, the great American naturalist, in speaking of these birds, says, that in all his travels he never saw but five of them, and that he made it a point for two years to ascertain where they built and find the nest and eggs, but was not successful; and he had never seen or heard of any one that was more fortunate than himself. If this is the case, and it undoubtedly is, why is it that more exertions are not made to bring these facts to light, by those interested in the subject, when it can be done by the mere trouble of search and attention?

Another specimen is the "Unio-nautilus." Of this species, several have been found in Horn Pond. It is considered very rare in the New England States, by naturalists, yet by diligent search it can be found at our own doors.

Still another, and the most curious of all, is the "Anodon fluviatilis." Prior to the middle of last month, the simple fact of the time when this species spawn was looked up to the student of natural history within the recess of its shell, none even taking the pains to investigate the matter. At that time several of this interesting class were picked up on the borders of Horn Pond and examined. A difference was discovered in the appearance of the male and female. The "foot" in the male being white, in the female yellow. Prof. Agassiz, when asked the reason why the female was yellow, at once replied, "She must be spawning." He then examined the specimen more closely, and when the fact became clearly apparent, he exclaimed, with scientific delight, "That was a very beautiful observation." Truly it must have been thus, when this great man said so. The ovary in this species is double, while in the others, which spawn in June, it is single, and contains myriads upon myriads of minute eggs. Those found by our friend were placed under a powerful microscope, and the shell of the mollusc was seen to open and shut in the egg. This was very pleasing to the Professor, and also to those of his students who observed it.

If these, and many other beauties of the natural world, are to be found with very little trouble in our midst, why is it that our Natural History Association has not yet made any collection, for which purpose, in part, it is presumed that it was formed? No one can compare specimens thoroughly from memory, the subjects must be side by side. The splendors of nature are not all wrapped up in the productions of the fields; they exist also in every living and creeping thing—in those merry warblers that make the woods

echo and re-echo with the melody of their heaven-born songs; and in the many shells that line the borders of our coast and of our ponds. Cannot we have a collection in Woburn that will be both an honor and a source of profit to our citizens?

FOR THE UNION GUARD.—Two boxes of "good things" were sent to the Union Guard, early this week. The contents consisted principally of mittens, socks, reading matter, &c., and also some presents from private individuals, that would go to make up a good New England Thanksgiving dinner. That the "boys" enjoyed them all, is the earnest wish of many a loving and yearning heart in Woburn.

"BRITISH WORKMAN."—We have received, through the Editor, a copy of this paper, and for which international courtesy we return thanks. The "Workman," which is published at 9 Paternoster Row, London, is conducted upon high moral principles, and labors for the advancement of the working classes. It is edited with much ability—at least the number before us, and we have no reason to suppose that other numbers are not the same—and cannot but raise the morality of every home wherein it finds a place, and where its lessons are considered and heeded. We wish the editor continued and increased prosperity in his good work.

The Central Advanced and High Schools, had their examinations last Wednesday. The attendance of visitors was not large, but the advancement of pupils in both schools was commendable both to the teachers and themselves.

The workmen in Cummings' tannery were each presented with a turkey for their Thanksgiving dinner. Others have done likewise, though on a smaller scale.

A GOOD DAY'S WORK.—Mr. Charles S. Sweetser, who drives for Carter & Converse, carried out on Tuesday morning last 400 loaves of bread and 6 barrels of crackers, together with cakes, &c., and when he reached home at night had not enough left to appease his own hunger had he felt his gawings.

HARPER FOR DECEMBER.—Through the politeness of A. Williams & Co., of Boston, we have received Harper's Monthly for the coming month. It is of unusual interest and its regular readers will find much that will interest them. Those who are not in the habit of buying it regularly, will by purchasing a copy, obtain as much good matter as can be found in a hundred of the sensation newspapers of the day.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The December number of this periodical is before us and contains the usual amount of interesting and valuable matter. The January number will commence the ninth volume, and the publishers promise their patrons a rare literary feast. Among the contributors for the coming year, are—Prof. Agassiz, Hawthorne, Lowell, Bayard Taylor, Mrs. Stowe, and many others, each one of whom is a host in himself.

At Wether's Bonnet Establishment, 20 Hanover St., Boston, our lady readers, when they go shopping in the city, will find a full assortment of Bonnets, Hats, Ribbons, Laces, and in fact everything found in a first class millinery store. The prices are low, and the goods are of the most recent styles.

TURNIP.—Mr. Stephen Corey of this town, has raised a turnip this year, which weighs 17 lbs.

Letter from Fort Pickens.

The following extracts were contained in a letter which was received from Chester W. Green, of Stonham, by his father. He is on board the Colorado, now stationed off Fort Pickens.

U. S. STEAMER COLORADO, Oct. 25th, Off Fort Pickens, Florida.
I trust that some providential event may take place which may give this rebellion a speedy termination, and I cannot but think that when a decisive advance is made upon the Secessionists that their columns must fall back and soon be obliged to yield, but we hear in every mail of the treachery of some officer or officers in high position, which must have a very sad effect upon the plans of the Administration, but it had better happen now than hereafter; and perhaps the apparent tardiness which seems to characterize the movements of the Administration will prove in the end for the best. It cannot be supposed that this disturbance can be put down without some hard fighting, but I cannot think that there will of necessity be but a few hard battles. I think that all of the best equipped and best drilled men are North, and if they meet with a heavy loss there, the Federal army will have little to fear from those which they would have to combat farther South. But this is all a matter of speculation of course, but judging from the men who were taken prisoners at the skirmish here on Santa Rosa, I cannot think otherwise. And they represent that they were picked men. I am certain that such men would not be selected from the Colorado for such an expedition, and I doubt very much if they could find such a set if they wished to. The greater part of them were beardless youths who don't look smart enough to stay at home; much more to go to war.

On the 16th the prisoners which were tak-

en on the Island here by Wilson's men were taken on board the Colorado and put in double irons. They are 24 in number, besides 2 officers, who are allowed their liberty, although they are watched very closely. Some of them say that they were pressed into the rebel service and express their willingness, and desire to fight for the "Glorious Union," but of course we are obliged to keep them as prisoners. They receive letters from their friends on shore almost every day, but are not allowed to correspond themselves. On the 24th the Powhattan came in from her cruise in search of the Sumter. She reports that she has been on the track of the Sumter ever since she left us (Aug. 14th); that she traced her as far as Brazil; and that she has now gone round the Horn, where she will commit her depredations upon the California steamers. She will meet with her just deserts by and by, I am thinking. Nothing more of any interest occurred here until last Sunday night, Oct. 27th. About 2 bells in the first watch, 10 o'clock, the Rhode Island came in and anchored. She hardly came to an anchor before 3 rockets were sent up from Fort Pickens, and in a few minutes an officer came aboard from the fort, stating that the rebels were landing in force upon the Island, about 4 miles from the fort. All hands were immediately called; 4 boats manned and sent ashore, the anchor hoisted, and the ship taken in as near to the Island as the captain deemed it prudent. The crew was then called to quarters, and waited anxiously for the first gun to be fired; after waiting for nearly an hour without any signs of an attack, three shots were fired in about the direction which the rebels were supposed to be in; but there was no response, and in a few minutes the order was given for the crew to spread themselves out as comfortably as they could upon the decks without their hammocks. Here we remained until morning, but without experiencing the benefit of much sleep. In the morning nothing was to be seen of the enemy, they having retreated without making any attack. Their tracks were distinctly visible, and it is supposed that there were several hundred of them.

The prisoners say that the rebels call the Colorado the "Black Devil," and they are much more afraid to meet the sailors, than the soldiers, and I guess that they have reason to entertain that opinion in regard to them. I actually believe that one hundred of our men would drive 300 of their troops, if the prisoners on hand are a fair sample.

C. W. G.

SOUTH READING.

SCHOOL EXHIBITIONS.—All our schools had their public exhibitions on two afternoons of last week,—the six junior schools on Thursday, and the seven others on Friday. This order of things was an experiment with us, and many were in doubt whether the arrangement would be a success or a failure. There were about 225 pupils present on each occasion—not the full force of the schools—and all of these did not take a part except in the singing. On Thursday afternoon there was a good audience though the hall was not entirely filled. The little ones in all respects, performed their parts as well, and behaved as well as could be reasonably expected of them. Each school had two rounds of fifteen minutes at a time, and the teachers were prompt, beginning their exercises the moment their schools were called. They exhibited more fortitude and courage in their recitations, singing and declamations than might have been expected under the circumstances.

On Friday afternoon, the senior Grammar and High schools, seven in number, occupied about four hours, and no time wasted. The teachers generally were prompt, calm and collected. The selections differing with the tastes of the teachers, gave a great variety to the performances. Nearly all of the schools had excellent singing. During the early part of the afternoon on Friday, five pupils of the High school were selected to write composition on a subject given out by the Committee at the time, without previous knowledge by any other one of what that subject would be. Their productions were read toward the close of the exercises, and displayed quickness of thought, and an aptness in appropriating general knowledge to practical use.

The almost universal testimony is that the experiment was highly successful in both departments. Some may feel that an interview of half a dozen schools for a few hours of an afternoon, can give no true idea of the progress of the pupils, and that therefore the former style of exhibitions of each school separately would prove much more satisfactory. But it may be replied that very few of the exhibitions set forth the real character of the school. Any teacher with ability to keep school successfully, has shrewdness enough to get up an exhibition beyond what is wanted by the actual condition of the school. But it is an exhibition and not an examination, and so understood by teachers, committees and friends. Now is it just to make charges of unfairness and deception, if the school should be dressed up a little extra on particular occasions to receive a large number of visitors. Though children should not be made to appear to understand important principles, when they are entirely ignorant of them, and have only committed to memory to give a proper explanation. In the present instance no examination was expected or asked by the committee. Each teacher was allowed to exhibit her charge in her own way, and according to her best judgment, in the time allowed. If any one preferred to make a display of the fanciful rather than of the solid, an appreciative audience would be likely to set a correct estimate upon her taste. The real condition of the schools can be obtained by the committee or other, only by a personal visit, and a private examination by a thorough questioning of the classes in the various branches pursued. Every board should see that this is done once a year at least, besides what is learned at the monthly visits. Then their annual report, which is a printed form, goes into every family, may be examined with some degree of confidence, as indicating the success

of the teachers and the progress of the schools. Bringing the schools together occasionally as it has been done this Fall, serves to excite a stimulus which is greatly needed in some of them to develop their real strength and capacity.

The schools will recommence on the first Monday in December, and during the Winter term will be subjected to a thorough private examination, and at the close, each one will have a separate exhibition.

Messrs Knowlton, brothers, have located a Daguerrian Saloon near the Dry Goods Store of E. Mansfield on Main Street, where they are ready to execute with dispatch any business in their line. A fine opportunity is now presented to procure good pictures for friends at home or away. They are workmen who need not be ashamed, and are worthy of most liberal patronage.

Let not the meeting of the Home Education Society on Monday evening be forgotten, to consider the claims of domestics and servants to the privileges of the drawing room and parlor.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. EDITOR.—I do not take up my pen at this time to continue the subject of Log-rolling or Wire-pulling; but noticing a little squib from an amateur wire-puller, I thought perhaps you would be willing to allow me space in your columns to correct a mistake or two that, "W. N. T." has made. I mean a mistake in the article which he has penned not a mistake in becoming a wire-puller. Oh no—not at all,—for I should judge by the article, that if he should continue in the business of log-rolling he would arrive at a princely state—soon. The writer says he has not been "engaged in politics but two or three years." Wonderful announcement!—only three years and he has his little clique arranged for "important changes in the town offices" at our next March meeting. I must confess for one, that it is farther than I have progressed in the art, and I doubt whether any of the older Wire-pullers have arranged matters as yet for next year. We think he has made remarkable proficiency in the art, for so short a time, and would advise him to go in for a large share of the offices, as it is always to the "wise" that the spoils belong. We do not wonder that he was "pleased" with E's and O. S. M.'s article from the fact, as it appeared to him, of our slow progression in the art. Wishing him success in the active part he has taken in the "affairs of government" as it is given (to him) by divine favor.

I remain, yours truly,

O. S. M.

Keene, N. H., Nov. 20th, 1861.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Died, in Hollis, N. H., Nov. 17th, of Dropsy, while on a visit, Mrs. Vesta L. HARTSHORN, of Portland Me. aged 61 years.
Mrs. Hartshorn, late of Portland, and formerly of South Reading Mass. was the daughter of Dr. Charles Hay, late of Portland, and the grand-daughter of the late Dr. John Hay of South Reading. She was a lady of great amiability and kindness of disposition, gentle and modest in her deportment, frugal and industrious in her habits, charitable and liberal to the afflicted,—intelligent and virtuous. The recollections of her in the minds of her living friends are pleasant, and her memory is blessed.

READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The full term of all our Schools has closed. The examination (not exhibition) of our High School took place on Friday of last week, occupying the entire day. The large number of visitors present—one hundred and thirty—will bear sufficient testimony to the interest which is beginning to be felt in this school. It has in time past failed, to a very great extent, to enlist the sympathies of many of our people for various reasons which it is no purpose of mine to point out; but the clouds at last are breaking away and the sunlight of truth, science and education has received a new impetus. This school has had competent teachers heretofore, but competency, as the term is usually understood, is not the only qualification necessary to constitute one a successful teacher; there are other qualifications scarcely of less importance, which must be brought to blend with it, and in this respect the school is peculiarly fortunate in their present teacher, Mr. Luther Pillsbury, who not only in an eminent degree possesses the happy faculty of communicating his knowledge to his pupils, but very readily secures their respect and esteem, which renders the government of the school much less arduous. Mr. P. has much method, not only in relation to the government of the school but also in relation to the minutest details pertaining to all its branches, and everything moves like clock work and with scarcely more noise. The examination afforded the highest satisfaction, and the superintending school committee expressed themselves greatly pleased, as also did the Rev. Mr. Wilcox, Dr. Wakefield, and Mr. Brooks of Bridgewater. The examination was conducted with so much thoroughness, that the shadows of evening compelled the teacher to omit much he had intended to bring forward. It would be quite difficult to decide who has made the most improvement during this term as all have done so well, yet I disparage none when I say that I was much pleased by the recitations in Algebra, Geometry, and Surveying. The class in surveying has from time to time spent no little time in surveying the most difficult pieces of land, and among those selected for drawing on the blackboard, was one belonging to Mr. Dana Parker, which amateurs ordinarily would shrink from attempting, for nothing can be found in Heaven like unto it, and I am quite sure earth can not show its like, hence there can be no sin in worshipping it—perhaps. Some of the many compositions which had been prepared were read and afforded good evidence of a studious mind and scholarship. I hope I may be able soon to obtain one or more of them for the Journal, as it was not forgotten

of them. But I must cut short my account as I fear your patience will have been taxed too severely if I recount all I saw and heard, but notwithstanding, I could not excuse myself were I to neglect several conundrums that were read by two Misses, although I am aware they will be better understood here—some of them at least—than elsewhere.

Why is the High School like a Southern plantation? Because it has Rice. Why is it like the wheel of a clock? Because it has a Coggin. Why is it attractive to young ladies? Because it has a Sweet-ser. Why does it resemble the Reformation? Because Luther is the instructor. Why is it like the State of Ohio? It contains Marietta. Why do we not expect long speeches from our Committee? Because we have a Still-man. Why is our school like the sacred Scriptures? Because we have Ruth and Esther. Why is our school likely to prosper? Because it has a Hart in the work. What has become of the Reading panther? Ana.—It has gone.

The whole number during the fall term was 32; average attendance 29; the oldest Miss 19; the youngest 13; the oldest Master 17; the youngest 13; the average of the school 154. The names of the scholars are as follows:—Olivia A. Wakefield, Emma A. Prescott, Marietta W. Coggin, Esther Emerson, Harriet A. Burrill, Eliza R. Richardson, Laura M. Gleason, Sarah E. Pratt, Lizzie M. Wakefield, Harriet L. Weston, Ruth L. Pratt, Emeline P. Wakefield, Celia M. Kingman, Mary S. Brown, Julia Parker, Frederick Bancroft, Galen A. Parker, Charles Battell, Francis W. Kimball, Charles N. Nichols, Henry O. Pratt, Edward J. Valentine, William Harnden, Robert H. Kemp, Dwight R. Putnam. Twenty-eight were present at the examination, and one or two have removed from town: Below I append the order of exercises. I will only add what has already been indirectly alluded to, that the examination was highly creditable to the scholars and reflected the highest honor upon the teacher.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.—Morning—Greek Lessons, History, Latin Lessons, Arithmetic, Recess, Parsing, Reading, Afternoon—Chemistry, Algebra, Geometry and Trigonometry, Recess, Caesar, Paper, Declamations, Recitations of poetry, etc.

The committee to collect and forward articles to the Sanitary Commission have been very busy, as the following will plainly show. Three boxes were sent on Monday last, No. 1 contained—1 pair cloth slippers, 11 pillows, 14 pillow cases, 4 blankets, 2 pair hospital socks, 2 quilts, 10 sheets, 8 towels, 4 pair stockings, 5 sheets, 1 bolster, 4 comforters, 1 bundle of linen for bandages, in all 67 articles. Box No. 2 contained—2 pairs mittens, 1 pair drawers, 19 pillow cases, 24 sheets, 1 shawl, 2 bundles of linen for bandages, 14 pillows, 2 pair socks, 9 quilts, 1 comforter, 8 linen towels, 1 lb. corn starch, 2 linen pillow cases, 5 lbs dried apples, in all 91 articles. No. 3—5 quilts, 2 pair slippers, 30 linen towels, 7 sheets, 2 blankets, 10 lbs. dried apples, 19 pillow cases—99 articles. Total number of articles, 257. This will do very well for the first week's operation, and I think no one can complain of want of energy on the part of the committee.

Robert Weston, reported as having been killed in the battle of Ball's Bluff, and to whose memory funeral honors were paid in this town, it appears, is alive and well. "Uncle" of the Budget, received a letter from him last Tuesday evening dated at Richmond, Oct. 30th. By the politeness of "Uncle" I learn that thirteen others of the same company with Weston are also there as prisoners, together with from six to seven hundred others who were taken prisoners at the same time; all are well cared for. The news that W. was still living was received with some surprise, as one member of the company wrote home to his friends in this town that he was killed and buried on the Bluff; another that he had burst a blood vessel; another that he was dead, but he was unable to say how he was killed as there was no mark or wound to be found on his body. This shows how difficult it is to get at the real facts when every thing is in such confusion, as was the case at Ball's Bluff, and that friends may well discredit first reports after a battle until the smoke has been cleared away.

The Reunion has done a good work in furnishing 40 pairs of socks for the soldiers.

The Rev. Mr. Barrows has relinquished one hundred dollars of his salary from Sept. 1st. This is quite sufficient to show that there are some ministers who are not altogether controlled by the almighty dollar, which is too often apparent at the present day. There are not a few ministers now-a-days who cannot live on twelve or even fifteen hundred dollars salary, with no extraordinary expenses, and who after a short stay in place seem to be called to take up their bed and walk to fields more fruitful. Now in cases like these, a word or two of advice, although unasked, may not be considered worthless by all. When a minister becomes uneasy, alleging that twelve, fifteen, or eighteen hundred dollars per annum is not sufficient to sustain him, then the sooner a society let such a one have a free pass to go where he pleases the better it will be for them, no matter how talented he may be, for such living examples of economy are not beneficial to the rising generation, and are little short of a burlesque on religion. I am well aware this is plain talk, but I wish to be understood and flatter myself that I have succeeded. If not I will try again.

LENO.

DENTAL.—It is with pleasure that we call attention to the card of Dr. J. R. Dillingham. He is meeting with great success in performing ALL Dental Operations without pain. His preparation for denuding the sensibility of a tooth, preparatory to filling, has given him a large practice in that department of his profession; and his long experience, and the beauty and utility of his operations, rank him as one of our first Dentists.—Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

WOOD AUCTIONS.—See the Wood Auctions by Wm. Winn, advertised in another column.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

WAR ITEMS.—B. F. Thompson Esq., the Treasurer of the fund subscribed for the benefit of the volunteers, has settled up his account of the receipts and disbursements of the same from which the following items are gleaned.

It will be remembered doubtless, that this fund was subscribed at the time when it was thought a company of volunteers in whole or in part would be raised in our town. The total amount subscribed was \$376.50 by 77 individuals in sums ranging from \$250, to \$1.00. Of these, four persons whose subscriptions amounting to \$253.00 refused to pay any portion of the same on the ground that a whole company was not raised in town which they say, was the condition of their subscription. 16 paid 4 per cent amounting to \$35.55, and the remaining 57 paid from 15 per cent to the whole amount which amounted to \$420.13. Total receipts \$450.58. Of those who paid the 15 per cent, 10 per cent or \$55.50 was refunded by vote of the meeting August 20th, to 27 individuals, others allowed the amount refunded to be paid over to the Soldier's Aid Society, an excellent idea and which added to its funds \$57.00. It is to be regretted that the other subscribers did not pursue the same generous course which would have given the ladies a good sum to purchase material to carry on their benevolent work. \$67.00 was paid out to sixteen volunteers who have enlisted from this town; sundry expenses \$31.37, making the whole amount paid out \$450.87. Twenty individuals who paid small sums amounting in all to \$33.88 which were from 15 per cent, to the whole amount did not ask for or receive any portion of their subscription.

The oldest son of Mr. Charles P. Sanborn has enlisted in the corps of Sappers and Miners now recruiting in Boston and designated for important service.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Bacon whose youngest son Alonzo P., is in the 13th Regiment, Capt. Harlow, now in the Advance Guard Army of the Upper Potomac, Headquarters Williamsport Md. being desirous that their son and his comrades should have a good Thanksgiving dinner, sent on a box containing a roasted turkey weighing twenty pounds, a plum pudding and all the fixings to match, sufficient for a mess of twenty men. The box and contents weighed some eighty lbs. From the well known reputation of these parties for getting up such things, there can be no doubt but what that mess had a great time on that day, and that the donors and their friends were duly remembered in the observance of that occasion.

On representation that the sons of Mrs. Abrahams now soldiers in the Grand Army of the United States were sick and in great need of certain articles to make themselves comfortable, the Soldiers Aid Society through its officers generously and promptly made up a bundle of those things needed and sent it on its mission of sympathy and good will to these young men as an incentive to further self denial and heroic courage.

Schools.—The School Committee at their last meeting voted to introduce into the High School for the use of the youngest class, the "Preparatory Latin Prose Book by J. H. Hanson, A. M." Although the town at its last meeting adopted the recommendation of the Committee in regard to the location of the Wyman School House, yet the price to be paid was not settled upon although it was stated that it could be obtained for \$500.

With all due deference to the opinion of the Committee who are presumed to know best in regard to the location of the building, many of our citizens think it a poor one and unsuitable, and the price asked exorbitant. It is further said, that it will cost some \$300 to move the school house and fix it in the new location. This will involve an expense to the town of \$800 or more. It would be better if the price is deemed unreasonable, for the town to authorize the Selectmen to take the land by virtue of the power conferred upon them in the General Statutes, Chap. 39, Sec. 33 "and appraise the damages to the owner of such land in the manner provided for laying out highways and appraising damages sustained thereby." If the owner of the land is aggrieved by such action, he has a right of appeal to the County Commissioners. It was a singular idea that the land upon which the school house now stands should have been leased at the outset instead of being purchased or taken. In this matter, the inhabitants of this school district ought to be willing to bear a portion of the expense and evils if any attendant upon the locations, considering the benefit conferred.

Social.—The Ladies Sewing Circle connected with the Baptist Society, held their annual meeting on Thursday evening of last week, at the residence of Alanson Winn. There was a full attendance and much interest manifested. The Literary Assembly met on the same evening at the residence of S. T. Sanborn.

A MOST VALUABLE DISCOVERY.—Peter Lawson, Esq., of Lowell, who has for a year or two past been engaged in the carpet manufacturing business in this town, while experimenting in his chemical laboratory last spring accidentally discovered what has proved itself to be a certain cure for neuralgia and all kindred diseases, such as nervous headache, toothache, and chilblains. Many people in this vicinity have used it with complete success, after having tried everything else without avail.

Among others, Leonard Chase, Esq., our well-known townsman, who had been completely prostrated by neuralgia for some two and one-half years, and who had consulted the most eminent physicians of New England, without receiving hope of relief, after using Mr. Lawson's discovery only once, had the first night of sound and refreshing sleep (near 8 hours) that he had had for many months. After using it but a few weeks, he so far recovered as to be able to attend to his business as usual and his health is now as good as it has been at any time within the last 25 years. Some of the cures wrought by it seem almost miraculous, and we hope that Mr. Lawson will be induced to manufacture it as it may be required for the public benefit.—*Milford Republican*, June 17th, 1859.

As the season to strengthen the nerves for the cold of winter approaches, we would call

attention to the above. Mr. Chase above referred to is the present Senator from this District, (No. 7), and is now, and has been ever since he used the curative in perfect health. We refer to Mr. Lawson's certificates in his advertisement in another place. They are (most of them), well known to the public, and would give them to any humbug, and only give them to a "Curative" of merit. We would further state, that Mr. Lawson does not follow the business he is now giving attention to as many others do, and in reality despises to be considered among the humbugging gentry. Those, who know him, will cheerfully testify to.—*Nashua Gazette*.

Special Notices.

WARREN ACADEMY.

THE WINTER TERM at this Institution will commence MONDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 18th, and continue thirteen weeks, under the charge of Dr. D. W. Sanborn, as Principal.

B. CUTTER, Secretary Trustees, Woburn, Nov. 15, 1861.

To Consumptives.

The advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption—acted by the only object of the advertiser in sending the prescription to the afflicted, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will cheerfully send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), free with full and explicit directions for preparing and successfully using the same, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Williamsburgh, Kings County, New York.

7-3m*

Book-keeping Rationalized. Price, \$1.

A new work by George N. Comer, A. M., now for twenty-one years past senior Principal of COMMER'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, Boston. RULED BLANKS for the same price, 45 cents per set. COMMER'S NAVIGATION MANUAL, price 50 cents. COMMER'S & LINTON'S Copies for Penman ship, 25 cents. COMMER'S admirable Steel Pens, four Nos., \$1 per gross. Any of the above sent post-paid on the receipt of price. NAVIGATION, BOOK-KEEPING, WRITING, &c. Thoroughly and practically taught, day and evening. Separate department for ladies. No class system. Students attend, as heretofore, in obtaining the desired knowledge, at the College, or at the College office, 129 Washington Street, or by mail, free. 5-5w

For the cure of any disease, use Doct. Gifford's Homoeopathic Curettes. An assortment of his Curative, at 25 cents, per box. OF LECHEMERE'S Ointment, Mr. S. Burr & Co., Boston, wholesale agents, or sent anywhere on receipt of price, 25 cents, per box, by PHILIP LEE, 135 William St., New York.

Died.

NICHOLS.—In North Woburn, 17th inst., Stephen Nichols, Jr., aged 44 years, 5 months, 12 days. CAUTION.—In Woburn, Nov. 15th, John Carlton, aged 21 years. RICHARDSON.—In Reading, Nov. 10th, George Richardson, aged 6 months. RAY.—In Reading, Nov. 10th, Grace Badger, aged 5 years, 6 months, 2 days. ELLIOTT.—In Woburn, Nov. 16th, Edward Elliott, only son of Henry E. and Henrietta E. Wilkins, aged 4 weeks, 1 day. (Papers in Mass. N. H. and Vt., please copy.)

WOOD & TIMBER AT AUCTION.

ON MONDAY NEXT, the 25th inst., at 9 o'clock, A. M., will be sold at Auction, in lot, situated in the Southern part of BURLINGTON, near the residence of Mr. Nathan K. Skeiton, and was formerly owned by the late John Caldwell. WALNUT, PITCH and WHITE PINE, of an excellent quality for the market. Access good at all seasons. By order of JOHN DUNN, WILLIAM WINN, AUCTIONEER. Burlington, Nov. 23d, 1861.

LARGE SALE OF WOOD, AT AUCTION.

ON THURSDAY, the 28th inst., at 9 o'clock, A. M., will be sold at auction, in lot, the WOOD STANDING ON 6 ACRES OF LAND, situated in Winchester, about half a mile from the Meeting-house, and adjoining the Cemetery; and is about 3 miles from West Cambridge. It is a large tract of land, and contains a large growth of OAK, PITCH and WHITE PINE, of an excellent quality for the market. Access good at all seasons. By order of JOHN DUNN, WILLIAM WINN, AUCTIONEER. Winchester, Nov. 20th, 1861.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH,

ON A VULCANITE BASE, rendering them very light, leaving no place for the cement to rot. By this method the teeth, gums and roof of the mouth are so accurately formed as to display a perfect prototype of the natural orifice, and the true expression of the mouth and original contour of the face. It is the height of art to conceal art. This is done most judiciously, as our numerous patrons can attest. Warranted in every respect equal, and at about 1/2 the usual price of gold. Call and see specimens.

Particular attention paid to FILLING DECAYED TEETH WITH CRYSTAL AND SPONGE GOLD. Teeth Extracted without pain, BY THE USE OF ETHIOPEAN ELECTRICITY.

J. R. Dillingham, SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL DENTIST, 12 Winter St., Boston. 6-2m.

BANKRUPT STOCK OF CARPETS !!

WE have just purchased at Auction, the entire stock of Carpets contained in the warehouse 191 Hanover street, consisting of TAPESTRIES, BRUSSELS, VELVETS, MEDALLIONS, all grades of Woolen and an extended assortment of

FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, MATTINGS, RUGS, MATS, and a full and complete assortment of every thing usually found in a Carpet establishment.

This entire stock has been removed from our warehouse, and is now ready for inspection of our customers, presenting a very rare opportunity to furnish their dwellings at low prices.

In the stock there are 3000 yards remnants Floor Oil Cloth, and about 3000 yards remnants Woolens and Carpets, which will be sold at low prices.

NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., 75 HANOVER STREET, Opposite American House, BOSTON.

Harper for December,

LARGE AND ELEGANT

ASSORTMENT OF

WINTER DRESS HATS

NOW OPENING AT

WETHERN'S

Bonnet Establishment,

20 HANOVER ST., BOSTON,

Together with a great variety of

STRAW.

SILK RIBBONS, VELVET RIBBONS,

LACES.

French Flowers and Feathers,

and a general variety of

MILLINERY GOODS

OF ALL KINDS.

All of which we offer at our usual

LOW PRICES!

Ladies will find it for their advantage not to

purchase before visiting

WETHERN'S, 20 HANOVER ST. BOSTON.

8-4w.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

MIDDLESEX SS.

BY virtue of an execution which issued on a judgment in favor of Dennis Regan, of North Reading, in said County, at the last term of the Superior Court for said County, to wit, on the eighteenth day of October, A. D. 1861, I have taken all the right in equity which Patrick Regan, had at the time the same was attached on the original writ, to redeem the following described mortgaged real estate situated in North Reading, and bounded as follows, viz: on the North by Albion street so called, on the East by land of S. Moulton, on the South and West by land of B. W. Robinson, or owners unknown, it being the same premises conveyed to the said Patrick Regan by B. W. Robinson, and containing about fifteen thousand feet with the buildings thereon. And on the TWENTY-NINTH DAY of December next, at FOUR AND ONE HALF O'CLOCK, P. M., at my Office in Woburn, (No. 4 Wade Block), I shall offer for sale to the highest bidder in equity of redemption to satisfy said execution and all cost and charges of said sale.

HORACE COLLAMORE, Deputy Sheriff.

Woburn, Nov. 16th, 1861. 7-3w

SHERIFF'S SALE.

MIDDLESEX SS.

BY virtue of an execution which issued on a judgment in favor of Susan R. Martin, of Lowell, in said County, at the last term of the Superior Court for said County, to wit, on the twenty-first day of October, A. D. 1861, I have taken all the right in equity which JAMES REED, of Woburn, in said County, had on the second day of November next, at FOUR O'CLOCK, P. M., at my Office in Woburn, (No. 4 Wade Block), I shall offer for sale to the highest bidder in equity of redemption to satisfy said execution and all cost and charges of said sale.

HORACE COLLAMORE, Deputy Sheriff.

Woburn, November 16th, 1861. 7-3w

Mortgagee's Sale

of REAL ESTATE IN READING.

WILL be sold at Public Auction, on the

ON MONDAY, Dec. 24, at 12 o'clock, M.

by virtue of a Power of Sale given in a certain deed of mortgage from Porter Pinkham to Simon Bowen, dated March 12th, 1859, and recorded with the Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 812, Fol. 256, —the conditions of which have been broken. —A certain lot of land with all the buildings thereon, situated in said Reading, being the lot numbered eleven (11), upon a plan of land in the town of Reading, recorded in the Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 812, Fol. 256, —the conditions of which have been broken. —A certain lot of land with all the buildings thereon, situated in said Reading, being the lot numbered eleven (11), upon a plan of land in the town of Reading, recorded in the Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 812, Fol. 256, —the conditions of which have been broken. —A certain lot of land with all the buildings thereon, situated in said Reading, being the lot numbered eleven (11), upon a plan of land in the town of Reading, recorded in the Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 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Middlesex Journal.

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WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1861.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

The Rain.

Coldly the November rain
Strikes upon the window pane,
Ah, that sound, it brings again
Thoughts of the November rain,
That came as coldly, years ago:
As cold, but, Oh, we cannot know,
When the young heart is all aglow,
The coldness of the rain and snow.
But when years have come and gone
And dear friends, passing one by one,
Then the wild November moan
Creeps upon the sad heart's fold;
O'er and o'er earth dreams are told,
Caring not how dark and old,
Then the rain is dark and cold.

ZELIA GERTRUDE GREY.

Select Literature.

THE TALE HE TOLD THE MARINES.

"Some time ago," said Jenkins to three officers of marines with whom he was sitting smoking cheroots, "I was staying with Sir George P., P., House, P., shire. Great number of people there—all kinds of amusements going on. Driving, riding, fishing, shooting, everything in fact. Sir George's daughter, Fanny, was often my companion in these expeditions, and I was considerably struck with her. For she was a girl to whom the epithet 'stunning' applies better than any other that I am acquainted with. She could ride like Nimrod, she could drive like Jehu, she could row like Charon, she could dance like Terpsichore, she could run like Diana, she walked like Juno, and she looked like Venus. I've even seen her smoke.

"Ah! she was a stunner: you should have heard that girl whistle, and laugh—you should have heard her laugh. She was truly a delightful companion. We rode together, drove together, danced together, sang together; I called her Fanny, and she called me Tom. All this could have but one termination, you know. I fell in love with her, and determined to take the first opportunity of proposing. So one day, when we were out together fishing on the lake, I went down on my knees among the gudgeons, seized her hand, pressed it to my waistcoat and in burning accents entreated her to become my wife.

"Don't be a fool!" she said. "Now drop it, do! and put me a fresh worm on."

"Oh! Fanny, I exclaimed; 'don't talk about worms when marriage is in question. Only say—'

"I tell you what it is, now," she replied, angrily, "if you don't drop it I'll pitch you out of the boat."

"Gentlemen," said Jenkins, with strong emotion, "I did not drop it; and I give you my word of honor, with a sudden shove she sent me flying into the water; then seizing the sculls, with a stroke or two she put several yards between us, and burst into a fit of laughter that fortunately prevented her from going any further. I swam up and climbed into the boat. 'Jenkins,' said I to myself, 'revenge! revenge!' I disguised my feelings. I laughed—hidious mockery of mirth—I laughed. Pulled to the bank, went to the house, and changed my clothes. When I appeared at the dinner-table I perceived that every one had been informed of my ducking—universal laughter greeted me.

"During dinner Fanny repeatedly whispered to her neighbor, and glanced at me. Smothered laughter invariably followed. 'Jenkins,' said I, 'revenge!' The opportunity soon offered. There was to be a balloon ascent from the lawn, and Fanny had been told that every one had been informed of my ducking—universal laughter greeted me.

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answered: 'to come down is not so easy,' and I whistled.

"What do you mean?" she cried. "Why, when you want to go up faster you throw some sand overboard," I replied, suiting the action to the word.

"Don't be foolish, Tom, she said, trying to appear quite calm and indifferent, but trembling unconsciously.

"Foolish," I said. "Oh, dear no! But whether I go along the ground or up in the air I like to go the pace, and so do you, Fanny, I know. Go it, you cripples!" and over went another sand-bag.

"Why, you're mad, surely," she whispered in utter terror, and tried to reach the bags, but I kept her back.

"Only with love, my dear," I answered, smiling pleasantly; "only with love for you, Oh, Fanny, I adore you! Say you will be my wife!"

"I gave you an answer the other day," she replied; "one which I should have thought you would have remembered," she added, laughing a little, notwithstanding her terror.

"Remember it perfectly," I answered, "but I intend to have a different reply to that. You see those five sand-bags; I shall ask you five times to become my wife. Every time you refuse I shall throw over a sand-bag—so, lady fair, as the cabmen would say, reconsider your decision, and consent to become Mrs. Jenkins."

"I won't!" she said; "I never will! and, let me tell you, that you are acting in a very ungentlemanly way to press me thus."

"You acted in a very ladylike way the other day, did you not," I rejoined, "when you knocked me out of the boat?" She laughed again, for she was a plucky girl, and no mistake—a very plucky girl. "However," I went on, "it's no good arguing about it—will you promise to give me your hand?"

"Never!" she answered; "I'll go to Ursula Major first, though I've got a big bear enough here in all conscience. Stay! I'd prefer Aquarius, wouldn't you?"

"She looked so pretty that I was almost inclined to let her off (I was only trying to frighten her, of course—I knew how high we could go safely well enough, and how valuable the life of Jenkins was to his country); but resolution is one of the strong points of my character, and when I've begun a thing I like to carry it through, so I threw over another sand-bag, and whistled the Dead March in Saul.

"Come, Mr. Jenkins," she said, suddenly, "come, Tom, let us descend now, and I'll promise to say nothing whatever about all this."

"I continued the execution of the Dead March.

"But if you do not begin the descent at once I'll tell papa the moment I set foot on the ground."

"I laughed, seized another bag, and, looking steadily at her, said:

"Will you promise to give me your hand?"

"I've answered you already," was the reply.

"Over went the sand, and the solemn notes of the Dead March resounded through the car.

"I thought you were a gentleman," said Fanny, rising up in a terrible rage from the bottom of the car, where she had been sitting, and looking perfectly beautiful in her wrath; "I thought you were a gentleman, but I find I was mistaken; why a chimney-sweeper would not treat a lady in such a way. Do you know that you are risking your own life as well as mine by your madness?"

"I explained that I adored her so much that to die in her company would be perfect bliss, so that I begged she would not consider my feelings at all. She dashed her beautiful hair from her face, and standing perfectly erect, looking like the goddess of Anger or Boadicea—if you can fancy that personage in a balloon—she said:

"I command you to begin the descent this instant!"

"The Dead March, whistled in a manner essentially gay and lively, was the only response. After a few minutes' silence, I took up another bag, and said:

"We are getting rather high; if you do not decide soon we shall have Mercury coming to tell us that we are trespassing—will you promise me your hand?"

"She sat in sulky silence in the bottom of the car. I threw over the sand. Then she tried another plan. Throwing herself upon her knees, and bursting into tears, she said:

"Oh, forgive me for what I did the other day! It was very wrong, and I am very sorry. Take me home, and I will be a sister to you."

"Not a wife?" said I.

"I can't! I can't!" she answered.

"Over went the fourth bag, and I began to think she would beat me after all; for I did not like the idea of going much higher. I would not give in just yet, however. I whistled for a few moments, to give her time for reflection, and then said:

"Fanny, they say that marriages are made in Heaven—if you do not take care, ours will be solemnized there."

"I took up the fifth bag.

"Come," I said, "my wife in life, or my companion in death! Which is it to be?"

"I patted the sand-bag in a cheerful manner. She held her face in her hands, but did not answer. I nursed the bag in my arms, as if it had been a baby.

"I understand the going up part," I en-

"Come, Fanny, give me your promise!"

"I could hear her sobs. I'm the most soft-hearted creature breathing, and would not pain any living thing, and, I confess, she had beaten me. I forgave her the ducking; I forgave her for rejecting me. I was on the point of flinging the bag back into the car, and saying: 'Dearest Fanny, forgive me for frightening you. Marry whomsoever you will. Give your lovely hand to the lowest groom in your stables—endow with your priceless beauty the Chief of the Pankiwanki Indians. Whatever happens, Jenkins is your slave—your dog—your footstool. His duty, henceforth, is to go whithersoever you shall order—to do whatever you shall command.' I was just on the point of saying this, I repeat, when Fanny suddenly looked up, and said, with a queerish expression upon her face:

"You need not throw that last bag over. I promise to give you my hand."

"With all your heart?" I asked, quickly.

"With all my heart," she answered, with the same strange look.

"I tossed the bag into the bottom of the car and opened the valve. The balloon descended.

"Gentlemen," said Jenkins, rising from his seat in the most solemn manner, and stretching out his hand, as if he were going to take an oath; "gentlemen, will you believe it? When we had reached the ground, and the balloon had been given over to its recovered master—when I had helped Fanny tenderly to the earth, and turned toward her to receive anew the promise of her affection and her hand—will you believe it?—she gave me a box on the ear that upset me against the car, and running to her father, who at that moment came up, she related to him and the assembled company what she called my disgraceful conduct in the balloon, and ended by informing me that all of her hand that I was likely to get had been already bestowed upon my car, which she assured me had been given with all her heart."

"You villain!" said Sir George, advancing toward me with a horse-whip in his hand. "You villain! I've a good mind to break this over your back!"

"Sir George," said I, "villain and Jenkins must never be coupled in the same sentence; and as for the breaking of this whip, I'll relieve you of the trouble, and, snatching it from his hand, I broke it in two, and threw the pieces on the ground. And now I shall have the honor of wishing you a good-morning. Miss P., I forgive you."

And retired.

"Now I ask you whether any specimen of female treachery equal to that has ever come within your experience, and whether any excuse can be made for such conduct?"

GENIUS DEVELOPED BY ACCIDENT.—There have been very popular writers who were brought out by accident. They did not know what precious vein of thought they had at command, till they stumbled upon it as if by chance, like the Indian at the mines of Potosi. It is not much that we know of Shakespeare, but it seems certain that it was in patching up old plays for acting that he discovered within himself a capacity for producing that which men will not easily let die.

When a young military man disheartened with the service, sought for an appointment as an Irish Commissioner of Excise, and was sadly disappointed because he did not get it, it is probable that he possessed that aptitude for the conduct of the war which was to make him Duke of Wellington. And when a young mathematician, entirely devoid of ambition, desired to settle quietly down and devote all his life to that unexpecting study, he was not aware that he was a person of whom more was to be made,—who was to grow into the Emperor Napoleon. I had other instances in my mind, but after these last it is needless to mention them. But such cases suggest to us that there may have been many Folletts who never held a brief, many Kennys who never acted but in barns, many Vandykes who never earned more than a sixpence a day, many Goldsmiths who never were better than penny-a-liners, many Michels who never built their St. Peters—and perhaps a Shakespeare who held horses at the theatre-door for pence, as the Shakespeare of country did, and who stopped there.—The Country Parson.

Times being hard, and a cold winter at hand, many really clever persons are at their wits' end for some means of keeping the wolf from the door. Desperation has driven one of them to the dire extremity he so forcibly portrays in the following advertisement:

"WANTED.—A situation as SON-IN-LAW in some respectable family. No objection to going a short distance into the country. For reference and particulars, address FRANK STUART, Post Office, Williamsburg, N. Y."

How bravely a man can walk the earth, bear the heaviest burdens, perform the severest duties, and look all men square in the face, if he only bears in his breast a clear conscience, devoid of all offence towards God and man. There is no spring, no spur, no inspiration like this. To feel that we have omitted no task, and left no obligation unfulfilled, this fills the heart with satisfaction, and the soul with strength.

He who turns from evil habits does himself a good turn.

The Star of the Union.

BY GEORGE W. WILSON.

The sky is dark: save one fair star,
All take their flight in still despair,
But one still lives and burns afar,
'Tis cherished by a nation's prayer;
It dwells serenely 'midst the night,
More brightly burns with danger nigh,
Loved emblem of a nation's might,
The Star of Union cannot die.

Though storms assail, they can but sear:
The lightning's flash a moment quells;
Columbia in her fiery car
Above each conflict safely dwells,
Forever sparkle in thy sphere,
Unharmest by passing meteor's glare;
Thou art the star that all revere,
The brightest gem of earth and air.

Shine on forever, silver star!
Shed lustre o'er each soldier's grave;
And nations watch thee from afar—
The hope and beacon of the brave;
A moment, war thy face may cloud,
But brighter, dearer shalt thou be
When bursting from the sable shroud
We hail thee—star of victory!

REV. MR. MARCH'S

THANKSGIVING SERMON.

Thanksgiving in Troubled Times.

Daniel 6: 10.—Now when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house, and his windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem, he knelt on his knees three times a day and prayed, AND GAVE THANKS BEFORE HIS GOD AS HE DID AFORE-TIME.

This is a memorable instance of a good man offering thanksgiving to God in time of trouble. He was an exile from his native land, living in captivity at the court of a foreign king. The woes of banishment among the heathen were embittered to him, by the desolation of Jerusalem and the dispersion of his own people. The transgressions of his fathers, and the calamities that had come upon their children, were to him sufficient cause for mourning and deep sorrow of heart.

And worse than all this, his talents and commanding character had raised him so high in the estimate of the sovereign as to make him an object of envy and hatred to all the subordinate presidents and princes of the whole kingdom. They had entered into a malicious and murderous conspiracy to put this one, honest and capable man out of their way, that they might be the less frequently exposed and punished for their rapacity and oppression. They had cunningly availed themselves of the pride of the king to secure the enactment of a "firm decree" which they were certain the hated Hebrew would sooner die than obey. And now what shall this man do? With all the malice of unscrupulous rivals, and all the arts of court intrigue plotting his destruction—with spies watching him in his secret chamber—with informers and assassins tracking his steps by night and by day—with an immutable law of the Medes and Persians dooming him to death, if he does not deviate from the course which his conscience urges him to pursue—what will this single and defenceless man do? Our text gives the answer. He goes quietly into his house three times a day and with no attempt at publicity or privacy, but just as he had done aforetime, offers thanksgiving before his God. Neither the woes of exile in the strange land, nor the oppressions suffered by his captive people, nor the conspiracy of a hundred and twenty princes plotting to get him for his destruction, could make this man forget to thank God three times a day for the blessings which he received.

And all good men, like the prophet Daniel, have still found it in their hearts to thank God in the times of their greatest perils and sorrows. Nothing is needed but a disposition to be grateful for benefits received, and the song of thanksgiving will ascend from the utmost depths of human woe. The mercies of the Almighty Father are so many, he is so ready to make the sorest affliction the greatest blessing that the most needy are not unfrequently the loudest in his praise and the times of the greatest trial are remembered with the deepest gratitude.

So it was, as is commonly reported, with our New England fathers, when they instituted the sacred festival of Thanksgiving which we keep this day. For many seasons they had suffered calamity upon calamity, in their wilderness home. The strong man, the delicate woman and the feeble child had alike yielded to the hardships, the deprivation and the heart-sickness of banishment from beloved homes beyond the sea. All winter long, the surviving few toiled hard amid deep snows against the thick trees of the forest to win a little space for cultivation. But the spring was slow in coming, and the frosts of Autumn chilled the harvest before it was ready for the reaper. And when the long Winter came again, and they renewed their toil with hands that famine had enfeebled, the cold wind moaned through the pathless forest by day and chanted the dirge of death all night around their rude cabins. And the days and nights of genial Summer were made even more horrible by the hostile savage skulking upon his war path through the dim woods, or lying in wait for the ploughman at the border of his field. The graves were thickening up on the hill side, and the habitations of the dead were already more populous than the homes of the living. Many a time they had met to fast and to pray. But still the hand of God was heavy upon them, and the cup of their sorrow was running over. And it was proposed again to proclaim another fast

and to bow down with a deeper humiliation before God, beseeching him to spare the people that had forsaken all to serve him. And then there stood up in the assembly of the elders a plain and hard featured man, whose brow had been seamed and scarred by all the calamities that had fallen on the rest, and he proposed that instead of a fast they should keep a thanksgiving unto the Lord. And his voice prevailed, and upon the appointed day instead of mourning and sorrow, the song of praise and thanksgiving went up from the rude sanctuary and the cabin homes in the wilderness, and without any change in their outward circumstances, the devoted colonists became a grateful, a contented and happy people. And ever since that day, in all the years of prosperity and of adversity alike, New England has kept the annual festival of thanksgiving and praise unto the Lord.

We ourselves have observed this grateful and time-honored anniversary thus far under very different circumstances from those which marked its institution in our fathers' days. The sermon of the sanctuary and the conversation of the fireside and the feast board has been the same annual story of peace and prosperity prevailing through all our borders, and of our happy exemption from the terrors of revolution and the desolations of war with which other lands have been wasted. Secure in our calm retreat we have heard the thunder and seen the cloud of battle launching its arrowy-lightnings upon far distant nations, and we congratulated ourselves upon the confident expectation that in this western world the confused noise of the warrior should be heard no more, nor the eye of pity weep again at the sight of garments rolled in blood.

But all is now changed. A most unnatural and suicidal rebellion has lifted its red right hand for the destruction of the peace and unity in which we gloried, and already the history of the Summer and Autumn through which we have just past must be written with a pen dipped in blood. No occupation is now so attractive or makes such urgent demands upon the young and strong as the profession of the soldier. Farms, workshops and merchandise, schools, academies and colleges, homes, churches and pulpits have been deserted to swell the ranks of the great host who go forth to encounter the perils of the camp, the march and the dread array of battle. No department of industry is so active as that which supplies military stores and the munitions of war. No intelligence is sought for with such eager curiosity as that which details the movements of troops, the plans of the campaign, the success or the defeat of any commander. No influence so completely conditions and qualifies all private plans and expectations as this one most uncertain and tremendous contingency of war. We do not know whether our ships will be safe on the sea, or any kind of property will remain valuable on land; we do not know whether the income of any class of stocks, trade or manufactures, can be relied upon, because we do not know how long this wasteful and revolutionary contention will last or how far its ravages will be carried. Now instead of peace we have war. Instead of unity a divided nation. Large districts of country have been desolated by the movements of armies. The strong steamer and the swift car are flying to and fro for the transport of troops. The neighboring seas that a year ago were white with the sails of a friendly commerce, are covered by fleets that surpass the Armada's pride, and in thousands of homes there is the constant and fearful expectation of intelligence that the father, the husband, the brother or the son, who went forth in their fresh manhood at the call of their country, will return no more. The whole nation has been subjected to the most enormous expenditures for the maintenance of its national existence; its capital has been endangered; its constitution and laws dishonored and trampled upon; the blood of its best and bravest citizens has been shed upon many battle fields, and there is no hope of regaining peace, unity and prosperity without greater sacrifices than have yet been incurred.

Now it is a memorable fact that in such circumstances we are assembled just as aforetime in the house of God for an especial service of thanksgiving. We are here that we may give united "utterance to the memory" of the Divine goodness still in the year of national calamity and war. Our peace and prosperity, have been so nearly a matter of course, at other times, that the annual call for national gratitude has been in danger of becoming an unmeaning form. Now we have the opportunity to show how much we possess of the spirit of our fathers who instituted the festival in times of greater peril and suffering than we have yet experienced. Now it is to be seen whether we can silence the voice of impatience, despondency and complaint, and lift up our hearts in thanksgiving not only for the blessings with which a bountiful Providence has filled our basket and our store, but also for these very calamities, which need only to be rightly improved to become the chastisement of our permanent peace, and the forerunner of a more established and enduring welfare in the future. Too often have we spent the Puritan Thanksgiving in glorifying over other nations, and in burning profane incense to national pride. Now let us rather manifest the true spirit of thanksgiving by finding new occasions for gratitude in the very trials which have come upon us. There are many such occasions and we need only a grateful heart to enable us to

see them increasing upon us in this year of our great national peril and sorrow. I present for your consideration the following:

I. Let us thank God for the extraordinary necessity laid upon us to cultivate a national regard for duty, and a readiness to endure and suffer for the common good. Let us be grateful that the call for such culture is so loud, urgent and commanding that it must be met. What we ordinarily call prosperity never alone made a people great and strong. It has been the destruction of many nations. With us, in the long period of social peace and material prosperity, the passion for self-indulgence has been fed by the accumulation of the means for gratifying its demands. With multitudes the great object of life has been to guard themselves against the necessity to put forth exertion, or to endure self-denial for the common good. Thousands have thrown away their lives in the exhausting toils and fierce competitions of trade, speculation, manufacture and public office, only with the hope of being able to live a few years in a state of elegant and irresponsible leisure, with money enough to buy whatever an idle mind or a selfish heart could desire. The government, the civil and educational institutions of the country, have been valued by many only so far as they have afforded a cheap protection to property, and have imposed the least possible restraint upon the individual citizen. For years the common reverence of the people of all parties has been full of broad hints and direct assertions, that such a thing as disinterested, self-sacrificing devotion to the interests of the country does not exist and is not to be expected. The grave old men of our fathers' days were laughed at as blind prophets of evil, when they expressed their fears that excess of riches, and liberty and self-indulgence, would be the ruin of our country. Inexperienced experimenters and theorists in legislation, whose skill has been to play upon the passions of the multitude, have been extolled above all the fathers for their genius and patriotism.

Now it is a thing for which all good men may well thank God, that a necessity has been laid upon this people to break up this self-indulgent, gain-seeking life, and to learn anew and in the hard school of adversity, the pure, stern, much-enduring patriotism of former days. And even though that lesson should be taught us by the costly and terrible necessity of war, still it will be instruction clearly earned. Every sacrifice which the rich, the talented, the successful and the strong are compelled to make by the hardships and perils of this contest, will give to the country better citizens than she had before. Every scholar, every student of science, wealth and the enjoyment of ease, which is frustrated by the cruel necessities of this year, every privation borne for their country's sake by the uncompensated poor, will add immensely to the strength of the nation by cultivating the sentiment of duty, and all minds, and increasing the general willingness and capacity to suffer for the common good. It is the self-denying spirit in christianity which makes it strong and victorious in conflict with solid worldly wisdom. So long as the followers of Christ are willing to suffer the loss of all things for his sake, their cause is sure to advance and to make every influence and possession tributary to its progress. And it has never gone backward except in those times when its supporters have been content with the fulfillment of their mission of mercy to mankind. In this land, where pre-eminently every man is the builder of his own fortune, we all ought to know how much it is worth to be young to be trained by the severe school of hardship and duty, and this nation is still in its youth; and if it is not to be weakened by the rapidity of its own growth, and fall in pieces by its own unwieldy weight, its giant arms must be hardened, and its vast frame consolidated by hard work and rigid discipline. It must know what it is to struggle and to suffer unutterable things only for existence. It must be made vigilant in the sacred guardianship of liberty by the necessity to guard against the plots of secret foes, and to repel the violence of open force. And whatever may have been the cause of this great conflict which is now raging, and whoever may be responsible for its existence, as patriots and as christians we should sincerely thank God that without our seeking it a necessity is sent upon us to cultivate the virtues of endurance and self-denial, without which we should soon perish as a nation. And if the struggle already seems to any long and useless, it is only because they are wanting in energy to work, patience to wait, and self-denial to suffer for their country's good. Unexpected hindrances have indeed been met, and bitter disasters have been experienced, and the day of decisive success has been delayed; but it is only that there might be time and material for the education of right sentiments in the minds of the people. The fearful must learn by slow degrees to look with a steady eye upon danger. The impulsive and passionate must gain their first and greatest victory by conquering themselves. The boastful and self-confident must be humbled by defeat in order that they may rise with new strength and increased certainty of triumph from that baptism. The distrustful and sensiblist must have the opportunity to see that the nation can still live and nourish its mighty energies, though the sun of its former prosperity be hidden in clouds for a time. The ungrateful must learn to learn the more valuable lessons; and we must be the more thankful to the Divine Teacher for the reason that he requires us, by loss and suffering, to learn our lesson well. We thank God for

the trials which he sent upon our fathers, because by them they were made virtuous and strong. Shall we not with deeper gratitude offer thanksgiving for the trials which he is sending on us, that the virtues of our fathers may be revived in their children and transmitted with growing strength and purity to all coming time.

II. We should be thankful for the trials of the present time, because they tend to revive and deepen the love of country in our hearts. They will lead us to set a higher value upon the privileges and institutions of our land, because they have been purchased back to our possession by the cost of so much treasure and blood. That which costs nothing is ordinarily esteemed to be worth nothing, and we never shall love our country as we should until we feel that it has cost us a very great price. The present generation have come by their privileges so cheaply, that much of them now do not think them worth suffering and fighting for. It requires great force of argument, and great ingenuity in illustration to make the young of our day feel that they have much reason to be proud of the opportunities which they enjoy, because they were purchased for them at a very great price. But if we ourselves had just passed through the horrors and sufferings of a seven years war to purchase what we now possess, we would rather that our right hand should be cut off than that our tongue should cleave to the roof of our mouth, than not remember our country in the hour of her peril above our chiefest joy. It is worth every thing to us as a people to have a country which has cost us enough to make us love it, and willing to die for it. We should be nothing but a mean, selfish, spiritless people, without the love of country to give us dignity, generosity and strength of character. The national debt of England imposes an enormous burden of taxation upon her people, and is in itself a dreadful calamity. But it is by the payment of that tax that every generation purchases their country anew, and the love of country is their own. The grand argument which nerved the souls of our fathers to resist the oppressions of the mother country, was that they had already suffered and sacrificed so much to make themselves a home in the wilderness of America, that they could not afford to surrender their dear-bought privileges without a long and desperate struggle. And while the fathers walked among us, and kept the memory of their trials and sufferings fresh in the minds of their children, the people of this land talked of their country with deep reverence and affection, and they shrunk with horror from the very name of disunion and rebellion. It is only since the fathers have passed away, and the active population of the country have ceased to hear the story of their lives from the living lips of survivors, that citizens, politicians and popular leaders have begun to treat their country as the prodigal heir of a vast estate treats his inheritance, as soon as he can get rid of it, and accumulated for him is taken away. And if the vast and rapidly increasing population of this land, both native and foreign born, were ever to be united in the one all-ruling sentiment of love to country, it would seem that it could be effected only by some great, costly and long-continued struggle, such as should bring heart to heart and shoulder to shoulder, in toil and suffering for the common cause. Such a contest is that in which we are now engaged, and that is one of our seeking, nor will the good results which are yet to spring from it, excuse the guilt of those who have kindled the flame of civil war, and in one-half year made a peaceful people a nation of soldiers. The struggle is begun, and we shall be held answerable for making such a use of the great calamity as that the country shall henceforth be dearer to the heart of every citizen, and all its precious privileges and institutions shall be guarded with a more tender and watchful care for all time to come. And if we can only have the patience and endurance and self-denial to carry this struggle through to its only just and appropriate conclusion, then it will not be long before the first martyrs of Massachusetts in the war of the revolution and the rebellion, shed their blood in vain.

III. Let us thank God that this costly and cruel war promises to result in the removal of the cause from which it springs—and that is human slavery. We can afford to pay much and to suffer long to have this our great reproach before just heaven, and in the sight of the nations, taken away. We have argued and agitated on this one most vexed and contentious subject for years without showing the public mind the depth of its iniquity and its utter hostility to our national welfare, in such an appalling light as it has shown itself before the world by this war and rebellion for the overthrow of the most wicked and most equitable government on earth. And now that necessity is laid upon the government to oppose force with force for the preservation of its own existence, it will not long consider itself under obligation to protect and to perpetuate the cause of all this contest. If slavery ever had the right to be protected under the constitution of the country, it certainly is doing all in its power to extinguish that right with as little delay as possible. And we have great reason to thank God that a wicked and abominable institution has been so given up to its own madness, as with its own hands to break down the walls that were raised for its own defence and thus to hasten its own destruction. This is not indeed a war for the extermination of slavery, but for the suppression of rebellion. But the suppression of a rebellion that has been excited solely for the perpetuation of slavery, ensures the eventual and seasonable destruction of slavery itself. Nothing was ever wanted to bring the unnatural and wasteful institution to an end, but the withdrawal of the especial protection and fostering care of the national government. And the events of this year thus far have taken away every probability that that protection will ever be granted again. We shall not hereafter be obliged to gather evidence and frame arguments to prove that slavery is wicked in its character, wasteful in its economical results, and that it can only live by perpetual conflict with the laws of nature and Providence. The supporters of the system have been heaping condemnation upon themselves all Summer long—"with both hands earnestly," by the steps which they have taken to ensure its perpetuation. It is as if one had been brought to the bar charged with the crime of theft, and finding the evidence going against him and himself likely to be condemned, in madness and revenge he attempts to murder judge and jury in open court, and thus becomes guilty of a crime so much greater than the theft, that it ceases to be of any

(Concluded on Last Page.)

The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

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SPECIAL NOTICES, headed, 12 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—DR. J. D. MANSFIELD.
Stoughton—E. T. WHITTIER.
Winchester—J. J. HAYES.
Reading—THOMAS RICHARDSON.

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Boston and New York, 15, N. H. ST., (successors to V. E. Palmer), Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL at the rates required by us.

To ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOV. 30, 1861.

The news, last night, from Pensacola is not the most cheering. Our brave sailors have been bombarded that place, but at the time the news was despatched it had not been captured. The frigates Niagara and Colorado are reported to be very seriously damaged. Fort Pickens has not yet been breached, but it is believed in some quarters that Bragg has been beaten and his whole force captured.

Affairs on the Potomac are about the same as they have been for months. Pickett's skirmishing is going on all the time, and hardly a day passes but some poor fellow becomes a victim to this barbarous and unnecessary kind of warfare. We believe it was Wellington who would never allow his pickets to harass those of the enemy, as he looked upon such proceedings as nothing better than murder. It is high time for both sides to put a stop to the matter, and thereby show that the finer traits of human nature have not all been obliterated by the hardening features of war.

The forward movement spoken of a few days since, did not take place, and when it will occur, the future, probably, can alone tell. It seems inhuman to wish its speedy occurrence, when we know that at every step some household in our once happy land will be made desolate, but that it was over, and its consequences made apparent, is the wish of many.

The May Case.

Below will be found the decision of Judge Richardson in the above case, which has caused much deep attention in Woburn and elsewhere. It will be seen that the Judge sums up the whole matter very briefly, and in a most laconic manner disposes of it. As to the merits of the proceedings, it is not for us to speak, each must judge and decide for himself.

"Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
MIDDLESEX SS.

At a Probate Court holden at Cambridge, in and for said County of Middlesex, on the Twenty-sixth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one:

ON the Petition of FREDERICK MAY, of Woburn, in said County, praying for the removal of his Guardian, JOSEPH BALLARD, from his trust:

This case has been thoroughly and ably presented by Geo. Wm. Phillips, Esq., for the petitioner, and Geo. W. Tuxbury and W. H. Crocker, Esqs., for the respondent; and the evidence has been taken on the one side and the other; various letters and documents have been read; the arguments of Counsel have urged the different views of the parties with much force, and at the request of his counsel I have had a private interview with the ward.

And now after having carefully considered the numerous details of the case and given much reflection to the whole matter, I have come to the conclusion that the petitioner has not proved that his said guardian is "evidently unsuitable for the trust," and has not sustained the allegation set out in his complaints.

It is therefore decreed, that the request of the petitioner be denied and his said petition dismissed.

WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON,
Judge of Probate Court."

COLPORTEUR SOCIETY.—The ladies of the Colporteur Society of this town, met at their room on Thursday evening, for the purpose of seeing whether or not they would do work for the army. It was concluded to do so, and a Committee was appointed to arrange matters for the carrying out of the wishes of the Society. That Committee met yesterday, and decided to knit mittens and socks, and also make all kinds of under clothing. The Society meets again at their room on Thursday evening next, at which time it is desirable that there should be a full attendance, both of members and others interested in the welfare of the army, as the work will then be ready for commencement.

The Society intends to act upon the principle that "Charity begins at home," and will first labor for the good of Massachusetts' brave sons, after that they will work for those who most need their services.

A new flag is to be procured by the Phalanx Associates, for the flag-staff on the Common. The spirit that once animated the old Phalanx is not yet totally dead.

THE UNION GUARD PAID OFF.—We learn from a private letter, that the Union Guard were paid off last Friday. They received pay from August 10th, the day the company was organized; each private received \$35.53, whether he belonged to the company at that time or not. The amount sent home by the men, not including officers, was about \$3,000. At the time the above letter was written, Sunday last, the boxes of "good things" sent from Woburn, had not been received, but were very anxiously looked for.

DEATH OF A WOBURN MAN IN KANSAS.—Capt. Leonard Horne, of Topeka, Ka., and formerly of Woburn, was murdered at Leavenworth, Ka., a short time since. It appears that Capt. Horne with a friend was out walking, when they were met by five Missourians, who attacked them with slung shots. Both men were knocked down and stunned. Capt. Horne lingered for about ten days, when he died; though during that time he temporarily recovered so as to be able to go out, but inflammation set in and soon closed his life. His comrade is fast recovering. Capt. Horne, was Captain of the Topeka Guards, which corps he was mainly instrumental in forming, and served during the Kansas war, doing good service. Twice during that war he came very near being lynched. At one time his enemies went so far as to place a rope around his neck for the purpose of putting their fell intention into execution, but from some cause were deterred. At another time they captured him, and bound him hand and foot, but at night, while lying between two officers who had charge of him, and who had fallen asleep from the effects of liquor, he managed to secure a knife and cut his bonds and escape. Capt. Horne leaves a wife and child to mourn his melancholy death.

COASTING ACCIDENT.—A son of James Conolly, was injured in the leg and shoulder while coasting from Walnut street into Main street, on Wednesday afternoon last. It appears that he had just entered the latter street, when a team owned and driven by Mr. Eben. Cummings happened to be passing, and being unable to stop his sled, he came in contact with the wagon, the hind wheels of which passed over his leg and shoulder. He was considerably bruised, but happily the wagon was not heavily loaded and he escaped serious injuries. We hope that this warning, just at the time when the coasting season is about to begin, will be the means of deterring boys from being so venturesome in crossing streets on their sleds, when they have no way of knowing whether or not teams are passing.

MEDFORD.—The town of Medford seems to be beset with a number of scoundrels who have neither the fear of heaven nor earth within them. Two or three weeks ago, no less than five buildings were consumed from the torch of the incendiary, between Saturday night and Monday morning. Last Saturday night, Mystic Hall Seminary, in that place, which was fully furnished, was totally consumed. It is a pity that the crime of arson cannot be punished with death, and that there is no way to discover incendiaries. It is certainly hard to be compelled to go to bed at night, with the dreadful thought that perhaps before morning our homes may be burnt down, and our lives placed in jeopardy by the designs of (totally) depraved men.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.—We have received a copy of this child's paper, published at Philadelphia and edited by "Grace Greenwood." The editor has labored for years to make it the best "child's paper" in America, and we think, from an examination of the number before us and by what our brethren of the press all over the country have said, that she has succeeded fully. The "Little Pilgrim" is published monthly, at 50 cents a year, and a new volume commences in January. The contents of the number for December are such, that while they are brought within the capacity of the child, they are made to interest those of maturer years, and we presume that each number is the same.

APPOINTMENT.—Mr. Cyrus Tay of this town has received a Commission in Company B, Capt. Prescott, of Concord, 1st Battalion Mass. Volunteers, as Lieutenant. This company has been ordered to report themselves at Fort Warren on Tuesday next.

Lieut. Tay has been presented with a sword by the "Phalanx Associates," of which association he is a member.

PRISONERS AT NEW ORLEANS.—By a letter received from New Orleans, dated Oct. 11, we learn that the following persons are prisoners at that place:—G. W. Aborn, of So. Reading; J. H. Griggs, F. L. Tibbets, of Reading, and Stephen O. Howe, and Cyrus T. Wardwell, of Stoneham. They are under the care of Gen. Palfrey, a brother of the Boston Postmaster.

THE three Engine Companies of this town turned out last Tuesday evening to fill the reservoir at the junction of Warren and Summer sts. It was intended to draft enough water from the Town Meadow, but after playing a few minutes the water became exhausted and the companies returned to their different engine houses, where they partook of a collation.

Mr. Perley M. Griffin and James A. Perkins have returned home on a furlough. Mr. Griffin was kicked in the knee by a horse, on Wednesday last week, and his injuries compel him to use a crutch.

The Home Monthly for December has reached us. With the January number a new volume commences, and the publishers announce increased attractions. Subscriptions received at Woburn Bookstore.

The Woburn Rifle Drill Club now numbers 35 members, and they drill regularly on Tuesday and Friday evenings.

BARR BURN.—On Tuesday morning last some stored tan belonging to Choate & Cummings took fire spontaneously. The workmen rallied with buckets and the fire was soon subdued.

The piece of Poetry, published in this paper a few weeks ago, entitled "The Little Sleeper," and attributed to "Zella Gertrude Grey," did not emanate from her pen. The mistake occurred through mistake. On our outside this week, can be found a short piece from her, which, we think all our readers will join with us in saying, is a gem.

Mr. Granville Bennett, shot a fox in Burlington, this week, which weighed 10 pounds and 5 ounces.

New GOUTRIERS.—Look out for 5's on Wameet Bank, Lowell; Warren Bank, Danvers; and Rockland Bank, Roxbury.

Warren Academy opens next Monday morning.

Letters from the Union Guard.

HALL'S HILL, VA., Nov. 16, 1861.

This morning looks and feels like November. We have Summer one day and Winter the next. The wind has blown very hard all day, and we have been obliged to send up one of the young drummers to take in sail. We made a requisition on Confederates of the Sacred Soil for rails to change the temperature of our tent. Virginia fences are rather scarce just now.

On Sunday morning we had a Regimental Inspection by Lieut. Col. Ingraham of the 13th Mass. Regt., assisted by Capt. Wardwell of Co. B, 22d Regt. We may march within a week. The 2d Maine is within pistol shot of the 22d. Our new chaplain arrived yesterday, Rev. Mr. Cornick of the M. E. Church.

About seventy rods from our encampment are the ruins of a beautiful residence owned by a secessionist. In front was a beautiful garden with shrubbery and a variety of fruit. Now nothing remains save the cellar, all the lumber and brick having been removed by the different Regts. A few rods from the house is a family burial plot. The stones bear the following inscriptions:—"Sacred to the memory of Simon Somers who was born Nov. 23d, 1747, died Dec. 24, 1836, in the full assurance of a blessed immortality." "Sacred to the memory of Elizabeth Somers, Consort of Simon Somers, born 3d Sept., 1762, died 13th Nov., 1831, in the triumphant faith of the Redeemer." "To the memory of Matilda, daughter of Simon and Elizabeth Somers, born 23d June, 1811, and departed this life Oct. 25th, 1843, in the expectation of a mansion in Heaven." "Sacred to the memory of Eliza, daughter of Simon and Elizabeth Somers, born Nov. 9th, 1796, and departed this life Aug. 25, 1840, in the full assurance of a blessed immortality." Thus we see a whole family, husband, father, wife, and daughters, all asleep in Jesus. Around this sacred spot a plain but neat fence has been erected which bears the following inscription: "As a tribute to humanity this fence was erected by officers of the 22d Mass. Volunteers, Nov. 6th, 1861."

There is much sickness in some Regts., and we hope to go to a warmer climate.

HALL'S HILL, Nov. 24.

Last Monday the Stars and Stripes, for the first time since we have been here, were thrown to the breeze, and the boys gave a few cheers that made the fragile staff tremble. Wednesday the grand review came off at Bailey's Cross Roads. It really was an imposing spectacle. The troops made a fine display, not far from 70,000 were on the ground including Infantry, Artillery and Cavalry. The day was cloudy and the ground in bad condition. The next day was Thanksgiving, which was given to the men for a holiday—all duty being dispensed with except guard duty. It was a beautiful day but it did not seem exactly like New England Thanksgiving day.

Capt. Sampson of Co. A. had a table set the entire length of his street and decorated with the American Ensign, and bouquets of flowers; the men had a genuine dinner. Capt. Follett of the 3d Mass. Battery conducted in the same manner toward his men. His tables were beautifully arranged. After dinner had disappeared there was a game of foot ball—the right and left wing taking sides, which gave the men a good appetite for rations. At 5 o'clock, there was a burlesque dress parade, the men being armed with every conceivable thing, such as axes, shovels, picks, rails, brooms, frying-pans, saws, and some with muskets inverted. The Col. Commanding, stood nine feet in his stockings—two men being applied together, and it was so admirably done as to have the appearance of one man. For a sword he wielded the blade of a scythe, and when he gave the grand flourish it started tears from many eyes unused to weep, in fact all of us laughed "until we cried." In the evening there was a general break down on the parade ground, the Band discoursing beautiful music. Our Band was no A. No. 1. It now begins to snow and the ground looks white, if it continues until tomorrow, and we can get a sled large enough to hold the regt, we shall coast down Hall's Hill.

F. L. B.

INSUBORDINATION AT RICHMOND.—A letter from H. Wagoner, from Camp Herman, Richmond, Va., to his father in Charleston, found in Fort Walker, contains the following passage:—"There is a great want of system of everything they do here, and a constant uproar in the different regiments. We have in our neighborhood a battalion of cavalry, Colonel Gregg's regiment, a Polish brigade, two Louisiana regiments, and some others whom I have not thought of inquiring about, who are in a state of constant insubordination. In fact, they shoot two or three every week, to keep them quiet. Our men have nothing to do with them, and are kept from mingling in the common herd, and are therefore universally well thought of."

WINCHESTER.

Rev. Mr. Robinson's Thanksgiving Sermon.

The two religious societies in this place united in appropriate services at the Congregational Church. Rev. Mr. Robinson officiated. Text in Isaiah 21st Chapt. 11th and 12th verses:—"The burden of Dumah. He calleth to me out of Seir, Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night: if ye will inquire, inquire ye; return, come."

We have here, said the preacher, a complete prophecy. The verses composing the text stand alone, they have no connection with what goes before, or with that which comes after. They might just as well have been placed in any other chapter, or in any other of the prophetic books of the Bible. The solution of this passage, renders its interpretation peculiarly difficult. In order to get some idea of the meaning of the prophet, the preacher took up the words one by one and explained them.

The preacher then went on to consider the peculiar circumstances under which we celebrate our annual Thanksgiving Festival—the vacant seats in the house of God, and around our firesides,—our brothers and sons, some of whom have to stand for the defense of their Country, and humbly with our God. And even if we have no occasion for gratitude and thanksgiving? There are the common mercies enumerated in the excellent proclamation of our Chief Magistrate—a proclamation which might have come from the land of Cromwell, and read at the head of his troops of Ironsides, filing their souls with new ardor in the cause of religious liberty and humanity—then as now combined.

Surely all is not lost, if indeed anything really is lost. And in respect to this war which has come upon us, and the loss of those brave sons of Massachusetts, whose death we deplore but whose memory shall be immortal as the stars, will does his Excellency say, "While our tears flow in a stream of cordial sympathy with the daughters of our people, just now bereft by the violence of the wicked and rebellious, of the fathers and husbands and brothers and sons, whose heroic blood has made verily sacred the soil of Virginia, and mingling with the waters of the Potomac, has made the river now and forever ours; let our souls arise to God on the wings of Praise, in thanksgiving that He has again granted to us the privilege of living unselfishly and of dying nobly in a grand and righteous cause."

For the signal victories which have crowned our arms both on land and sea, since the proclamation was issued, and especially for the arrest of the arch traitors and rebels, who have done so much to foment and precipitate upon us our present national troubles, we do render to God most humble and hearty thanks. But are the days of the Republic numbered? Is there no more of American History to be written? Have we reached the end of the great experiment of self government, which the world has lived with high and low, years to witness? Let those who wish believe it. God has indeed chastened us sore, and we deserve chastisement. Darkness has settled down upon this land, striking out the fair prospects in which we have been wont on such occasions as this to glory. It is with us the season of night.

And this comes to us from over the sea, as of old from Mount Seir, a voice of reproach saying, "Watchman, what of the night?" But he who stands upon his post, and looks down upon the city of our fathers, and the watch tower of our own loved Jerusalem, can give back this taunt and this reproach and say "The morning cometh, and also the night. Look to yourselves, ye despots of Europe, that prepare to shut the door of heaven upon the youthfulness of the East. If ye will enquire, enquire ye." Read the book of God's providence thrown open to the world. See in what direction the course of events is tending. Witness the current empire take its way. The four first acts already past, the fifth shall close the drama of the day. Time's noblest offering is the last. Freedom, Christ, and human brotherhood are the charmed words of modern history.

"Return, come,"—last in your lot with the advancing ideas of progress of the age. Fall into the line of the Redeemer's triumphal march under his banner to the conquest of the world.

The preacher referred to the text as affording both a word of encouragement and of warning,—a word of encouragement to those who are on the side of God and enlisted in his cause, and a word of warning to all those who are fighting against him. There is coming a great day of battle, and a night of unending gloom. To seek the one and avoid the other is alike the duty of individuals and of nations.

But how are we to know that God is with us in the controversy in which we are at present engaged? First, because we are in the line of God's providence. After defining what we mean by this, he remarked, how do we know that we, as opposed to our fellow citizens, are on the side of God? Upon this he said, "The fundamental principles of this government we seek to maintain, are in substance these—the essential equality of all men before the law,—the right of all to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness,—protection to all the quiet enjoyment of their rights,—the privilege of citizenship, conferred upon all who have an interest in the government,—the sanctity of the marriage relation, and the domestic life, and the right of the people to choose their representatives in the government."

What is the corner stone of the government it is proposed to substitute for that under which we now live? By the honest confession of the distinguished Vice President of the so called Southern Confederacy,—human slavery.

Secondly—Because we are acting in conformity with the declared will of God. This we know from the bible, where we can learn what are our duties in this crisis of our national affairs. Disloyalty to government, by the teachings of Scriptures, is treason against God. Undoubtedly there is the right of revolution—a right however to be exercised only in the case of intolerable injustice and oppression, such as no one pretends was ever practiced by the government of the United States. We stand then on this ground, where we would argue with those who are arrayed in arms against us. Your fathers and ours laid the foundations of the government. Undoubtedly we have enjoyed for many years continued peace, and a large measure of worldly prosperity. It has answered the purpose for which it was instituted better than any government on the face of the earth. And now our country is in this crisis, and we are asked to break up. "The Union must be preserved—the power that be are ordained of God."

Besides the principles for which we are contending in this struggle, are the principles of the government of the United States, principles which he has undertaken to vindicate, and which must therefore ultimately triumph. Take what may be called the cardinal doctrine of our national faith—that all men are created equal. Where did it originate? Who discovered it? You will find it in the Bible and no where else. It was Paul standing on Mars Hill in the midst of a city wholly given to idolatry, who declared that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth. Take the inviolability of the marriage covenant as enforced in the scriptures. There is no such law as that on any plantation at the South."

Thirdly—We have the sympathies and hopes of humanity on our side. The heart of oppressed millions yearns toward us, and their prayers go up unceasingly in our behalf. All over the globe sad and anxious faces are turned in this direction. What is to be the issue of the present struggle? Has not man the capacity of self government? Must the few always lord it over the many,—the many always be in subjection to the few? Never was there an enterprise commenced in which so deep and unusual an interest was manifested.

But we are to take warning, as well as to find encouragement in the words of the text. So long as we adhere to the principles and precepts of the fathers, so long may we expect God to be with us. But if we turn aside from the path of righteousness, then there is no encouragement, or hope in the word of God.

Illustrations of this truth were cited from history by the preacher. Let us dare to do right, whatever evils may threaten. Let us break every yoke. Let liberty be proclaimed throughout our land. Let the gospel of God's grace, and man's redemption from the thralldom of his fellow man, go hand in hand, as they were originally assigned to do. In a word, let us learn to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with our God. And even if this present struggle shall be protracted, if we be compelled to hand it down to our children, and our children's children, let not our confidence in God or in the right be shaken.

"For right is right, since God is God, And right the day must win. To doubt would be disloyalty. To fail would be sin."

However long the night, the morning will come for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. To all the taunts of our adversaries therefore, whether from over the sea or from among ourselves, "Watchman what of the night?" even though the darkness seem to fold thicker about us, we would still say, "The morning cometh" bright morning, glad morning of a millennial day.

Washington and Hill Schools were fixed at five dollars per week on account of these schools being less in numbers than the others—a reduction of one dollar each on the first two, and fifty cents on the latter—the teacher of the Gifford to receive eight dollars and the other teachers six dollars per week. The reduction will make a saving of a little over eighty dollars a term. All the teachers were re-elected.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

THANKSGIVING.—On Thanksgiving day the Congregational and Baptist churches united in a prayer and conference meeting at the Vestry of the former. About the usual number were in attendance. The weather was mild for the season and the village was almost as quiet as Sunday. There were many things that called forth our gratitude—very many for which we should be truly thankful, notwithstanding the large number of seats that were vacant at the liberal board on Thanksgiving day. The many from town that have enlisted in the service of their country, cause broken links in numerous families and social circles; yet there was thankfulness that so many with brave hearts were found to forego for a time the comforts of home, to face danger on the field of battle.

Again there is cause for thankfulness that the wives and daughters and sisters of the worthy volunteers possess so much of true philosophy and patriotism as is manifest in their cheerful acquiescence, happy demeanor, and their readiness to assume the cares and responsibilities of those whose absence they nevertheless deplore. With all their sorrows they carry light hearts, as they remember that those whom they love are engaged in sustaining a government which they also love.

But absent friends were not forgotten on Thanksgiving day; they were remembered in the public prayer, and at the festive board, and natural affection would have given wings to help them back to share the luxuries of the joyous occasion. Some however, had anticipated the day, and sent by express to their sons and friends, turkeys, plum puddings, &c., cooked and ready for use, so that the soldiers of the old Bay State in a distant camp could observe a time honored custom of their native commonwealth, and remember the happy days of their sojourn under the parental roof. When another year shall have rolled its round, may those whom war has for a time separated, be again united in family groups, and together offer up a hearty thanksgiving to the Father of mercies for his guiding hand, protecting care, and safe return to the bosom of friends, surrounded with peace and plenty, with a united, free, and happy country.

For the Middlesex Journal.

AGGRAVATED ASSAULT.—Last Saturday afternoon, B. F. Lindsay was arraigned before Trial Justice, P. L. Converse, in the Selectmen's room, on the charge of an aggravated assault upon Joseph Shattuck. The witness for the Government were Mr. Shattuck who appeared in Court with his head and right hand bandaged, and seemed to be in a feeble condition; Dr. Ingalls, who testified to the extent of the injuries inflicted, and Mr. Story and wife, who witnessed the occurrence from their house.

From the evidence it appeared that on Thanksgiving day between 1 and 2 o'clock as Mr. Shattuck was crossing a lot of land in the rear of Pleasant street near by where he had been at work, he was accosted by Mr. Lindsay and threatened with violence if he passed over the land again. The land is claimed by both parties, Mr. L. being in peaceful possession of the same, as he says, and erecting a building thereon. Shortly after, Mr. Shattuck attempted to cross the land, having in his hand a hammer which he had been using, and seeing Mr. Lindsay running up to him with a hammer, he took up a wooden saw horse which lay near, lifted it up a little way but immediately dropped it and threw his arm up in the attitude of self defence. Before he was aware of his presence, he was struck on the side of the head with a hammer by Mr. Lindsay throwing him partly down and rendering him insensible. While in this condition, blows were repeated some four or five times, apparently with great force, until the parties were separated. The attending physician stated that the wounds might have resulted seriously but were then doing well. Mr. Lindsay managed his own defence very well, cross examined the witnesses, and made a short plea when the evidence was all in, justifying his course as being in self defence, and his right to forbid Mr. Shattuck from going over his land. In summing up the evidence, the Justice defined the law relating to trespass on land, and stated that as it appeared that Mr. Lindsay had used more force and in a manner which the law did not allow, provided he was the rightful owner of the land which was not under consideration; as the offence was beyond his jurisdiction, he should bind over the said Lindsay in the sum of \$300 to appear at the Superior Court then next to be held at Cambridge in and for the County of Middlesex, on the second Monday of February next ensuing.

In the examination there seemed to be too much latitude allowed to the defendant in his questions, although he was checked several times by the Justice, yet it seemed to outsiders that he should have been confined more closely to the question at issue and not allowed to bring in irrelevant matters. The general opinion was, that the amount of bail was fixed rather low, considering the weapon and that part of the body it was used upon. As the requisite number of sureties could be obtained at that time, Mr. Lindsay was remanded to jail. On the following Monday he was released on bail, Mr. Jonas Woods becoming his surety.

SCHOOLS.—The Fall Term of our schools which closed on Wednesday last week shows that good progress has been made. The attendance for the most part has been larger than heretofore. At the High School the whole number of scholars for the term was 57; average attendance 55 14-19; not absent or tardy, 41; not tardy, 55. The average attendance is the highest for five years. The same is true of the number neither absent or tardy.

At the last meeting of the School Committee, a communication was received from the teachers of the High School, to the effect, "that feeling it to be the duty of the teachers of the public schools to do their part in retrenching the expenses of the town increased by the war and other causes, they offer such a reduction of their salaries that their compensation for the coming year shall be eight hundred and three hundred dollars respectively. The proposal was accepted and the Secretary was directed to express to those teachers the committee's appreciation of their generous offer, and the motive which prompted it, trusting that it may meet with an ample recompense in the future.

The wages of the teachers of the Wyman,

no doubt select their best men; and as there are so many much better qualified for any office than either he or myself, I am content to help elect them. Very truly,
So, Reading, Nov. 25, '61. W. N. T.

For the Middlesex Journal.

THE friends of Lieutenant James Oliver will, we think, be glad to read the following extract from a letter written by him to a friend in this place, and dated at—
Camp Hamilton, Va., Nov. 18, 1861.

I have just come in from picket guard, and I am a good deal exhausted though very well. I will, though quite tired, tell you what I saw when on guard. I am acting as first Lieut. of Co. J, which company was detailed for picket guard yesterday. We left camp at nine o'clock for our station, which was about three miles to the north, in the direction of the rebel camp. When we reached our station we found a company there from the Indiana reserve, which picked up a rebel camp had been moved down to the North bank of Buck river, and was only five miles off. We had sixty men, and had just set our guard, when Col. Weiss, the officer of the day, rode up and advised us to keep a sharp look-out, as we might be attacked at any moment. Lieut. Brown took part of the men and went out on a scout at two P. M., and returned at half-past five, without having seen the rebels. As the night wore on, alarm grounds were when Col. Mosheim came up and repeated the caution given us by the officer of the day. We thought he would not needlessly alarm us, but the time passed till midnight and all was still quiet. At one o'clock A. M. I took a strong guard and secured the country from our camp completely up to Buck river and returned at half-past five without having seen a single armed foe. This excursion afforded me a fine chance to see the country—a chance I do not often obtain. The night was very dark, and the moon was full which made it very light; and of all the pleasant scenes I ever witnessed, this best deserved the name of beautiful. We had a "contraband" with us—whose master had run off—for a guide. The country seemed nearly level; and we passed through cornfields containing more than thirty ears each, with the corn still ungathered; large patches of sweet potatoes, with the potatoes yet in the hill; fields of squashes dotted the surface of the ground; while cattle and pigs were roaming wherever they chose. The white male population was nearly all in the rebel army, which explains the facts just stated. We started for the other side of the river, the highways as much as possible, and passed through forests a mile in extent, where pitch pines were growing four feet in diameter, and other trees—many of them new to me—proportionally large. We kept a sharp watch for rebel scouts, and about three in the morning we reached the river. There were houses along the bank belonging to the rebels, some of which were deserted, and in others women and children yet remained, the men being in the rebel camp on the other side of the river, which is there about a mile wide. The rebels were throwing up rockets from their camp, and these signals were answered from another camp some miles distant down the stream. We watched these signals for some time, and then went and knelt at the door of a low brick house which stood on a slight elevation a little back from the water. After we had knocked several times an old man came and opened the door, but started back in surprise and terror at the sight of our uniforms. I asked him if there were any rebels in the house. He pretended he did not know what I meant, but at length said he was the only man in the house, and that his wife and two daughters were in the stable room; and that his daughters' husbands were in the rebel army. To a number of other questions he either could not, or would not, give satisfactory answers. After getting all the information we could from the old man we left; but before we had gone many rods a light was placed in his window and moved up and down three times. We hurried back and demanded of him what he meant by making these signals, and told him if we saw any more of them we would burn his house and carry him a prisoner to the fort. The old man was frightened, and begged of us to spare him and his buildings. We again threatened him and then went down to the water, so that if the rebels had seen the light and were coming over the river, we could shoot them in their boats. But seeing none of them we returned to the camp well tired, I assure you.

It has been officially ascertained that the government has now in the field and camp, and in formation, 600,000 volunteers; and the enlistments for the regular service are more numerous than heretofore.

The news from Missouri is interesting. General Halleck had given orders to exclude fugitive slaves from the camps, as they have been detected giving military information to the rebels.

Salt is selling in Alabama at ten dollars per sack, with an upward tendency.

A good assortment of Photograph Books, can be found at the Woburn Bookstore.

Special Notices.

WARREN ACADEMY.

THE WINTER TERM at this Institution will commence MONDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 24, and continue for sixteen weeks, under the charge of Mr. D. W. Barnum, as Principal.

B. CUTLER,
Secretary Trustees.

Woburn, Nov. 15, 1861.

To Consumptives.</

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XI : : No. 10.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1861.

{ TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

Knitting Socks.

Click, click, click! how the needles go
Through the busy fingers, to and fro—
With no bright colors of Berlin wool,
Delicate hands to-day are full;
Only a yarn of deep, dull blue,
Socks for the feet of the brave and true.
Yet click, click, how the needles go,
'Tis a power within that nerves them so.
In the sunny hours of the bright spring day,
And still in the night-time far away,
Maiden, mother and grandame sit
Earnest and thoughtful while they knit.
Many the silent prayer they pray,
Many the tear-drops brushed away,
While busy on the needles go,
Wide and narrow, heel and toe.
The grandame thinks with a thrill of pride
How her mother knit and spun beside
For that patriot band in olden days
Who died the "Stars and Stripes" to raise—
Now she in turn knits for the brave
Who'd die that glorious flag to save.
She is glad, she says, "the boys" have gone,
'Tis just as their grandfathers would have done;
But she heaves a sigh and the tears will start,
For "the boys" were the pride of Grandame's heart.
The mother's look is calm and high,
God only hears her soul's deep cry—
In Freedom's name, at Freedom's call,
She gave her sons—in them her all.
The maiden's cheek wears a paler shade,
But the light in her eye is undimmed.
Faith and hope give strength to her sight,
She sees a red dawn after the night.
Oh, soldiers brave, will it brighten the day,
And shorten the march on the weary way,
To know that at home the loving and true
Are knitting and hoping and praying for you?
Soft are their voices when speaking your name,
Proud are their glories when hearing your fame,
And the gladdest hour in their lives will be
When they greet you after the victory.

—Transcript.

Select Literature.

BLUE YARN STOCKINGS.

"What have you there, Katie?" asked a young man, in the familiar tone of an intimate acquaintance, touching as he spoke a small bundle resting on Miss Katie's arm.
"Guess." A smile, sweet but serious, went rippling for an instant about her lips, and then faded off. Her calm eyes, clear and strong, looked steadily into her companion's face. They had met, casually, and were standing on the street.
"Zephyr?" And he pushed his fingers into the bundle.
"No."
"Give it up."
"Blue yarn."
"What!" There was a lifting of the eyebrows, and a half-amused expression about the young man's mouth.
"Blue yarn and knitting-needles." Katie's voice was firm. She did not shrink from the covert satire that lurked in his tone and manner.
"No."
"Yes."
They gazed steadily at each other for some moments, and then the young man gave way to a brief fit of laughter.
"Blue yarn and knitting-needles! Ha! ha! Soldiers' stockings, of course."
"Of course." There was no smile on Katie's face, no playful light in her eyes, but a deepening shadow. The levity shown by her friend was in such contrast to the state of mind in which she happened to be, that it hurt instead of amusing her—hurt, because he was more than a common acquaintance.
From the beginning of our troubles Katie Maxwell's heart had been in them. Her father was a man of true stamp; loyal to his country, clear-seeing in regard to the issues at stake, brave and self-sacrificing. He had dispensed liberally of his means in the outfit of men for the war; and more than this, had given two sons, yet of tender age, to the defense of his country. Katie was living, therefore, in the very atmosphere of patriotism. She drank in with every breath the spirit of heroism and self-sacrifice. "What can I do?" was the question foremost on her lips; and when the call came for our women to supply stockings for the campaign, she was among the first of those who responded. It was only on the morning of this day that the Quarter-master-General's appeal had gone forth, and already she had supplied herself with blue yarn and knitting-needles.
"I didn't believe you were such a little!" The young man had uttered so much of his reply to Katie's "Of course," when she lifted her hand with a sudden impulse and said, almost sternly,
"Take care, George!"
"Take care! Of what?" He affected to be still amused.
"Take care how you trifle with things that should be held out of the region of trifling!"
"Soldiers' blue yarn stockings, for instance! Ha! ha!"
"Laugh if you will, but bear in mind one thing."
"What?"
"That I am in no laughing mood. Her clear strong eyes rested firmly in his, with something of rebuke in their expression.
"Tut, tut, Katie! don't look at me so se-

riously. But indeed I can't help laughing. You knitting blue yarn stockings! Well, it is funny."

"Good-morning, George," She was turning away.
"Good-morning, Katie," was answered lightly. "I'll call around this evening to see how the stockings are coming on."

When Katie Maxwell left home an hour before her step was light and her countenance glowing with the heart's enthusiasm. But she walked slowly now, with her eyes cast down, and a veil of unquiet thought shadowing her countenance. This interview with one in whom her heart was deeply interested had ruffled the surface of her smoothly-gliding thoughts. The cause of her country, and the needs of those who were offering their lives in defense, were things so full of sober reality in her regard, that the light words of George Mason had jarred her feelings, and not only jarred them, but awakened doubts and questionings of the most painful character.

Katie Maxwell sat down alone in her own room, with hands crossed on her lap and eyes fixed in thought. She had tossed the small bundle of yarn upon the bed, and laid aside her bonnet and cloak. Now she was looking certain new questions which had come up right in the face. Was there in the heart of George Mason a true loyalty to his country? That was one of the questions. It had never presented itself in distinct form until now. He was in good health, strong, and of manly presence. No imperative cause held him at home. During the summer he had visited Niagara, taken a trip down the St. Lawrence, enjoyed the White Mountains, and in a general way, managed to take a good share of pleasure to himself. The state of the times never seemed to trouble him. It would all come out right in the end, he did not hesitate to affirm; but not a hand did he lift in defense of his country, not a sacrifice did he make for her safety. And yet he criticised sharply official acts and army movements, sneered at Generals, and condemned as weak or venal patriotic men in high places, who were giving not only their noble efforts but their very lives to the cause. All this; yet were his hands held back from the work.

Occasionally these things had pressed themselves on the mind of Katie Maxwell, but she had put them aside as unwelcome. Now they were before her in stern relief.
"He is not against his country. He is no traitor! He is sound in principle." Such were the thought-answers given to the accusing thoughts that shaped themselves in her mind.

"If for his country, why, in this time of peril, does he sit with folded hands?" was replied. "Is he afraid to look danger in the face? to endure suffering? If he loved his country, he would, self forgetting, spring to her defense, as hundreds of thousands of true hearted men are doing!"

Moved by this strong thought-utterance, Katie arose, and stood with her slight form drawn to its full erectness, her hands clenched and her eyes flashing.

"And, not enough that he holds off, like a coward or an ease-loving imbecile; he must assail with covert sneers the acts of those who would minister to the wants of men whose brave acts shame him! Loyal to his country! Is that loyalty? Do such things help or harm? Do friends hurt and hinder? Sound in principle? I am afraid not. By their fruits ye shall know them. Where are his fruits?"

Katie stood for a little while, quivering under strong excitement. Then, sitting down, she crouched as one whose thoughts were pressing back upon the mind like heavy burdens. There was a dull sense of pain at her heart. George Mason had been dear to her. But the shadow of a cloud had fallen upon the beauty of her idol. It had been gathering like a thin, almost viewless vapor for some time past; and now, compacting itself almost in an instant, it was dark enough to hide the sunlight.

Gradually the brave, true-hearted girl—for she was brave and true-hearted—rose into the serene atmosphere from which she had fallen. The pain left her heart, though a pressure as of a weight lay still on her bosom. The smile that played about her lip as she joined the family circle, not long afterward, was more fleeting than usual; but no one remarked the sober cast of her countenance as it died away. Her skin of blue yarn was speedily wound into a ball, the requisite number of stitches cast on to her needles, and then away went her busy fingers—not busier than her thoughts.

"What's the matter, Katie?" The unusual silence of her daughter had attracted Mrs. Maxwell's attention, and she had been unnoticed by Katie, examining her face. The maiden started at the question, and colored just a little as she glanced up at her mother.
"You look sober."
"Do I?" Katie forced herself to smile.
"Yes."
"Perhaps I feel so." Then, after a pause, she added, "I don't think this kind of work very favorable to high spirits. I can't help thinking of Frank and Willy. Poor boys! Are they not soldiers?"

"Dear, brave boys!" said the mother, with feeling. "Yes, they are soldiers—true soldiers, I trust."
"But what a change for them, mother!—Home life and camp life—could anything be more different?"
"Life's highest enjoyment is in the mind,

Katie. They are doing their duty, and that consciousness will more than compensate for loss of ease and bodily comfort. How cheerfully and bravely they write home to us!—No complainings—no looking back—no coward fears! What a thrill went over me as I came to the closing words of Willy's last letter: "For God and my country first; and next for you, my darling mother!" And the words still thrill me over and over again, as I think of them, with a new and deep emotion."

Katie turned her face a little farther away from her mother, and bent a little lower over her knitting. Often had the contrast between the spirit of her brothers—boys still—and that of George Mason presented itself; now it stood out before her in sharp relief. As she sat, working in silence—for she did not respond to her mother's last remark—her thought went back in review. She copped over well remembered sentiments which Mason had uttered in her presence, and saw in them a lukewarmness, if not a downright indifference to the great issues at stake, felt before—now perceived distinctly. Her father talked of scarcely any thing but the state of the country; George found many themes of interest outside of this absorbing question, and when he did converse on matters of public concern it was with so little of earnestness and comprehensive intelligence that she always experienced a feeling of dissatisfaction.

The light tone of ridicule with which he had treated Katie's declaration that she was going to knit stockings for the soldiers hurt her at the time, for her mind was in a glow of earnest enthusiasm, and the pain that followed quickened all her perceptions. The incident pushed young Mason back from the very near position in which he had for some time stood, and gave Katie an opportunity to look at him with less embarrassment and a more discriminating inspection. Before, there had been a strong sphere of attraction when she thought of him; now, she was sensible of a contracting repulsion. Language that seemed to mean little when spoken, remembered now, had marked significance.

It was observed by both Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell that Katie was unusually absent-minded at tea-time. Mr. Maxwell talked about national affairs, as was his custom, and Katie listened attentively, as was her wont. Among other things, he said:

"In love of country—which involves an unselfish regard for the good of all in the country—every virtue is included. The man who is not a true patriot can not be a good citizen nor a true Christian; for love of country is that which flows a love of God's kingdom; and he who loves and seeks to establish that which is highest as God's universal kingdom in the earth, helps to establish all that is lowest. In times like these, when our national existence is threatened by a force of giant magnitude and intense purpose—when all that we hold dear as a people is threatened with destruction—there must be, in any man who can look on quietly and take his ease; who can be lukewarm, or put even straw as hindrances in the way of any patriotic end, however humbly exhibited, a leaven of selfishness so vital with its own mean life that it will pervade the whole character, and give its quality to every action. I hold such men—and they are all around us—at a distance. I mark them as born of base elements. I do not mean to trust them in the future. If I were a maiden, and had a lover, and if that lover were not for his country—outspoken and outspoken, full of ardor and among the first to spring to her defense—I would turn from him. The man who is not true to his country—and the indifferent are not true—will be false to all other obligations in the hour of trial. Trust no man who is not ready, in this hour, to his utmost."

Katie listened, and her soul was fired. She drank in fully of her father's spirit. That evening, as she sat knitting alone in the parlor, she heard the bell ring, and knew by the sound whose hand had pulled the wire. Her fingers grew unsteady, and she began to drop stitches. So she let the stocking upon which she was at work fall into her lap. She sat very still now, her heart beating strongly. The heavy tread of George Mason was in the hall. Then the door opened, and the young man entered. She did not rise. In fact, so strong was her inward disturbance that she felt the necessity for remaining as externally quiet as possible, in order to keep from betraying her actual state of mind.

"Good-morning," said Mason, almost gayly, as he stepped into the room. Then pausing suddenly, and lifting both hands in mock surprise, he exclaimed,
"Blue yarn and soldiers' stockings! Oh, Katie Maxwell!"
Katie did not move nor reply. Her heart was fluttering when he came in, but in an instant it regained an even beat. There was more in his tones even than in his words. The clear, strong eyes were on his face.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed, gayly, now advancing until he had come within a few feet of the maiden. Then she rose and moved back a pace or two, with a strange, cold dignity of manner that surprised her visitor.

"What a good actress you would make!" he said, still speaking lightly, for he did not think her in earnest. "A Goddess of Liberty! Here is my cane; raise your stocking, and the representation will be perfect."
"I am not acting, George."

She spoke with an air of severity that sobered him.

"You are not?"
"No; I cautioned you this morning about trifling with things which should be held out of the region of trifling," she answered, steadily. "If you are not sufficiently inspired with love of country to lift an arm in her defense, don't pray you hinder, with light words even, the feeble service that a weak woman's hands may render. I am not a man, and can not therefore, fight for liberty and good government; but what I am able to do I am doing from a state of mind that is hurt by levity. I am in earnest; if you are not, it is time that you looked down into your heart and made some effort to understand its springs of action. You are of man's estate; you are in good health, you are not trampled by any legal or social hindrances. Why, then, are you not in the field, George Mason? I have asked myself a hundred times since morning this question, and can reach no satisfactory answer."

Katie Maxwell stood before the young man like one inspired, her eyes flashing, her face in a glow, her lips firmly set but arched, her slender form drawn up to its full height, almost imperiously.

"In the field!" he said, in astonishment, and not without confusion of manner.
"Yes, in the field! In arms for your country!"

He shrugged his shoulders with an affected indifference that was mingled with something of contempt, saying blindly—for he did not give himself space to reflect—

"I've no particular fancy for salt pork, hard tack, and Minnie bullets."

"Nor I for cowards!" exclaimed Katie, borne away by her feelings; and she pointed sternly to the door.

The young man went out. As he shut the door she sunk into the chair from which she had arisen, weak and quivering. The blue yarn stocking did not grow under her hand that night; but her fingers moved with unwearied diligence through all the next day, and a soldier's sock, thick, and soft, and warm, was laid beside her father's plate when he came to the evening meal. Very sweet to her were the approving sentences that fell from his lips, and they had balm in them for many hours.

Only a day or two the pain lasted. Then it died out; and even as it died there were whispers on the air touching George Mason that, as they came to her ears, impelled her to say, "Thank God, that he is nothing to me!"—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Northern Lights.

They shone like lightning overhead,
They flashed along from shore to shore,
The bright reflection of their red
Crimsoned the streets of Baltimore;
And men who saw, were clear,
Their progress through the heavenly heights,
Made the world ring with cheer on cheer,
Crying, "Behold the Northern Lights!"
They shone on Ellsworth's murdered form;
They glided Lyon's far off grave;
Where Baker's army met the storm,
They smiled a blessing on the brave.
While Treason turned her head in shame
To feel her secret thoughts laid bare,
The patriot halted the sacred flame
That served his heart against despair.

Men of the North! fresh courage take;
For not to meet a little loss;
Ere long our Northern Lights shall break
The clouds around the Southern Cross.
Our banner floats over us yet,
And treason's coter in darkness lights;
Not yet our star of hope is set,
Not yet are quenched our Northern Lights.
We will not stop to reckon all
The vacant chairs—twere needless pain—
Of those who at Columbia's call
Joined the brave host of freedom's slain.
From every grave wherein they lie
Shall one day burst a victor song,
The Northern Lights are in the sky,
And all the land shall smile ere long!

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.—True wisdom bids parents keep their children at proper seasons in the background, in constant subjection, in obedience to an unceasing discipline. They should be limited in the number of direct pleasures and treats accorded to them, kept mostly at home, forced into regularity and insignificance. No sight is prettier or more pleasant than to watch the children of a sensible mother. It is charming to see a troop of girls in simple dresses, headed by their governess, range themselves in orderly fashion at the luncheon-table, under the eye of a vigilant mamma. These girls are worth talking to when they are young, and are worth marrying when they grow up. Children love discipline. They like to be guided, controlled, and silenced. They enjoy being forced to think of none but childish things. It is only foolish or indolent people who plead that this cannot be done without harshness and without erecting a barrier between the child and the parent. Children find out instinctively when tenderness is real, and cling to a parent who they know loves them, however strict may be the control exercised over them. Strict discipline, childish pleasures, exclusion of children from conversation on domestic difficulties, and moderate but solid intellectual teaching, are the great elements of a good home education.

THE Taunton Gazette suggests as a precaution against sleeping sentinels, let the Government put none but wide-awakes on guard.

Nursing.

After Miss Nightingale's bright, sensible little book about Nursing, it is with some hesitation, on my own account, that I put such a title to my paper. Still, as I have seen a great deal of sickness, and what is perhaps as much to the purpose, have been a good deal nursed myself, we will have, if you please, a little, quiet, general talk about nursing. The first, the essential requisite in a nurse, is *hope*. We are saved by hope. While nothing can be more bald and dispiriting than the professional smile of a crumby old woman, without stays, who is paid to keep awake at night, (which she does not), there is nothing more sympathetic than genuine hope. I do not mean belief, expressed or not, that a particular patient will recover, but hopefulness, which is like sunshine, which warms and cherishes the falling sap of life. It is the business of the nurse to look, not to the disease, but to the natural power making a protest against it. She—I use the feminine gender, though bearded men have nursed with the tenderness of women—she must search for the strength there is in the patient, and protect and educate that; she must seek for the little spark of the old fire which lies under the choked or burned-up heap, and educate that, helping it to circulate again through the body within which it has shrunk. Without an eye on that, she may try to soothe the pain in her wisest way, but she will not succeed; she will be always making some radical mistake.

I remember once, when I was recovering from a fever, becoming very low and wearied. The unnatural strength which fever gives had left me: I was helpless as a heap of clothes. Fever had worn me, like a coat, for some weeks, but now had thrown me off and gone. As I lay there, I felt that all I needed was to be left alone, that the skin might grow over my nerves again, that the small molecules of life might accumulate undisturbed, and build themselves quietly up, like coral. Any attempt to amuse or assist me went against the grain. One day, a kind visitor hearing me say I felt tired, began to stroke my arm. It had the same effect on me that a slow rubbing on the edge of a finger-glass. Then I appreciated the genius of my nurse. She let the delicate process of silent recovery go on without comment or curious inspection, and I gathered health with accumulating speed, as by compound interest.

Nurses should remember that almost all patients may be referred to one or other of two classes—those who like, and those who dislike to be noticed. A little observation and tact will soon show to which of these two genera a sick person belongs. The whole management of the case is seriously affected by a mistake in this matter. One man is actually checked every time you ask him how he is. The little feeler of life which he is pushing on towards recovery, starts back at the question, like the horn of a snail when you touch it. Let the snail alone, if you want him to make progress. Another man frets inwardly if you don't give him the opportunity of talking about himself. That seems to be nature's way of freeing him from his malady. Persistent silence puts him in a passion.

Never argue with a sick man. I don't know whether you are wise in ever doing so with any one, under any circumstances; but it is positively cruel to do so with a man who is weak and ill. I have, however, known people prove that a patient is better, to his teeth, when he affirms otherwise. Now, what can be the good of this? If he is better, he is better; if not you certainly make him worse. Any argument with him, however reasonable, however clear, is only selfish indulgence on your part. The only atonement you can make is to set the logical top spinning again for a few minutes, and allow yourself to be cleverly beaten. If you can manage that speedily, dexterously, you may as well try it; but perhaps best the plan is to say no more on the matter. Oh! what torture have I seen inflicted by the most conscientious, affectionate friends. There was no question about their fondness; but many a time their positive anxiety to establish a sanitary conclusion has retarded the recovery of their beloved one, nay, even sometimes rendered it impossible. There are many persons worried to death, killed with kindness, if that may be called such which frets the thin thread of life away, by daily fuss, till it snaps. Have you never heard in a sick room: "I have been telling him that he must not." &c. Don't you know the appealing look the patient lifts to the visitor? What hours of affectionate re-education does not that recall? How often the doctor would astonish his customers if he could speak out. "How do you think he is getting?" says the friend, just loud enough to be unintelligible to the subject of his inquiry. If the doctor could speak out, he would say: "Well, my dear Mr., or my dear Mrs., or my dear Miss What-do-you-call-it, I think he is getting on miserably, thanks to you."

If such people would be really unkind, they would very likely do less mischief. If the sufferer could feel himself justified in ordering them out of the room, or throwing a physic-bottle at their heads, or otherwise letting off the natural anger they had generated within him, he would take little harm. "You must restrain yourself, my dear," says Mrs. Goswilly, as she fiddle-faddles about the bed with provoking neatness and quiet. "Aye, there is the rub," the patient thinks; "restrain myself—it needs health and strength to do that. Please let me fret in comfort; let me have it out; it is there; and if you insist on my carking myself up tight, perhaps I might burst."

There is another instrument of torture—a patent one, I believe—a perambulator. When I see two babies seated asleep in one, with their naked legs meeting the wind, (which is always trying in sleep,) and their heads hanging down, backward, I think of calves going to market in a butcher's cart. Why can't babies have a back to lean their heads against? As it is, they generally hang over behind, or sideways, like those egg-shaped balls of rope—I think they call them "fenders"—which are held over the edge of a steamer when it is going to bump against the pier. Poor little baby-heads! I hope some humane speculator will invent a new carriage or barrow for you, in which you can go to sleep without one-half of you overlapping the other.

But I must have done with the babies. I want to say a little about the nursing of old people, the most touching, and perhaps the most trying branch of the art. Here you have to eke out the oil in the lamp, knowing that the vessel is low. The wick must be trimmed tenderly. You have in some cases the helplessness and irritability of the baby, and no gradual unfolding of power to come, no glimpses of the future manhood, but only of the past. The leaf is tender, not because it is a bud, but because it has nearly struggled from the stem, been nearly fluttered off by the wind and hail of life. It is for you to keep it there as long as you can, till some sudden frost shall come, and it falls down upon the common ground, where both rose and thistle really mix at last.

The great difficulty in nursing some very old people arises, of course, out of their habit of power and authority. They have been strong in body and mind. When you are old, you will perhaps not like to admit to yourself that you are not what you were, in either. You will try to set yourself straight with others by many allusions to decay, but this is the only concession you will make. You will probably own to infirmities, and then, as if the admission exonerated you, act as if you did not acknowledge them. Thus we see very old persons sometimes presume upon their age, and insist upon this or that with a pertinacity they never exhibited before. Of course this makes the work of nursing them doubly trying and painful, but the old principle holds. Look to what there is of true life and strength, adapt your treatment to it; above all, use it. Learn of the aged; help them by being helped; encourage by exhorting strength. You may depend upon it, though your head may be cool, and your machinery of judgment in first-rate working order, there is an instinctive wisdom granted to old age, when the fruit of experience is mellow and wholesome.

But if the fruit hang beyond its time, as I have seen grapes still upon a vine, shrunk and white with mouldiness before they have been gathered, or dropped off themselves—if you have to nurse the querulous and bitter aged, oh! tend them as if they were sweet.

We cannot think about nursing without seeing how widely the word has been used. We nurse projects, prejudices, quarrels, and a very vigorous maturity do these last two sometimes gain; an infant grievance, a childish offense, is capable, with care, of growing up into a war, of setting the world in flames. How great a matter a little fire kindleth. But I don't want to dwell on these. All I can say is, that if a young suckling of a quarrel be born to you, expose it, strangle it, apply the most effectual form of infanticide you ever heard of, or some day it will grow beyond your management and wish.

But remember, in regard to the nursing of thoughts and projects, that the very same principle as I have advocated still applies. Force nothing, or it will either grow crooked or die soon. Give an infant thought plenty of play; let it run about in the fields, and, if it is to grow, the unconscious mother of all growth will help it on. You will find fresh matter accumulate around the original idea; and some day, the once baby may be sent out into the world full-grown, to make its way with such a constitution and brain-power as it may have inherited from you its parent.

YEAST.—A correspondent writing from the camp mentions the fact, that one of the chief bakers of the Thirty-fourth Regiment was formerly the baker of Lord Lyons. He makes his yeast from water and hops alone, and no better, sweeter or lighter bread was ever tasted. Talking of yeast, he tells of a simple recipe for making the same, which is highly commended by the General of one of the brigades. It may be of service to many poor camp-bakers as well as to housewives:—Boil one pound of flour, quarter of a pound of brown sugar and a little salt in two gallons of water for one hour. When milk-warm bottle and cork it close. It will be ready for use in 24 hours.

GREAT TRUTH IN A SMALL PARAGRAPH.—One secret of the practical failure in life of so many promising young persons is, I apprehend, that they did not learn that a man's capacity and success in the world is estimated, not by what he can do, but by what he does do. The opposite heresy is, I am sorry to believe, early imbibed in most of our seminaries of learning. How the youth of genius, real or supposed, is worshipped by his associates, and too often by society also, while the more diligent plodder is left in neglect to "work out his own salvation," as he almost infallibly does!

The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS:—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher, and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

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One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00
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Half a square six months, 4.00
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Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.
Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, headed, 12 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading.—Dr. J. D. Mansfield.
Woburn.—E. T. Moody.
Winchester.—Josiah Hovey.
Reading.—Thomas Richardson.
S. M. PITTENILL & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DEC. 7, 1861.

The Message of President Lincoln, among other qualities, possesses that of brevity, a quality which hitherto has not often been connected with such documents. We have been generally treated to a long rhapsody, the perusal of which has ever been a bore to the most patient reader. The Message, take it altogether, is clear and concise, and lays before the people the affairs of the nation in a compact form. Still there is one fault, and an important one, to be found with it—it does not give us the policy which the President and his advisers intend to pursue, when they are called upon to treat the prominent cause of this diabolical rebellion. The main-spring of the war—slavery—is entirely ignored, and where many expected to find a decided opinion, they virtually found nothing. We are well aware that slavery is the producing cause of this rebellion, and that it must be handled with iron fingers and combatted with nerves of steel. No puny treatment will do. It would be useless, after sacrificing so many lives and so much treasure—which, with the loss in business, will amount finally to a sum large enough to buy and free every slave in the South—to reunite the Union, and leave Slavery, politically, where it stood before the first suicidal shot was leveled at Sumter's devoted walls. Such a proceeding would be worse than nonsense, and would entail upon us, and those who succeed us, the contempt of the world, and it may be another war greater than the one which is now devastating this fair land; for there are very few instances in the world's history where a career of tyranny did not commence and end with bloodshed. We must make the South understand that anything more than a fair share in the government of the nation, is simply out of the question, and that we will not tolerate their overbearing and pompous manner for a single moment. When the government of a country is in the hands of a minority, it is not a government of the people, it is nothing more nor less than a usurpation and a piece of tyranny. The government of this country has so been usurped, through the lukewarmness of the majority, and the people tyrannized over for many years; but thank heaven the time for such things is rapidly passing away, and the film which has blinded the eyes of the nation is slowly but surely being removed—we hope forever. That the slaves of rebel masters should be made freemen, and that those belonging to loyal masters should be constitutionally respected, seems to be the only course which can, under present circumstances, be pursued. The period for general emancipation has not yet arrived; it is in the "good time coming." God in his own proper season will break the chains of every bondsman and wash away the black stain that has ever darkened and sullied the otherwise bright escutcheon of America. But we must do our duty now and henceforth, both to God and to man. We must strike where the South feels most sensitive—we must strike at slavery. Hereafter we have plotted ourselves round and round the subject, never daring to touch it, and dreading every moment that some unfavorable gale will drift us upon its inhospitable shore and blast our power forever. From this fact the South has never believed us to be in earnest in our endeavors to crush this rebellion, and from this they have also gained most of their daring and recklessness. They suppose that just as soon as the government grapples with this hydra-headed monster, that moment two parties spring into existence and render its further procedure out of the question. We must effectually eradicate this mistaken notion, root and branch, and prove to our wily enemies that such is not the case, and that we are ready to grasp their divine institution with our sacrilegious hands and destroy its power forever. Then and not till then, will they feel that we are in earnest, and intend to carry the war into the very heart of Secession.

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SKATING.—The season for that delightful recreation has arrived, and preparations for its full enjoyment are being made. Russell's meadow is to be placed in good condition—subscriptions for that purpose are now being collected, and any one who wishes to give a quarter or more toward that object can do so by calling upon Mr. N. H. Nichols. We understand that a gentleman has offered to procure a flag staff to be placed on the meadow, if the ladies will manufacture a flag. Certainly, under so fair an offer, they will do so.

The last news from Port Royal informs us that our pickets have penetrated to within twenty miles of Charleston. We hope that they will soon accomplish the few remaining miles that lie between them and that traitors' nest, and that they will right speedily be followed by 50,000 good and true Union soldiers. The rebels will then have an opportunity to put their threat into execution, by leaving nothing of that den but a heap of ashes, which some "greasy" yankee will soon export to Boston to be made into soap.

At a meeting of Mount Horeb Lodge of Freemasons, held at their rooms on Wednesday evening last, the following board of officers was chosen:—W. M.—W. T. Grammer; S. W.—Charles Kimball; J. W.—William Ingalls; T.—Horace Collamore; S.—George H. Conn; S. D.—T. G. Davies; J. D.—R. B. Bean; S. S.—J. P. Stevens; J. S.—D. H. Tilton.

At WORK.—The Colporteur Society commenced working for the soldiers on Thursday evening last. They will continue their labors on each successive Thursday evening. In future Mr. March will deliver a short lecture, and gentlemen will furnish a literary entertainment, consisting of declamations, &c. The meetings will thus be made interesting as well as profitable.

NURSING.—Our readers will find a valuable article on this subject on this week's first page. It contains some very wise suggestions, and ought to impart to some people several broad hints. Don't look upon the article as meant for your neighbor—it is meant for you.

Mr. John L. Parker, of the Woburn Budget, left town last Monday for the seat of war. He intends joining the 22d Regt. We wish him the best of health, and hope he may be enabled to do good service in the cause of his country.

SURPRISE VISIT TO REV. MR. MARCHE.—On Monday evening last, quite a large number of this gentleman's parishioners gave him a surprise visit at his home. The whole affair was impromptu, and the Rev. Gentleman was surprised in reality. The evening passed pleasantly to all.

FIRE.—The tan, belonging to Choate & Cummings, which we mentioned last week as catching on fire on Tuesday, broke out afresh on Saturday, at about 6 P. M., and Niagara engine had to be brought into requisition to put it out. The tan, probably, had been smouldering throughout the week.

Mr. William Winn sold at auction on Wednesday last, the wood standing on the land of the late John Caldwell, in Burlington. After the sale of the wood the land, consisting of twelve acres, was sold to Mr. Jos. B. Sawtelle, of this town, for \$15.00 per acre.

Who has charge of the clock on the old Orthodox Church? Its hands have been idle now for more than a week; and the warnings of this faithful monitor are daily missed by many. Perhaps it needs the fatherly care of the town authorities. At any rate it should be moving, if for no other reason for the sake of long ago.

A large number of Baggage Wagons, with four horses attached to each, belonging to New England Division No. 32, Gen. Butler's, passed through town on Thursday last. The wagons we understand, were made by Mr. Samuel Converse, a former resident of Woburn.

Lime Glass Lamp Chimneys are the only profitable ones to buy. They may be dipped in water and immediately placed on the lamp, and the flame turned on full at once and will not break. Try them and see.

DENTISTRY.—Dr. Dillingham, one of the best of Boston Dentists, offers his services to the people of Woburn and vicinity, at his rooms, 12 Winter street, Boston. See his advertisement.

CLOTHING.—As this is the season when many people replenish their wardrobes, we bring to the notice of our readers the advertisement of Macullar, Williams & Parker, of 192 Washington st., Boston, which can be found in another part of this paper. These gentlemen have a general assortment of all kinds of Clothing, and those of our readers who visit the city for the purpose of purchasing, will find it advantageous to call upon them.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR 1862.—The first number of this book for the New Year, has been issued. The publisher promises to keep it up to the same high standard during the coming year, that it has ever occupied. This is a sufficient guarantee for its worth. Subscriptions may be left at the Woburn Book-store.

Warren Academy opened on Monday last, with twenty scholars.

The report that the late John A. Washington's estate has been placed in charge of Commander Lee, of the United States Navy, is untrue. The estate is in charge of the old negro who was there before Judge Freese's agent, since removed, was appointed. It belongs to Col. Washington's orphan children.

A Peep at McClellan.

It is curious how accidentally well, and often most unconsciously to themselves, men of mark may sometimes "sit for their picture!" I pen this moral, while pondering over a chance glimpse I got at McClellan, last night, in company (myself) with perhaps the very darkest and brightest eyes that still have faith in the Capitol. It was the ten p. m. of one of the warmest days of dying September; and, with the stars in a swoon of breathlessness above us, and not a leaf stirring in Lafayette Square, we walked slowly past the corner of said square, the lady and her attendant, on our return from an evening visit—McClellan's "quarters," at this some leaf-heavy corner, being, at present, the only lamp-showing spot of that now society-extinct but once fashionable neighborhood.

Obligated to give a wide berth to heels of eight or ten mosquito-veined cavalry horses, that stood fastened to the temporary tie-beam at the meeting of sidewalk and crossing, we struck a promenade's hypothesis to the house beyond—thereby getting an unavoidable look into the large drawing-room, whose long windows and blinds were all flung open for the possibility of air. The picture, which we irresistibly stopped to gaze upon, was near and clear to us, seen so advantageously from the darkness of the hushed street outside—a brilliantly gas-lighted group of officers, seated around a table, with despatches open before them, but all eyes fastened on a single standing figure. Leaning his elbow on the far corner of the marble mantle-piece, with his left temple pressed upon his closed hand, stood McClellan, listening and deliberating with evidently the profoundest concentration.

Spite of the characteristic massiveness and imperturbableness in the well-proportioned mold of his features, the whole physiognomy was, for that moment, painfully intensified with anxiety. His air and posture were expressive of it—the right hand thrust far into the loosened breast of his uniform, and the glittering spur standing motionless on his heel as he stood with poised foot in his half-leaning attitude—the slightly drooping head, at the same time, giving, artistically speaking, a pensive thoughtfulness to the "pose." With the ungirded sword leaning against the wall in the rear, and the group of earnestly attentive officers in the foreground, I must repeat that the figure of that youthful soldier was a picture preciously to remember! I should be envied rather than blamed for my stolen enjoyment of it, if the reader could know in what company my eyes did their stealing! McClellan himself, I am very sure, would be more pleased with the stealthy view thus taken of him (chief and accomplice both considered) than with the admiring gaze of any amount of "forces," in homogeneous patatoon, with the drums and trumpets of a daylight parade. I shall always myself, treasure up the passing glimpse, as one upon which memory may put an especial value, if only by the rule which Byron gives us:

"The lip's least curl, the slightest paleness thrown
Along the governed aspect, speak alone
Of deeper passions; and, to judge their men,
He who would see, must be himself unseen!"

—N. P. W.

The World, in its account of the brilliant naval victory at Port Royal, says:—"There is nothing in it or about it, we could have well spared. We needed the resistance, to show that the Rebels were not taken unprepared, and to test the extent of their pluck. We needed the spiteful little antics of the musquito fleet, with its doughty commander in command, 'keeping well out of range,' to give the world some just notion of 'the Confederate navy.' We needed the 'harum-scarum, heels-over-head retreat, to fix at its real worth the high talk of the chivalry about fighting to the death. We needed the miserable trick for firing the magazines and their own boats out of harm's way, to afford another illustration of their low and barbarous instincts. The flocking in of the contrabands, so prompt and so spontaneous, was necessary to reveal to us what a prodigious power we have for the subjugation of the Rebels, if we choose to employ it. Even the poor soldierly 'unkenned man in Beaufort—we could not spare him; he is a true representative of the State—a fit exponent of its present degradation and stupefaction. Every feature—terrible or pathetic, manly or mean, sublime or ridiculous—serves its purpose, all combining to reflect honor upon our arms and ignominy upon the cause of the Rebels."

In the year 1829, Mr. Edwin Forrest advertised for an original tragedy, suitable to his talents and proportions. Some twenty or thirty individuals responded to his call, their productions underwent an examination, and the result was that the play of "Metamora, the Last of the Wampanoags," was accepted by Mr. Forrest, and brought out for the first time at the Arch street Theatre, in Philadelphia, on the 22d day of January, 1830. The author was Mr. John Augustus Stone, a native of Concord, in New Hampshire, a man of inferior abilities, and an actor of whom little is known save that he made his first appearance at the Washington Gardens in this city. He received the sum of \$500 as a prize for having written the best of the tragedies offered; fretted through three unhappy years, and committed suicide, by drowning, in Philadelphia, in 1833. Mr. Forrest was so highly delighted with the literary offering of Mr. Stone that he caused a monument to be erected over his grave, bearing the following inscription: "In memory of the author of 'Metamora,' by his friend E. Forrest." It was a generous act, and still reflects credit upon the humane impulses of the tragedian.

An old maid, who has her eyes a little sideways on matrimony, says "the curse of this war is that it will make so many widows, who will be three to get married, and know how to do it, that modest old maids will stand no chance at all."

Letter from Major Burbank.

The following extracts, taken from a letter which was lately received by a gentleman of this town from Major Elisha Burbank, of the 12th Mass. Regt., will doubtless be read with interest by many of our readers.

MARYLAND, Camp near Darkestown, November 26th, 1861.

"I am right in my glory when I have plenty of duty to do. Our Colonel is not as well versed as many others in military matters. He is a gentleman with a kind heart, and friendly feeling for the men under his command. I have most of the drilling to do. We have over one thousand men in our regiment, and the responsibility of leading so large a number into battle seems great to me. Much judgment is to be used, and the commander of a regiment should be a man of sound judgment, and should never order his men to a dangerous position unless he is sure of gaining some good and profitable result. Should it fall upon me to lead this body of men to combat, I shall not hesitate. I shall not have any fear for my own life; my fear will be for the men under me, whose lives are as dear to them as mine is to me. A greater part of the men have wives and children, and if anything should happen to them, their first thoughts would be for those dear ones. Thus is the responsibility of a commander made doubly great to my mind. I have seen a large number of soldiers and officers since I left Woburn. There is a great lack of ability on the part of the officers many of them are too young, and many of them are not competent for the position they hold. If we go into action, there will be many lives lost for their inability. There is another great evil in our army, and that is the free use of intoxicating liquors, and I might say it is almost without a remedy. I see this evil in every regiment to a greater or less extent, and it is my aim to stop it all I can. I have no reason to find fault with the men in this regiment, in this respect; they are very temperate."

I fear it would be too long a story for me to go back to the time I left Woburn, and recount all that has happened, so I will give you a short account of some things that have taken place lately. We have been moving about considerably of late, not stopping more than two or three weeks in a place, and some of our marching has been rather severe upon the men. The battle of Ball's Bluff was a hard and cruel fight. It was not planned on our part for a battle. Col. Baker went over the river without orders, and after the fight had commenced it was thought best by our generals to send him aid. The whole cause of the defeat was owing to the inadequacy of the conveyance across the river. The mode of crossing was by canal boats pushed over and back by poles, and there were not enough of them either to reinforce our men or allow them to retreat. At the time of the battle our regiment was about 14 miles from the place where the crossing was made, and we at once had orders to march. We started about noon in a heavy rain storm and arrived there after dark, wet and cold, with mud half way up to our knees. We remained in this position all night, without sleep, and without food—expecting every moment to cross over. The roads were so bad that the wagons could not keep up. Our regiment did not cross the river, although it was reported in some of the newspapers that it did. We are now encamped about two miles from the Potomac, in a very lonely place. The weather has been rather cold here, yet we have made out to keep comfortable most of the time. Most of our tents are poor; they were furnished by the State and are not as good as the army tents. We have a fire in most of them. I will give you a description of the mode of warming them. A trench is dug under the bottom of the tent, about eight feet long; it is about three feet inside and five outside; one foot deep and one and a half wide. It is covered with flag stone, and the chimney is built about four feet high with sod and a barrel on the top. A fireplace is built inside with stone, which draws very well and affords great comfort to the men. Wood is very plenty here; we keep our teams out after wood and forage nearly all the time. Forage is very scarce here, and we have to send 15 or 20 miles after it; all we get we have to take without the consent of the owner. We will have to move soon on account of the shortness of this staple, and the bad condition of the roads. The very large amount of teaming which has to be done, keeps them bad all the time. We most always, when on a march, have to send a gang of men ahead to repair them, so that we can pass along. There is encamped near us three regiments—the 2d Mass., 30th Penn., and 16th Indiana. There are more than one hundred horses to each regiment, so you see that we need a large amount of forage for them.

Our living is very good; we do not have pines and puddings, as we should if we were at home,—still we would like some,—but we have good food and plenty of it. The arrest of Mason and Slidell was glorious news to us. When I first heard it, I considered it too good to be true. The health of our regiment is, and has been, very good since we left home. We have lost but two men by sickness, and one by accident. Last Sunday evening we had the first snow storm of the season, and here we are sleeping out in our tents, with our horses tied to trees without shelter, and our guard out in the storm walking their beats, watching over us while we lay sleeping in our tents not knowing what moment they may give the alarm for every man to be up and at his post ready to defend himself and his country.

I think by the look of things now, that I shall not be at home this winter. It is hard to tell when this war will be brought to a close. I have no fear about the result of it. I think the South will fight as long as there is any hope. Our men are ready and eager for a fight.

A contemporary says "a female recruit in Rochester was detected by trying to put her pants on over her head."

For the Middlesex Journal.

Mr. Editor—Perhaps I may be considered late in the day, but my lateness is not owing to any want of thought on the subject but because I have been waiting in expectation that some one else would make a move in the matter. I refer to the doings of the Committee which was chosen at the public meeting held in Lyceum Hall, in April last, for the purpose of receiving subscriptions for providing such soldiers as might leave Woburn for the seat of war, with an outfit, &c. I, as one of the subscribers, would like to see a report of that Committee's proceedings published, and hope that it will be done.

Woburn, Dec. 2d, 1861.

"What Can I Do?"

I. If you are in a condition to leave home—that is, if the care of a family or estate do not make your presence positively imperative, if you cannot serve your country better where you are than in the field—enlist. It is a duty, a privilege, an honor.

II. If you cannot go yourself, send your money. Show your confidence in your country and in the cause, by investing of your capital, so far as is consistent, in United States Bonds or Treasury Notes. Every hoarded or hitherto unused dollar should be thus appropriated. You will then have, if possible, a deeper interest in the success of the Federal arms.

III. If you cannot go or send, give to the government your sympathy. Do not grumble. If you are thrown out of business, bear it. Said a man of our acquaintance living in a factory village, who has a large family to support, "Last year my income was nearly eight hundred dollars; this it will probably not exceed three. But if we cannot have wheat upon the table we will have corn; if we cannot have corn enough, we will have half enough—only by the 1st of next April let the Flag of the Free float upon every fortress and hill-top from the St. Johns to the Rio Grande!"

IV. Remember, too, that Gen. Scott is a man—McClellan is a man—Lincoln and his advisers are men. All are liable to err and fail. Over all, omnipotent, is God. Seek to know what policy would be most pleasing in the sight of heaven—nearest right. Dare to advocate its adoption, and then intercede for its success. Then our country shall be saved!—Independent.

The following figures show the amount of commissary stores consumed in one month by the United States army of 600,000 men: 11,250,000 pounds of pork, or 18,750,000 of fresh beef; 105,380 barrels of flour; 37,600 bushels of beans, or 1,500,000 pounds of rice; 1,600,000 pounds of coffee; 2,250,000 pounds of sugar; 150,000 gallons of vinegar; 235,000 pounds of candles; 600,000 pounds of soap; 9,384 bushels of salt, and 6,600,000 pounds of potatoes. It is said that the Union forces—regulars and volunteers—now in the pay of the government number 650,000, which would increase the consumption of the above articles three-twelfths.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer has an account of the wedding of Dan Rice, the Union stump speaker and showman, which took place at his farm, near Girard, Penn., on the 5th ult. Miss Charlotte Rebecca McConnell, of Girard, being the bride. His residence has been recently rebuilt, and is said to be fitted up in a style of peculiar, but most admirable taste. A wild and romantic tract of land, sufficiently ample, on one section of the farm, has been inclosed as a park, in which are a number of elk, deer, buffalo, &c.

Please observe the new advertisements under our Special Notice head.

READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Items of news are about as scarce as money, and the snapping cold weather almost chills one's ideas. Business matters remain very quiet with no immediate prospect of any essential improvement. One can scarcely tell what he will find to busy himself about on the morrow, and in such a predicament has my humble servant found himself for many a day in months and weeks gone by,—the like of which it is hoped may never return again as the seasons shall go their busy rounds.

From a letter received from the 22d Regt. M. V., Company D, Everett Guards, dated at Hall's Hill Va., Nov. 27th, I make use of a few extracts. "We were paid off on the 23d and 24th of Nov. Our pay amounted to \$27.37. I came in from picket duty on the 24th and was glad to get home once more having been on guard nearly 48 hours. One person in our tent had a box come last night containing pies, cake, and turkey. It is quite cool here now. The ground was partly covered with snow yesterday morning and looked very much as I have seen it on Thanksgiving day in old Reading. When on picket we slept in a sort of hut built of rails and covered with pine boughs which served to keep off the dew. There were six men at a post—two on guard at a time. The corporal of the guard would come around once in two hours and relieve the guard. The last time we were relieved it was about 3 o'clock in the morning. My comrade and I turned in, and after having given our feet a good rubbing to make the blood circulate, we laid ourselves down to rest. When I awoke I was surprised to find it light. I roused up and the first thing that met my vision was a mouse scampering through the rails. I got up and with gun in hand started for the reserve—to warm my feet. The reserve was quartered in an orchard, the officers sleeping in the house. I was on the reserve the first night and on guard at the house; when I was relieved I went to the bush hut, which we had built on the day of our arrival. In the night it began to rain and I concluded to sit up until morning to escape being drowned. I did not see any rebels in the night, but our orders were if we saw one

man to challenge him, and if he did not halt, to fire. (I told the sergeant that I should let her rip) but if we saw two, to pass the word *enemy* along the lines. So much for my first experience on picket."

From a letter received from the 13th Regt. Company G, I learn that the Stoneham boys received an abundant supply of good things for their Thanksgiving, and that right merrily did they enjoy them, while they did not forget to furnish the Reading boys with a liberal share. This is commendable and worthy of more than a passing notice, as it shows that they are banded together as a band of brothers and have a mutual interest in one another's welfare, which is very pleasing to friends at home.

The Reunion gave their annual entertainment at the chapel Wednesday evening. The ladies provided in great abundance for the inner man, and the gentlemen availed themselves of a special invitation to be present and partake thereof. It was pleasing to notice an unusual number of quite young masters and misses, for the influence thrown around them on occasions like these, cannot, as I think, be otherwise than beneficial. These little ones conducted themselves with much propriety, and how this stands out in vivid contrast with rude boys who sometimes get together on evenings and indulge in obscene and profane language. A very large number attended this gathering, and it is hoped that the future monthly meetings of this circle will not be forgotten. I have heard people excuse themselves from attending these social gatherings, because, as they say, that their conversational powers are so limited that they cannot make themselves agreeable to others and they think therefore, they had better stay at home. Well, be this as it may, suppose you come and make a determined and persistent effort to enlarge your powers of thought and speech, little do you know perhaps what success will attend such effort. Religious societies should become better acquainted with the members thereof, and by so doing much of the jealousy, too often seen, would be dissipated and the mind made free from misapprehension. If you cannot give utterance to your cogitations, there is one thing you can all do, you can extend your hand and cordially grasp that of your neighbor (for all are your neighbors although they may live a quarter of a mile from your immediate residence) and if you cannot do more than this, it is far better for you to attend than to stay away. There is much in a good hearty shake of the hand as actions speak louder than words sometimes. Forget not the next meeting, and when you return home may you be enabled to say—*veni vidi vici*.

Married on Monday evening Dec. 2d, by Rev. Mr. Barrows, Mr. James McKay to Miss Susan R. Call, all of Reading. From a somewhat intimate acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. McKay, I deem it not out of place to congratulate each upon the new relations in life thus formed. May they live to a good old age, and when life's journey is over, may they at last be gathered to that home above where the friends of the Saviour will know no separation.

Rev. Mr. Day of Boston, (known as a revivalist) has delivered one or more discourses in the Baptist church recently, and was expected to have preached there last Sabbath, and at the Bethesda Vestry in the evening, but for some reason not explained the Rev. gentleman did not make his appearance. It is now past 12 o'clock and I must say good bye for this week and retire to rest.

LENO.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

We are again privileged to have direct communication from company E, 16th regiment, our volunteers, now at Camp Hamilton, Fort Munroe. Mr. Geo. H. Wiley has obtained a furlough of some twenty days, his testimony being important in the case of Thompson, now on trial at Cambridge, for murder on the night of April 6th, 1860. Mr. Wiley was Police Officer at the time of the stabbing affray in South Reading, which resulted in the death of one man, and the fearful injury of others.

Mr. Wiley reports the members of the company in good health; and they must be so if his appearance is a fair indication of their condition. He is the bearer of numerous letters which he intends to deliver personally to those to whom they are directed. Mr. W. will return next week, and will take any little package to friends if not too cumbersome. The probability is that a box will be made up and sent in his care, and the expressage paid by the contributors.

By letters received from the 16th regiment, it appears that the turkeys, plum puddings, mince pies, &c., sent from this town, arrived in Camp in season for Thanksgiving dinner, being received at half past eleven o'clock, A. M., on Thursday, Nov. 21. Those dainties reminded the boys of the cupboards at home, where mother's minced pies were prized above all others.

The opening lecture before the Literary Association will be delivered in the Universalist Meeting House, on Wednesday evening, 11th inst., by Rev. Dr. Chapin, of New York.

The Universalist Society have recently introduced gas to light their house of worship.

M.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Mr. Editor.—Thinking that a few lines from the old Granite hills of New Hampshire would not be uninteresting to some of our readers, I seat myself in one of the pleasantest villages of the State, if not of New England, to pen a few wandering thoughts. And in speaking of this village as one of the pleasantest of New England, I am not forgetful of the many delightful villages in my own "dear native state," and I think that all who have ever been at the shire-town of Cheshire Co., New Hampshire, situated as it is upon an extensive plain, and behold the width and uniform level of its streets,—its smooth brick side-walks,—the abundance of beautiful shade trees—the many beautiful residences—

the magnificent gardens, ornamented with every variety of shrub and flower—its handsome stores and beautiful public buildings,—and its large and commodious churches, will agree with me, that it is one of the pleasantest villages of New England, and with its thrifty appearance is both pleasant and attractive.

There are many interesting objects in and about the town, but I will not attempt to enumerate them.

The war with all its thrilling evils, does not seem to effect the business of the place, and I was surprised a few days ago in canvassing the town to notice the contrast in this respect to some, and may I not say most, of the towns in Massachusetts. The large woolen mill of the Messrs. Colony & Falker is in full operation. The wash and blind factory of the Messrs. Buss & Woodward, driven by a twenty-five horse power engine, and employing some seventy-five men, is in full operation. Also, several establishments for the manufacture of clothing; one for the manufacture of hats and caps; another for shoe pegs, employing some fifty hands; a large iron foundry, and other large places of business, and all doing as much at the present time as in former years. The facilities of the village for trade, owing in a great measure to its favorable location to the adjoining towns are numerous, and secure to its mercantile interest great advantages.

The people take a great interest in educational matters; the schools, and particularly the High, would compare, I think, very favorably with the schools in your vicinity. It is quite a religious place, judging from the fact that there are no less than seven religious societies, the most prominent of which is the Congregational, Baptist and Unitarian. The Rev. Mr. Barstow has been settled over the Congregational church upwards of forty-six years, and I would say here, that I was reminded very forcibly yesterday, in sitting under his preaching, of "Father Emerson," who was settled for so many years over the church at South Reading, when he spoke of "the fundamental doctrines of the bible, &c.," in the same tone, and with the same gesture and emphasis as did Father E. when we received instruction from his lips. It is also quite a reading community. There are two weekly papers printed here,—The *Republican* and the *Sentinel*—both are ably conducted and well supported. There is also a large town library. When the Boston and New York papers arrive the scene is very lively—the people come in haste from all directions to receive the news.

The same interest in regard to the war is noticed here as in every other place. Two full companies and a band of musicians from this place are now at the seat of war, and two companies more are at the Camp ground—encamped with the 6th N. H. regiment about one mile from the village. Keene is somewhat noted for its "tall men," and among others who I have met here is Gen. James Wilson, who is familiarly known as "Tall Jim," and who I remember having heard speak, when he addressed the multitude upon South Reading Common, in 1840. Ex-President Pierce has been here during the past few weeks, and it is said that he will make his future residence here. But I must bring this hasty note to a close, and in conclusion would say, that although we can visit and revisit the pleasant villages and towns of New England, and enjoy the associations that bring us together, and the exchanging of congratulations, yet a gloom comes over us, when we bring to mind the distracted state of our once happy and united country. Let us hope that ere long the veil which is hanging over us will be drawn aside, and that Justice and Right, Liberty and Peace, may at length prevail; and that we may be one country,—and one union, which gives to a nation the blessings of harmony, and the benefit of all its strength.

Yours Truly, O. S. M.
Keene, N. H., Nov. 25th.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

HIGHWAYS.—The highway running from Church street by the side of the High School and the Congregational Church, has been named School street; the one running from School to Church street, on which borders the residence of John A. Bolles, has been named Dix street, in honor of Gen. Dix the brother-in-law of Mr. Bolles. Both streets have been accepted by the town and their names designated by the Selectmen,—the latter at the request of Mrs. B.

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XI : : No. 11

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1861.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

The Curse of Lara upon her Seducer.

Let the libertine read, tremble and repent.

[NOTE:—If the spirit of the deceased rich man mentioned in the 14th Chapter of Luke's gospel had reason to fear any such accusations or reproaches from his kindred or acquaintance as the following, represented as sent from the invisible world, it is plain why he should wish that his live brethren might not come to that "place of torment."]

"From these black regions, these infernal plains, Where God's just wrath in dreadful triumph reigns;

To thee, accursed! these doleful lines I write, Lost as I am, and plunged in endless night. And while my woe-born numbers grating roll, Give a full view to all my read-like soul;

Think not, detested wretch, to escape thy doom; Hell moves to meet thee, 'hell thy destin'd home.

While yet from these distracting torments free, I lived a stranger to myself, and thee; Thy guilty arts allured me first astray, And turned my steps from virtue's pleasant way;

Taught me through labyrinth of sin to run, And formed my heart a picture of thy own, Smeared by thy wiles, impassioned by thy song, With heedless haste, I madly pressed along;

A threatening God, with blasphemies denied, To precepts slighted, and his power defied. To thee, Lorenzo, all these pangs I owe, And tears of blood, and heart-ache and woe.

In an ill moment snatched from earth away, A guilty exile from the realms of day.

Ye powers! seize him, send your lightnings forth; And instant sweep him shrieking from the earth; In these blue flames let his blacken'd soul Where I may see him writhe and hear him howl!

This comfort on my tortured heart bestow: His cries shall somewhat mitigate my woe.

Didst thou not teach me once to scorn these chains,* And laugh at 'hell's imaginary pains'? Let me my own sad destiny relate

And thou, Lorenzo, tremble at thy fate. With grim despair I make my dark abode, Beneath the terms of an angry God.

In everlasting darkness here confined, A thousand sad reflections haunt my mind; Here groups of hideous demons round me wait, Sport with my pangs and ridicule my fate.

Now full before my sick'ning sight they place The record of my sins and my disgrace; Now, offered meekly to my mind recall.

And tell me how I madly scorned them all; Mock my tormented soul, with anguish wrung, And toss my infamy from tongue to tongue.

Still to embellish all the woes I feel, And aggravate the sharpest pains of hell, Far from my gloomy cavern I behold Heaven's glorious frontiers, bright like burnished gold.

Where, God, in grandeur all his grace displays, And high-born seraphs sweet the song of praise; I too, with them, might tread thy shining plain, Where endless joy and peace celestial reign;

Had not my youth, by thy false friendship led, Pursued thy steps—'Perdition on thy head! When will the hour arrive, to wait the o'er, And give thy spirit to this desolate shore?

May thronging demons round thy bed appear, And breathe their curses in thy tingling ear; Whisper the horrid secrets of thy doom, Then furious drag thee to thy loathsome home!

Then here, before my ghost, thy soul shall flee, And find no fury half so fierce as me; While I pursue thee through the dreary shade And pour my keen reproaches on thy head;

Blas't thy sick sight, sting thee with fiercest pain, And furious dash thee with my sparkling chain, Where'er thou turnest, my angry ghost shall fly, And haunt and curse thee through eternity!"

*See the Scripture, Isaiah 14: 9.—Jude 6.

Select Literature.

A Medal from the Royal Humane Society, and How it was Won.

Some dozen years ago, before the railways now throbbing like arteries through the land were in existence, I went with two friends to lodge in Cornwall. The place was the most retired I ever saw. Far removed from the cross country road, and only reached by venturing over a track—for it could not be called a path—winding along the edges of cliffs, often two or three hundred feet above the beach, it was a place to delight all whose good fortune had carried them within sight of it.

The house we occupied had only its situation to recommend it. Fixed down at the seaward end of the valley, it looked like a child's toy among those magnificent hills. We could look from our beds of a morning to the ridge of the hill high above us, and nothing more splendid ever greeted human eye than when the rising sun seemed to rest a moment—a world of light—on that emerald hill-top.

The valley extended about three miles. The hills on either side where broken and varied in form and color; some rose with sharp outline against the clear sky, and when the day was young shewed a gorgeous covering of gorse and heather; others were clothed with dark green coppice-wood, while trees of ash, elm and oak waved their graceful boughs on the less densely covered hills. Here and there the hand of the husbandman had displaced the original growth, and fields of golden corn and gay clover loaded the air with perfume. All through that valley, one behind the other, the hills seemed to elbow each other for room, and shut in from the rest of the world so completely that the sky-roof above and the merry mill-stream babbling through it made up a perfect picture.

To see that valley in May, when the apple trees round the homely thatched cottages were in bloom, carried one back to the Arcadian dreams of the poets. Then the birds sang all day long. Rarely were the echoes woke by other voices than theirs, and a glorious concert they gave us. Fern and wild flowers grew everywhere in such profusion that botany was distanced in any thing less than a

folio attempt to name them even. To lie in the shade of one of those giant trees on the mossy grass, and watch the blue smoke rise from the low chimney of the cottage in graceful column, or with closed eyes to listen to the melodies of nature unmingled with the discords of the work-a-day world was no unprofitable employment. Body and soul regained their vigor, the chafing of life's harness was forgotten and healed, and we soon found ourselves pleased and almost believing listeners to wondrous tales of pixies, ghosts and shipwrecks, whose records found fitting utterance in the quaint language of the old miller.

The mill-house was in front of our windows, and many an hour we sat in its ivy-clad porch. The brook, after doing duty in the buckets of the mill-wheel, ran frolicking onward to the sea, and was lost below the terrace-like pebble ridge of the beach. Here the sea washed the base of stupendous cliffs, in which the red of the sandstone contrasted finely with the deep blue of the killas and the metallic hues which water dripping over exposed strata always produces in the land of "fish, tin and copper."

One end of the deep bay was closed from all approach by a pile of huge masses of rock, such as might supply an artist with a fit idea of an overthrown world. Many a tale they told of wreck and death on the splintered rocks of Foxholt. Nor was it without supernatural visitors. Indeed, scarcely a bold headland or sheltered inland bower but owned its legend, well remembered even in these matter-of-fact days.

The southernmost end of the bay closed by a steep slope of living green, caused by a landscape, in which the turf had slid down, like a veil, to hide the ruin it left behind, of which nothing was to be seen from the beach but a black-ground of towering rocks. Like some old Norman castle, we fancied them still resisting step by step the advances of decay. It was near this southern point that traces of former lawless doings were still to be seen. A small hole, apparently only a fox-den, led into a cave, where a thousand kegs of French brandy had often been stored in a single night.

We were anxious to learn whether the tales we had heard of Cornish wreckers were true, and it was some questioning on this subject which drew from the old miller the following story:

"I can't say I never heard of such things. I never need so such doings myself. I have lived here man and boy, these seventy years," he said; "many and many's the night we've been watching on these black cliffs for a chance to help the poor creatures as had only a frail plank between them and death. Scores of lives I've seen saved, but never one took; no, not even of a brute beast that came to shore from all the multitudes of the wrecks I've seen. I'm not going to say that when ships, poor things, are all broken up, and the timbers come ashore, I'm not clear to say, there is not some small matter as never gets reported to the king's men. Little I blame them that take it, for as the Lord's above us, I believe it's more the fault of those that keep back the honest dues for the salvage."

"I remember, in the time that barwood" (and he pointed to some pretty things made by his son, of bright-colored logwood) "was coming in, there was those as worked night and day, landing it, and after all their toil they wanted to pay them off with just a quarter of what was the right money. So if they that are so well off try to cheat like that, I'd ask your honors if it is not setting an example to the poor?"

"There's Ned Smeth, now,—he has got that fine medal from that grand place up to London—I'm sure he is as tender-hearted as a child, but you'll never make him believe there is any sin in taking a stray baulk or two the tide brings in and nobody owns; while, after he'd been working for a whole week, they wanted to pay him with a little more than nothing. That's what I call stealing!"

"But my old head is forgetting the story. Well, well, you must please to excuse it. It does make my blood boil to hear such falsities."

"'Twas seven years last November, I mind it well, me and Ned was standing as your honor and me is now, by my old hut here. It had been a bitter dark night of weather, and was still so dark, we could not even see the clobs of foam that kept flying in our faces. I'd just put the mill a-going with some barley, and was minded to lie down for a nap (for you see I always wake when the corn's down, and so don't trouble the mill), when I thought I heard a gun. I could not make sure, for the wind was lashing the waves mountain high, and the rake of the beach was most enough to stun a body. Says I to Ned, 'Ned, you're a more spry man than me, just take a look out to sea.' Well, he'd not gone but a step or two when the report came again full and true, and then even my old eyes could see the flash. I stepped up and turned off the water, and Ned and me went and called up the neighbors. I sent a boy on horseback to bring more help, and getting the ropes and things we should want, if anything could be done for the poor creatures on board the distressed ship, we went to the point we thought she would strike on. We had no help from our eyes, but were guided by our knowledge of the wind and tide."

"It might be about five, or between that and six o'clock, when we got to Saltstone. We could not stand against the wind, but were obliged to lie down on the edge of the

cliff to try to discover the vessel. It seemed a whole night, though I suppose it could not be more than an hour, before we could see or hear anything more than the flash of the gun and the roar of the wind and waves. After a bit we touched hands, and went back to a more sheltered place to talk over what was best to be done. Some were for lighting a fire to try to guide them into Wicemouth Sand-bay, but I knew 'twas no use, for I was sure the vessel had not a rag of canvas standing to help her helm, even if the helm itself was still serviceable, and so she could never make a reach to clear Deadman's Corner, and might miss the only chance of running into deep quiet water near the Cupboard Rock."

"All at once, while we were doubting what to do, we heard a crash and cry, such as only a stranded ship and the perishing souls on board of her can make. Ah! you talk of Cornish wreckers—but there were wet eyes among us then, and men's hearts that never knew fear fluttered like leaves on the lime-tree."

"We stood right above where the vessel struck. Sheer up from the beach—we measured it afterwards—two hundred and fourteen feet. A mouse could not have found footing down that cliff, and as it was within an hour of high water, no help could come to them poor souls but by letting some one down from the place we stood on."

"The dim light of morning just enabled us to see each other, and the white line of the shore-waves. Some thought they could see the wreck; I cannot tell if it was so. For certain we could hear now and then, fainter and fainter, the cry of mortal man."

"I can't stand this no longer," says Ned, at last, 'I can't stand here in health and strength with my two hands idle, while they, poor creatures, are beaten to death against the very rocks we stand on. Bear a hand, here—I'll go down this place.'"

"We stood like men blind and deaf for a minute, and then all tried to persuade him out of it, for we thought it was certain death. The rope most likely would be cut through fraying over the cliff, or the wind might dash him with fatal force against the rocks. But nothing would stop him; he knotted the rope round his waist, and taking a short gaff in his hand, stood ready to slip off. He turned a moment, and says he,

"Give my love to Mary and the children, and if I never see them more, don't let them come to the parish."

"He shook hands all round, and then stepped off, and in a moment he was hanging all his weight on the rope we held."

"For God's sake, lower away!" he cried, 'I see them.'"

"We saw them, too, for God rent the black clouds, and looked through to see that noble deed. In the east there was a space of clear sky, through which a stream of light fell on the scene before us. An awful scene it was! The ship was broken to pieces, and with every turn of the waves her timbers tossed and wroreled, and among them were the sailors. Some past help for ever, and two or three still striving hard for life."

"Just as Ned touched the beach, one man was swept out from the narrow ledge they were trying to hold on to, with every third or fourth wave breaking over them. The man Ned came to first was just such another for height and strength as himself, and we held our breath with terror, when we saw by his actions that he was (as is often the case) driven mad by his danger, and was struggling with the only man who could save him."

"For full five minutes they wrestled together. Sometimes we thought of pulling Ned up, and so making sure of him; for it was a hard case between that poor demented stranger, and Ned's young wife and three little children. But then the water left them once more, and we saw that Ned had him down with his knee on his chest, and we knew if the tide gave him time he was his master. So it proved. He whipped a turn or two of rope round his arms, and catching him tight to him with his left, he gave the signal to haul away."

"They had barely left the rock—for we pulled away at first—when the whole keelson of the vessel was thrown against the place they stood on. We had them in our lift, however, and if the weight had been twice as much it would have come to grass if the ropes held."

"We were all too busy drawing them up to look to see what happened on the way. I hold it as Bible truth that there's scarce another man but Ned would have brought that sailor up. He had, as I have said, one arm around him, and, with the other, warded himself from the sharp face of the cliff, but he had some grievous bruises for all his courage and strength."

"When the man found himself lifted up in that strange way he got more raving than ever, and finding he could not use his hands he fixed his teeth till they met. For all the pain and danger Ned held on, and I shall never forget to my last hour what I felt as we drew them in over the edge of the cliff, and knew they were safe."

"Poor Ned, we laid him in a sheltered place, and would have put the stranger with him, but we soon found he was too wild to be trusted free, so we bound him for his safety."

"In a few minutes after they were landed Ned's wife came. We had sent a boy for some spirits and things, and he, younger like, told what Ned was about. None that there were will ever forget that fair young thing as she fell on her knees by her hus-

band's side, and swooned away with her head on his breast."

"Ah, the man that had just braved such danger wept like a child, as he smoothed the golden hair of his wife."

"As weak as a child he was, too, from loss of blood. Well, other women came soon after, and bound up their hurts, and we got a cart and brought them down to my house."

"Eleven men and three boys were the crew of the Hesperus, as the ship was called and one man saved. He lay for days—very quiet at last—and scarce spoke a word. What he did say was about his mother and the name of some young woman. When we stripped him—by the doctor's orders—we found a little packet hung round his neck by a black riband, and as it was wet with salt water we took it away to dry. My wife, who tended him more than the rest, said, he seemed to keep still groping for something in his bosom, so she put it back round his neck again; and when he found it there all right, he never strove to rise and call out as he did before. It is not for me say, but my old woman always considered that packet to hold some true love-token. She often said she wished she knew, for she thought how glad mother and sweetheart would be to know he was alive."

"Well, he went on in that same strange way night on three weeks, and we did not know so much as the name of the sick man. Just as Ned was going about again all well, we thought the sight of him might bring the stranger to his recollections. So Ned went and sat by the bedside till he woke. It was getting near Christmas, and we wanted the poor man to be well enough to enjoy the time with us. When he opened his eyes Ned held out his hand, and says he—

"Give you joy, comrade. Ay, I see you'll be more than a match for me the next turn we have, particular when 'tis grass we stand on."

"With that the tears came into his poor dim eyes, and catching Ned's hand he said: 'I remember now. Were none saved but me?'

"Ned was fearful to tell him the truth, in case it might make him worse, so he laughed and said:

"You've been so long sleeping off the effects of your wetting, that 'they' are all gone and left you. But 'tis time we know'd your name, stranger, if it please you to tell."

"Gaseigne," he said—Richard Gaseigne. Has no one written to my mother?'

"How should we," says Ned, 'when we did not know where she lived?'

"With that he got up to come away, for he was afraid if he stayed he'd tell himself out about his shipmates, only three of whose bodies we ever found."

"He'd just got to the door when the poor man wanted him to come back, but before he could turn about the parson came into the room, and Ned got away."

"We never knew the particulars for certain, but always believe to this day that that young man was no common sailor."

"The parson used to come and sit with him for hours together, and a fine lot of letters they wrote between them. But we were never the wiser for any of their scholarship-doings but in one thing, and that won't be forgot round here for many's the long day."

"The Christmas day we were all standing about the church door, shaking hands and wishing each other a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, when the little gate that led from the Parsonage lawn into the churchyard was opened, and a lady came among us, so beautifully dressed and so beautiful herself, that we all stopped talking to look at her."

"I'm before my story, though, for I should have told you that the stranger had gone to the Parsonage as soon as he could be moved."

"Well, the lady came right forward into the midst of the crowd, and said:

"Which of all you brave, kind men, is Edward Smeth?'

"Ned was just behind me, and seemed ready to slink away, but I pushed him 'fore, and says I:

"If it please your ladyship, that's him."

"Well, Ned know'd manners too well to run away then, so there he stood blushing like a girl."

"The lady took his hand, and seemed going to make a speech; but she had only just begun her thanks when her heart rose in her throat, and the tears stood in her eyes, and she only said 'God bless you,' and put a little box and a purse into Ned's hand, and then kissed his great rough hand as if it had been a baby's face. Ned seemed struck all of a heap. He looked at the things she had given him, and turned his hand if he expected to see a mark where her beautiful lips had touched."

"Well, as the lady could not speak for herself, the parson up and told us all the sense of it. How that there was a grand place up to London, with many grand people that subscribe among them, to reward them that saved life."

"And proud," says the parson, 'proud I am that such a token has come into my parish.'

"He said many kind and good words, and then told Ned to open the little box and show its contents. There, sure enough, was a beautiful medal, with Ned's name, and the name of the man he saved, and some Latin words which the parson said was, that we should never give up trying to save life, for

perhaps a little spark of hope might remain, though all seemed gone."

"Ah! here comes Ned, he'll be proud to show your honors the medal."

So we walked to Ned's cottage hard by, and were delighted to find that, though seven long years had passed—years that had robbed him of his fair young wife, and laid her with her new-born babe in an early tomb—his dark eyes would brighten and his fine form look taller as he exhibited that well-earned medal from the Royal Humane Society.—Once a Week.

The Spiritual Railway.

COMPOSED BY AN ENGLISHMAN WHILE DETAINED AT A RAILWAY STATION.

The lines to heaven by Christ were made, With heavenly truths the rails are laid; From earth to heaven the line extends, To Life eternal, where it ends.

Repentance is the station house Where passengers are taken in; No fee for them is there to pay, For Jesus is himself the way.

The Bible is the engineer, It points the way to heaven so clear; Through tunnels dark and dreary here, It does the way to glory steer.

God's love the fire, his truth the steam, Which drives the engine and the train; All here who would to glory ride, Must come to Christ, in him abide.

The first, the second, and third class, Repentance, Faith and Holiness; You must the way to glory gain, Or you with Christ can never reign.

Come then, poor sinner, now's the time; At any station on the line, If you repent and turn from sin, The cars will stop and take you in.

A Napoleonic Campaign.

BY JOHN S. C. ARBOTT.

In the middle of the month of October, 1805, the Emperor Napoleon was with his magnificent army at Boulogne, preparing for the invasion of England. Secretly Austria and Russia entered into a coalition against him, and prepared to assail him in the rear. Five hundred thousand allied troops were immediately on the march, for the invasion of France, without any declaration of war. Of these, two hundred and fifty thousand were Austrians, fifty thousand English, Swedes and Neapolitans. There were also two hundred thousand Prussians, formidably armed and disciplined, eager to join the coalition upon the first reverse which should attend the French arms. To meet these armies of combined Europe, Napoleon had but one hundred and eighty-six thousand combatants, thirty-eight thousand of whom were horsemen.

The allies supposed they were moving in secrecy, and that they were to strike their victim by surprise. But a vigilant eye was watching them. The moment the Austrian troop commenced their march, by the invasion of Bavaria, Napoleon's ally, he put the seal of silence upon all the avenues of information, and by means of two hundred thousand carriages, which he had in readiness, transported his army, with almost the speed of a whirlwind, across France, passed both the Rhine and the Danube, and planted both his batteries in the rear of the division of eighty thousand Austrians, who had entered the Bavarian Kingdom. The retreat of the foe was thus cut off, and he was separated from his supplies, and could hope for no aid. The Austrians could not have been more amazed had an army descended from the skies.

As Napoleon was rapidly concentrating his troops in the rear of the foe, he wrote to Talleyrand—

"The Austrians are in the defile of the Black Forest. God grant they may remain there. My only fear is, that we shall frighten them too much. If they allow me to gain a few more marches I shall have completely turned them. Forbid the newspapers making any more mention of the army than it did not exist."

Napoleon seemed to be omnipresent. Night and day, almost without food or sleep, he was on horseback, galloping from post to post. For eight days and nights of incessant rain, the Emperor had not taken off his boots, or even thrown himself upon a couch for rest. One night Napoleon overtook a brigade of his soldiers on the march. Gathering them around him as a father would assemble his children, he explained to them minutely the situation of the enemy, and the maneuvers by which he hoped to gain a triumphant and bloodless victory. He had no fear that there would be a single deserter to betray his trust. As he put spurs to his horse and disappeared in the darkness, a hoarse of irrepressible enthusiasm cheered him on his way.

In less than three weeks thirty thousand of the Austrians were taken captive, and thirty-six thousand were trembling behind the ramparts of Ulm, all possibility of escape being cut off. The batteries of the French were placed upon the adjacent heights, and now and then a shell fell into the city, portentous of the approaching storm. General Mack, in despair, sent Prince Maurice to the Emperor with a flag of truce. The prince, as was customary on such occasions, was conducted through the lines of the French army to the Emperor's headquarters, blindfolded. When the bandages were removed, he found himself in the presence of Napoleon, in a storm-torn tent, through which the rain dripped freely.

The Emperor stood upon a loose board, which alone protected his feet from the water which deluged the plain. Nothing remained for the Austrians but unconditional surrender.

The next day was clear, cold and brilliant, when a scene was witnessed seldom paralleled in the annals of war. Thirty-six thousand Austrians marched out from the city and laid down their arms before the conqueror. Napoleon stood upon the hillside, before a camp fire, as the melancholy procession defiled before him. In generous terms he said to the officers, humiliated and grief-stricken—

"Gentlemen—war has its chances. Often victorious, you must expect sometimes to be vanquished. Your master wages against me an unjust war. I say it candidly, I know not for what I am fighting."

The exultation of the French army was boundless. Sixty-six thousand prisoners, two hundred pieces of cannon, ninety standards, and immense amounts of military stores had been taken, and with a loss of but fifteen hundred men. A few thousands only of the great army of invasion had escaped, in fugitive bands, through the defiles of the mountains.

But astounding as was this success, the French army was still in imminent peril. But eighty thousand of the five hundred thousand of their foes had been captured or dispersed. Alexander of Russia, was hurrying down through the plains of Poland, at the head of one hundred and sixty thousand troops. Dense columns of Austrians, numbering seventy thousand, from Italy and the Tyrol, were making forced marches to combine with the Russians. A Hungarian army, thirty thousand strong, was goaded forward to join the enemies of France. Thirty thousand English troops, landed in Hanover, united with the Swedish and Neapolitan auxiliaries, were hastening to the scene of conflict. The Queen of Prussia had also effected an interview between her husband, Frederick William, and the Emperor of Russia. The two sovereigns met at midnight in the tomb of Frederick the Great, at Potsdam, and over the remains of the great warrior pledged their mutual faith against France. Prussia placed her army of two hundred thousand men at the service of the allies.

Napoleon was nearly five hundred miles distant from his capital, and all Europe deemed him ruined beyond redemption. His only safety lay in attacking his vastly outnumbering foes before they could concentrate.

"Forward to Vienna!" was the command. It was an audacious march of nearly four hundred miles further into the very heart of the enemy's country, regardless of impregnable fortresses and swarming armies upon his right hand and his left.

"If Napoleon," says his brother Louis, "in his bold and often hazardous actions, seemed to calculate wholly on his good fortune, no person seemed to leave less to accident in the conception of his plans. He considered things under every imaginable aspect. And though he never or scarcely ever experienced reverses, he was in every enterprise prepared before hand for whatever might happen."

At the command "Forward to Vienna!" the whole French army moved restlessly on, sweeping the valley of the Danube like an inundation. All Austria was terror-stricken. The panic in Vienna was dreadful, as each day the restless host drew nearer. On the morning of the 13th of November, the eagles of France glittered upon the heights which surrounded the Austrian capital. Resistance was hopeless. The Emperor Francis, with a fragment of his army, had fled to the north, seeking the protection of Russia. A deputation of citizens waited upon Napoleon, imploring his clemency, and surrendering to him the keys of the city. No private property was allowed to be touched; but the government chests and arsenals, filled to repletion with the munitions of war, fell into the hands of the victors. One hundred thousand muskets, two thousand cannon, and military supplies of every kind, replenished the stores of the French. In forty days the Emperor had transported the army of ninety thousand men from the shores of the ocean to the remote capital of Vienna. His descent of the Danube was a continued battle and a continuous victory. But his situation now seemed more perilous than ever before.

Detachments which he had been forced to leave by the way, to protect his line of communication, had dwindled his available troops, whom he could lead into battle, to but seventy thousand men. Armies in his vicinity, amounting to three hundred and fifty thousand men, were staining every nerve to concentrate and destroy him. He paused for a moment to decide where to strike his blow, and then, fixing his eyes upon the legions of Alexander crowding down through the defiles of the Carpathian mountains, and who were soon to be joined by the Emperor Francis and his routed troops, he gave the order for an onward march.

The blasts of winter already swept the hills whitened with snow; but the indomitable host, eagerly following their leader, plunged into the wilderness of the north, until they disappeared from the observation of France. On the 1st of December, the French, seventy thousand in number, met the Russians and Austrians, one hundred thousand strong, on the field of Austerlitz, more than a thousand miles from the capital of France. The conflict was short and terrible. Alexander and Francis, from an adjacent eminence, witnessed

the discomfiture and almost annihilation of their united army. Accompanied by a few guards, they joined the fugitives and fled from the gory field. A flag of truce, borne by the hand of Prince John of Austria, was sent to Napoleon, imploring an armistice. It was readily granted, and the next morning the Emperor Francis repaired to an appointed place for an interview with Napoleon. He found the French Emperor standing by a camp fire built by the side of a wind mill, which alone protected him from the wind.

"I receive you," said Napoleon, "in the only place which I have inhabited for the past two months."

"You have made such good use of that habitation," Francis replied, "that it ought to be agreeable to you."

The terms of peace were soon concluded, both as with Austria and Russia. When the Emperor Francis had withdrawn, Napoleon walked for some time thoughtfully before the fire, and was overheard to say—

"I have acted very unwisely. I could have followed up my victory, and taken the whole of the Russian and Austrian armies. They are both entirely in my power. But—let it be. It will at least cause some less tears to be shed."

Napoleon returned with the utmost rapidity to Paris, leaving the army to follow by easy marches, which occupied three months.

In the Place Vendôme, in Paris, there stands a monumental obelisk in bronze, reared in honor of the army which achieved this wonderful campaign. The monument is constructed of cannon taken from the enemy. It was the design of Napoleon to have the summit crowned by a statue of Peace, but the nation decided that the statue of Napoleon, whose genius had dispersed the armies of combined despots, should surmount this trophy of his own achievements. When the allies subsequently drove Napoleon from France, and reinstated the Bourbons, they hurled the statue of the Emperor from its proud elevation. But the French nation have again replaced it upon the summit of the shaft, and there it will remain until that monument shall crumble to the dust.

CATCHING HORSES.—There are few things more aggravating than to be in a hurry to go to some place, and have great trouble to catch a horse. I have sometimes made the assertion that a horse that I raise will never be hard to catch unless some one else spoils him. The way I manage is to keep them gentle from colts, handling them as often as convenient. When young horses are running to grass, give them salt occasionally, and let them fondle about you, making as little show of trying to get hold of them as possible. There is nothing surer to spoil a horse forever than to run as if trying to hem him in, and yelling at him authoritatively, or scolding—when he can see, just as well as you know, that he is out of your reach. To put on the cap-sheaf, whip him severely for causing trouble, and my word for it, the next time you want to catch him, he "will not listen to the voice of your charming, charm you never so wisely."

Horses learn a great deal by signs. In beginning to teach them to be caught, go to ward them on the near side, slowly and cautiously, making no demonstrations at all. If the horse walks off, stop, and whistle, or manifest indifference until he becomes quiet again, then approach as before. When you are so close as to be confident that he will not escape you, speak kindly, and hold up one hand ready to touch him on the withers, and then pass it along the neck until you can get hold of his head, but do not seize him with a grab, as this tends to excite fear afterward. By practising this course, using the sign, viz., holding up the hand when you are a little farther away, each time, a horse may be taught to stop and be caught, even when in a considerable glee (playing), simply by holding up the hand and using some familiar phrase, such as whoa boy, etc.

By way of caution, however, watch his actions and intentions closely during his tutoring, and if at any time, or for any cause, you see that he is going to run, do not by any means say anything or hold up your hand, as the sign given and disobeyed a few times will almost inevitably prevent you making anything out of it in the future.—Cor. Valley Farmer.

DISAPPOINTMENT AND SUCCESS.—When poor Edmund Kean was acting in barns to country bumpkins, barely finding bread for his wife and child, he was just as great a genius as when he was crowding Drury Lane. When Brougham presided in the House of Lords, he was not a bit better or greater than when he had hung about the Parliament House at Edinburgh a briefless and suspected junior barrister. When all London crowded to see the hippopotamus, he was just the animal that he was a couple of years later, when no one took the trouble

Wit and Anecdote.

"Care to our Coffin adds a nail, no doubt
And every grin, so merry, draws one out."

The Last Man of Beaufort.

"Tis the last man at Beaufort,
Left sitting alone,
All his valiant companions
Had "renounced" and gone;
No secess of his kindred
To comfort is nigh,
And his liquor's expended,
The bottle is dry!

"We'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
Or harshly condemn—
Since your friends have all 'mizzled,'
You can't sleep with them;
And it's no joking matter
To sleep with the dead;
So we'll take you back with us—
Jim, lift up his head!"

He muttered some words
As they bore him away,
And the breeze thus repeated
The words he did say:
"When the liquor's all out,
And your friends have been down,
Oh, who would inhabit
This Beaufort alone!"

A FAMILY SCENE.—At a farm house in Chester county a precocious and inquiring juvenile, who had been to the Post Office, rushed into the house with a Chester County Times in his hand, when the following conversation ensued:

Juvenile—Pa, what do these figures and letters mean, stuck on the edge of the Times with a little strip of yellow paper?

Pa—Why, that's the name by which it is directed to us.

Juvenile—Yes, I know about the name, but here it says Jan. 1, 1857: What does that mean?

Pa, a little fidgety—Why, that, my son, is some mark the printers have—they understand it.

Juvenile—Don't you know what it means? Pa—Never mind, don't be too inquisitive.

Juvenile—Well, anyhow, old Toby who was at the Post Office, said it meant that you hadn't paid for your paper in five years and you had better stop up, for you was as able as any man in the township, and printers couldn't live without money any better than other men.

Mother—There John, I've told you a hundred times that it was a name that you didn't pay for your paper. I declare I blush for shame every time I take up that paper and think how faithfully it comes and supplies us with news and how you keep the printers out of your honest dues. I hope now that drunk old Toby and your own children talk about it, you'll be ashamed of yourself and pay up. You ought to make the printer a present of a Christmas turkey to pay interest!

John slipped out of the house and was gone an hour. When he returned he looked ten years younger as he informed his wife he had asked the Post Master to frank a letter and had enclosed ten dollars—paying out old euros and something in advance. John slept soundly that night, without the usual nervous riddens through the air by a printer's devil. He has never been troubled with it since.—C. C. Times.

AN INDIAN WIFE.—"I was the wife," said the Indian woman, "of a Blackfoot warrior, and I served him faithfully. Who was so well served as he? Whose lodge was so well provided, or kept so clean? I brought wood in the morning, and placed water always at hand. I watched for his coming, and he found his meat cooked and ready. If he rose to go forth there was nothing to delay him. I searched the thought that was in his heart, to save him the trouble of speaking. When I went abroad on errands for him, the chiefs and warriors smiled on me, and the young braves sought soft things in secret; but my feet were in the straight path, and my eyes could see nothing but him. When he went out to hunt, or to war, who sided, to equip him, but I? When he returned, I met him at the door, I took his gun, and he entered without further thought. While he sat and smoked, I unloaded his horses, tied them to the stakes, and brought in their loads, and was quickly at his feet. If his necessities were wet, I took them out, and put on others, which were dry and warm. I dressed all the skins he had taken in the chase. He could never say to me, Why was it not done? He hunted the deer, the antelope, and the buffalo, and he watched for the enemy. Everything else was done by me. When our people moved their camp he mounted his horse and rode away, free as though he had fallen from the skies. He had nothing to do with the camp; it was I that packed the horses, and led them on the journey. When he halted in the evening, and he sat with the other braves and smoked, it was I that pitched his lodge; and when he came to eat and sleep, his supper and his bed were ready."—Irving.

A SALUBRIOUS CLIMATE.—A Yankee speculator, who had immense tracts of land for sale in the Far West, used frequently to say that a gentleman who was travelling there saw a very old man sitting at the door of a log cabin, weeping bitterly. "My friend," inquired the gentleman, "what is the matter with you?" "Why," replied the old man, "daddy just gave me a awful licking, cos I wouldn't rock granddaddy to sleep." The gentleman rode off, fully satisfied with the salubrity and healthiness of the district, to produce such unparalleled instances of longevity.

"Friend Malby, I am pleased that thee has got such a fine organ in thy church."

"But," said the clergyman, "I tho't that you were opposed to have an organ in the church."

"So I am," said Tommy, "but then if thee worships the Lord by machinery, I would like thee to have good instruments."

Tus man who made an impression on the heart of a coquette, has taken out a patent for stone cutting.

SOMETHINGS-OR-NOTHINGS.

"Variety 's the Spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor."

THE light of other days—Candles.

Why is a newspaper like an army? Because it has leaders, columns, and reviews.

When a woman intends to give a man the mitten, she begins by knitting her brows.

"All's well that ends well," said the monkey, contemplating his beautiful tail.

A new sewing machine to collect rent, mend manners, and repair family breaches, is much needed.

A TALL MAN.—They have a man out west so tall that he lets himself out at camp meetings for a stepple.

A YOUNG STOCKHOLDER having married a fat old widow worth \$100,000, says it wasn't his wife's face that attracted him so much as the figure.

"Now, children, who loves all men?" asked a school inspector. The question was hardly put before a little girl, not four years old, answered quickly, "All women."

An Irish guide told Dr. Johnson, who wished for a reason why Echo was always of the feminine gender, that "Maybe it was because she always had the last word."

To cure *hams*, first ascertain what is the matter with them. Then apply the proper remedies; and if you do not succeed in curing them, it is *their* fault.

"Oh, spare me, dear angel, one look of your hair!" A bashful young lover took courage and sighed; "Twere a sin to refuse so modest a prayer," "So take the whole wig," the sweet creature replied.

"Julius, was you ever in business?" "In course I was." "A what business?" "A sugar planter!" "When was that, my colored friend?" "De day I buried dat old sweetheart of mine."

LIVING ON SMALL MEANS.—For breakfast, eat three cents' worth of dried apples, without drink. For dinner drink a quart of water to swell the apples. Take tea with a friend.

COMPLIMENTARY.—"By George! I must shoot you; I made a vow that I would kill any man uglier than myself."

"Fire away, stranger; if I'm uglier than you I don't want to live."

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are

A. the distance round the Neck.

B. to the Yoke.

C. to the Sleeve.

D. to D distance around the Body under the Arms.

E. to E distance around the Body under the Arms.

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"The Good Mother," "The Good Father," "The

Good Teacher," "The Good Scholar," "The Good

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Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XI : : No. 12.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1861.

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Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal.
Lines on Death of Abbie F. Wadsworth.

WRITTEN OCTOBER, 1861.

AIR—Pleasant Hymn.

Summer, glad some summer, say,
Oh, what hast thou borne away,
Pause a moment, tell me why
Those we love are first to die?

Oh, ye burning stars of Eve,
Do ye see my spirit grieve?
Speak from out your ether blue,
Tell me I heard by you?

Beauteous tree of Olive green,
Thou alas! earth's change hath seen,
Wave thy branches to and fro,
Tell me dost thou sorrow know?

Little bower of Linden shade,
What has made thy green leaves fade?
Tell me pretty Linden tree,
Dost thou grieve at change-like me?

When the flowers were blooming fair—
While their fragrance filled the air,
Thou didst come with joy and breath,
And robbed my garden cruel death.

Fade away from mortal view,
Chant we requiems over you;
Know that flowers and mortals must,
Make alike their bed in dust.

Lovely one! with angels dwell;
With thy spirit art I well;
Loved of Jesus—live alone,
Bask in thy Redeemer's love.

CEDAR DALE COTTAGE, Woburn, 1861.

Select Literature.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY MARY FORMAN.

Mr. Curtis sat alone in his office; it was just at the turn of the day, when the shadows in the corners were softly trooping forth to turn the twilight into darkness. There had been unusually painful cases in the court upon that day, and the lawyer's brow wore a look of thoughtful sadness, and he leaned his head on his hand with an air of weariness which was at variance with his strongly marked features, and the energy of his usual movements and words. Rousing himself after an hour of thought, he lighted his room, and then set down to write; his first task was the following letter:—

MY DEAR MADAM: It grieves me, both as an old friend and your professional adviser, to have to tell you that our last hope failed to day. You have assured me from the commencement of the suit that you looked for no other issue, and I most sincerely trust that the blow will be lightened by the anticipation of the result of our efforts. In any way that I can be of service to you, allow me to assure you that it will be my highest pleasure to be employed. Hoping that you will call upon me for any advice or assistance that you may need now, I am

Yours very truly, A. CURTIS.

Mrs. E. BARCLAY.

He had scarcely finished writing the direction of this epistle, when a loud ring at the bell announced a visitor. He looked up to see at the door a small, childlike figure, dressed in mourning, with a veil over the face.

"Mr. Curtis, I believe," said a very sweet voice, and raising the veil the lady showed a face to match the gentle accents. She was very slight and small, and her fair smooth hair, large blue eyes and small features gave a winning childlike look to her face, with which a close widow's cap and heavy black attire made a touching contrast. Mr. Curtis rose instantly, handed the lady a chair, and then waited to hear her errand.

"You are Mrs. Barclay's legal adviser, I believe."

Mr. Curtis bowed assent.

"I am Mrs. Hastings; your uncle would know me well, but since I left home, I find I have lost an old friend in his death."

"I have heard my uncle speak frequently of Mrs. Barclay's friend, 'little Claire.'"

"Yes, I am 'little Claire.' I returned from Europe yesterday, and for the first time heard of—the blue eyes were filling fast—of dear Mrs. Barclay's troubles. I came here instantly to ask you to tell me all, for the accounts I hear vary."

"I should be—" Mr. Curtis paused.

"You are a lawyer," said Mrs. Hastings, smiling, "and I am making a blunder, I see, in my request. Did Mrs. Barclay, or your uncle ever tell you anything about me?"

"Only that you were a very dear friend of the lady's."

"Then, if I will not weary you, I will tell you my story, and you shall then judge whether it is best to answer my questions. Seven years ago, last Christmas eve, I was made an orphan. My father was a drummer in the orchestra of one of our theatres; my mother embroidered collars. One evening, Christmas eve, there had been a pantomime at the theatre in which my father was engaged, which required music behind the scenes, and in passing from the rear of the stage to the front, he fell into a trap, which was invisible in the dim light, and was killed instantly; they brought his body home, and the shock, acting upon a frame weakened by toil, poverty, and illness, was too much for my mother; she went from one swoon to another, and died in my arms just as the dawn of Christmas peeped into our little room. I was then just fifteen years of age; for the day which brought this weight of sorrow was my birthday.

"My parent's death threw me upon the world utterly penniless, and I was very

young, sir. I am telling you all this to prove how much I owe to Mrs. Barclay. My parents had been poor from my birth, yet I was not wholly without education. My father had a natural genius for elocution, and had trained my voice for reading, while my mother taught me to sew, and an old violinist, a friend of my father's, had given me instruction in music. I could read, play on the piano, sing and sew; so, after I had seen all my parents' property sold to pay their funeral expenses, I started with a brave heart to make my living. You may well shake your head. I had not one friend out of the theatre, and there was no money to spare amongst them, so I went, in my childish hope of obtaining work, from door to door. I was very small, and some smiled pityingly, some contemptuously at the idea of trusting the little wandering with sewing. A whole week passed, and I had not earned one cent. Then I tried the stores; there, too, I failed.

"I was leaning one day against the counter of a store where embroidery was sold, and where my timid petition for work had met its last rebuff; I was crying, for I was cold, hungry, and hopeless. A kind hand was placed on my shoulder, and a low, sweet voice said—

"You are in trouble, my child; what about?"

"I looked up. Such a kind loving face bent over me, and such tender pitying eyes looked into mine, that I was warmed and cheered instantly.

"If you please," I said, "I want some work."

"Work, child?"

"Yes, ma'am, embroidery; I can do it. Mother taught me," and then, encouraged by her sweet face and interest, I told all my troubles. I will not weary you by any more details. My questioner was Mrs. Barclay; she took me to her own house, and for four years she was a second mother to me. I was educated and protected, while every wish of my heart was gratified. I could talk for a week and not tell half the love and kindness she poured out upon the little orphan child, and it was not given as if I were a dependant upon her bounty, a charity ward, but every gift was sweetened by loving words and actions. I was told to call her Aunt Lizzie, and she introduced me to her friends as her child, making me her equal in station; and yet I had no real claim upon her; it was her own loving heart that found its return in what alone I could give, my gratitude and affection.

"When I was nineteen years old I married, and in parting from me, my dear benefactress gave new tokens of her loving care. I will not dwell upon my married life, its griefs too recent. We went, my husband and myself, to Paris, and for two years travelled through Europe. Ten months ago, Mr. Hastings died in Florence of malarious fever. I was very ill for a long time after I was widowed, but in the kind letters I received from home, I had no hint of Mrs. Barclay's troubles, and when she requested me to change the address of her letters, she did not say that she had been forced to leave her home, the dear home where she had made my life so happy. Not until yesterday, when I landed in New York, did I receive the least intimation of the change of my friend's prospects, and I came here as soon as possible. I have just arrived in the city, and I came to you as the person who could best give me the information which I seek.

"My husband left me wealthy, and I am sole mistress of my property; my benefactress, I hear, poor. Now judge if I have a right to ask for the statement of her trouble."

Mr. Curtis replied instantly. "You have every right, and I will meet your confidence with equal frankness; but first you must allow me to insist upon your having rest and refreshment. Nothing can be done before to-morrow, and after tea I promise you all the information which it is in my power to give you. Mrs. Curtis is in the drawing-room. Will you allow me to present you?" and, rising, he offered his arm to the lady.

Mrs. Curtis, a tall handsome lady, received her husband's little guest with pleasure, one sight of the childish face with its sad setting (nurtured all her womanly sympathies. The name, however added to the warmth of her welcome.

"Mrs. Hastings, I feel like an old friend, for you were my sister's classmate in the Italian class at Dr. Manara's. Do you not remember Lottie Banks?"

"And you are Sara. I shall have a thousand questions to ask, but first I must trouble Mr. Curtis to speak to the hackman, and tell him to call for me later in the evening."

"Where are your trunks?"

"At the G— House."

"Mr. Curtis," said his lady, laughingly, "do you, on pain of my displeasure, instantly send for Mrs. Hastings' trunks. No words; you are our guest while you are in the city."

"I shall be a lifelong inmate, then," was the reply; for I intend to reside here in future. I accept your invitation with pleasure, for I have to find a home. Mr. Curtis when you send for the trunks, will you please send for my baby?"

"If there is so precious a package as that to be delivered," said Mr. Curtis, "I will go myself for the baggage."

"Room 139, and you will find Meta, the nurse, there. You speak German?"

"Yes."

"Because she is profoundly ignorant of English. My baby is German, born there sixteen months ago, and I brought a nurse from Germany when we left there."

Mr. Curtis departed upon his mission, and Mrs. Hastings, having doffed bonnet and cloak, was soon chatting with her hostess.

Tea over, the baby put to bed, and the lawyer disengaged, the sad story of Mrs. Barclay's troubles came up again. It was brief. A relative of her late husband's had made a claim against the estate, and after a long lawsuit the court had given the case to the widow's opponent.

"She left the house immediately after the claim was made," said Mr. Curtis, "and was only persuaded, after a very long course of urging, to resist the demand."

"Where is she now?"

"In H—"

"But how does she live? Was there nothing left?"

"Nothing! From luxury she was deprived of all. She is now teaching French in a young ladies' seminary. It will be a year in January since she has been there."

Claire's tears were flowing fast; but, after a moment's pause, she said, brightly: "All the events of my life, excepting the last"—and she glanced at her black dress—"have happened to me on Christmas. I was born on that day, orphaned, married, all on Christmas day, and I should like to associate a great pleasure with the time; it is only one month. Will you help me in a plan for the next Christmas?"

"I will," said both Mr. and Mrs. Curtis, and Mrs. Hastings told them her project.

"No letter from Claire; this is the first steamer she has missed; I hope she is not sick again." And an anxious cloud came over the speaker's face. She was an elderly lady, whose soft gray hair shaded a face where every gentle feeling had left a trace; the mild blue eyes, the full mouth, the soft, creamy complexion, all seemed to speak of the serene spirit within, which gave its character to the delicate features. She was pacing slowly up and down in a long room, where globes, books, and desks told of little students; in her hand she held an unopened letter, but it was not directed in the pretty, ladylike hand for which she looked, and she let it stay sealed in her hand as she walked up and down. A fair childlike form and face, with a wreathing wealth of sunny hair was before her as she mused, now in the coarse dress and thin bonnet in which it had first come to her, then in the full white lace and bridal wreath and veil in which it had last greeted her. She tried to picture it in the sad dress which now sorrow had made its own, and she whispered softly: "Not yet, not next time; I will write as before until she is a little more accustomed to her own grief. I cannot add to my darling's care. Perhaps at Christmas, the time when I met her first, I can write."

It was getting dark, and the entrance of the children and light reminded her of the letter. Opening it, she read:—

MY DEAR MADAM: I find that your signature is absolutely necessary to some papers which I hold and which I cannot trust to the mail. Will you come to the city on the 24th, when I will meet you and be ready for the signature? Mrs. Curtis begs that you will be her guest during your stay in town.

Yours, very respectfully, A. CURTIS.

"He is imperative," thought the lady; "but I will go. Any relief from this treadmill existence will do me good."

It was Christmas eve; a still, starry evening had succeeded a clear day, and as the cars dashed into the depot at nine o'clock, Mrs. Barclay was almost sorry her ride was over.

"I could not come earlier," she said, as Mr. Curtis met her. "My holiday does not commence until to-morrow, and the principal is exacting. Now I have a week of quiet rest."

"And I trust of great happiness," said the lawyer.

"I wonder what he means?" thought the lady, as they drove away from the depot. "He smiled very significantly. The suit is lost, that is certain. Has he saved anything from the wreck? We are driving away from his part of the city, and—and—the carriage stopped. 'My old house!' said Mrs. Barclay.

"I will explain presently," said Mr. Curtis, offering his arm.

Up the steps, into the wide hall, lighted and warmed, and up the stairs to the bedroom. Here Mrs. Curtis met the bewildered lady, whose eyes filled as they rested upon furniture and ornaments which were just as she had left them.

"You will find all the rooms unchanged," said Mrs. Curtis, gently. "The man who took it did not disturb anything, and it was purchased as you left it. Will you come down, now?"

The parlor was lighted, and in the adjoining room a supper-table was spread for the traveller. Upon the mantelpiece lay a folded paper directed to Mrs. Barclay. In it she read only these words—"A Christmas gift from Claire's baby."

"Claire?" she cried; and, in answer to the call, the little figure appeared in the door, holding a baby in a festive dress of white. There was a sobbing of "Claire, my darling!" and somehow the baby was transferred to Mrs. Curtis, and Claire was folded in her adopted mother's arms.

Such a happy Christmas was not spent under many roofs, and the earnest it gave of a life of grateful care to repay that Claire had met in her sorrow was not disappointed.

Story of a Handkerchief.

"I beg your pardon!"

"Excuse me, sir!"

The first speaker was a fashionably dressed young man, and his interlocutor a beautiful young lady. Their situation was the most embarrassing in the world, for as the gentleman turned the corner of a street, he had been unexpectedly confronted by the fair damsel. After a succession of desperate efforts to pass each other, which only resulted in various disagreeable collisions, and mutual attractions and repulsions analogous to the manoeuvres of two electrified pith balls, they had come to a stand-still. The blush on the lady's cheek, although deep and rich as the crimson on a sunset cloud, was nearly equalled by the corresponding hue of the gentleman's face. One last, despairing movement on his part to pass his lovely antagonist, was unfortunately seconded by a simultaneous endeavor on hers; and perceiving almost irrepressible mirth on the countenance of his companion, who stood a few feet distant to watch the issue of the rencontre, the gentleman raised his hat from his head, and, marching at right angles directly to the curbstone, gave utterance to the above ejaculation, which elicited its fellow from the rosy lips of the young lady. With a bow and glance from her bright eyes of mingled amusement and vexation, she availed herself of her retreat, and passed on, entering a shop a short distance below. Our hero cast his eyes behind him as she went by; and, noticing that she had dropped her handkerchief, he hastily picked it up, and was on the point of following her to return it, when, observing a name in one corner, he coolly pocketed the delicate *mouchoir*, and rejoined his companion. The latter received him with mock gravity, while merriment evidently filled his soul to the very brim.

"Bravo!" was his salutation. "Ralph, you are in luck to-day; I envy you your *toto-a-toto* with so charming a neighbor. 'Pon honor, now, don't waste your kisses in private on that handkerchief; without doubt, it was a fair prisoner of war; but be magnanimous, and give it to me. It shall be framed in magnificent style, and receive my profound admiration."

"I should like to gag you with it, Harry," retorted his irritated friend. "Could not you have had sense enough not to stand grinning, while I was all in a perspiration with frantic efforts to get out of my scrape? You haven't as much heart as a rotten pear, Harry."

"And you have not as much sweetness as a premature crab-apple, Ralph," replied the imperturbable Harry. "O, that partial judge, Fortune, if she had only put me in your shoes!"

"I wish she had," exclaimed Ralph, vehemently. "I should like to know if anything can set your cool blood afire. You are the most phlegmatic—"

"Pshaw!" said Harry, "draw it mild; I left my Johnson at home this morning. But are not the sweet divinitesses enchanting on close inspection, eh?"

"Confound you," cried his friend, in a towering passion; "it's the third time I've made a fool of myself before her, and she's a splendid girl, by Jove!"

"Alas, an old love, is she?" chuckled Harry. "What a romantic rendezvous you chose! The raging mildness of a mid-day sun shed ineffable fragrance on the pellucid glade where Damon and Anaryllis—"

"Don't, don't!" expostulated poor Ralph, in a wild appeal to his pitiless tormentor. "What do you want to cut a fellow up so for, Harry? If you must know where I have seen her, I'll tell you, just to put a stopper in the bung-hole of that barrel of nonsense which you call your head. The day before yesterday I was descending from the Exhibition, and got wedged among a bevy of ladies, whose abundant celine nearly extinguished me. I was divoting the energy of my nature to the one object of reducing myself to the least possible compass, and was congratulating myself on never having felt quite so small before, when, unfortunately missing a step, I only saved myself from diving headlong into that sea of beauty by clapping my hand on the talma before me. At the same time I was conscious of a mysterious entanglement of my foot, and a simultaneous noise of silk that set all my teeth on edge for an hour afterwards. My fair supporter turned round in wonder and astonishment at my audacity, and gathered up her dress in stately reserve, while I stammered out my apologies as well as I could. But the titters that greeted my ears on every side made me endure agonies untold, until I escaped from the press, and vanished. Well, that was bad enough; but my second rencontre was twice as excruciating. Yesterday afternoon I was going out to dine with a friend at Brixton, and as I was somewhat belated, I hailed an omnibus to save time. The driver rolled his clumsy vehicle near the pavement, and I began to ascend the steps; but before I had reached the only seat still vacant, the impudent blackguard whipped up his horses, thereby giving the whole convulsion a sudden lurch to one side. I clutched convulsively at the strap above; and as I found I had lost my balance beyond recovery, endeavored to steer myself into the blessed little harbor I mentioned, without involving my neighbor in my own distress. But with a glance as quick as lightning I measured the distance between the seat and my own awkward carcass, and perceived it was impracticable; with a shuddering presentiment I shot a momentary look at the lady towards whom I was helplessly gravitating, and imagine my chagrin at recognizing the injured princess of the day before. Of course it was only the infinitesimal fraction of a second that I hovered in mid-air, but during that period mortification ran riot in my luckless breast; the next instant a fall—a little shriek—a roar of laughter—and I was picking myself up from the lady's lap, and begging pardons enough to reprieve all the criminals in Christendom. But my emotions were too much for me; I could not look the lady in the face, and if I chanced to turn my eyes towards any one of the other passengers, an unmistakable smile curled the corners of their mouth. They were amusing themselves at my cost, and I could not resent it; so seizing the first opportunity, when the crazy old thing stopped to put down a passenger, I made my exit quickly as possible. And now," exclaimed the poor fellow, with a comical, yet lugubrious expression of the face, "I am going to-morrow to hunt up this lovely incognito, and return her handkerchief. If rencontre number four is not better than the others, I'll go swimming in a tank of sulphuric acid."

"So I would," returned the sympathizing Harry; "I'll fish for your body afterwards and bait my hook with Oelia's handkerchief; dead or alive, you will snap at it. But if you return the dainty article, tie your heart up in it, and label the parcel. 'To the adorable Oelia,' for one is as much her property as the other."

"You are an unregenerate pagan, Harry," replied the young man, reddening; "if you had the sensibility of a boiled lobster, you would know that self-respect requires me to exculpate myself in her eyes, and—and—"

"O, I understand, interrupted Harry, taking leave of his companion at the corner of a street; "I appreciate the delicacy of your sentiments. But take my advice, be sure to conciliate mamma, and don't forget to send your humble obedient his share of the cake. Adieu, mon ami—*vive l'amour!*"

"Confound the scamp," muttered Ralph, half nettled and half pleased at his friend's raillery; "some day I will be even with him. But you might do worse, after all, Ralph Barker; she's a magnificent girl. Pshaw! when a man begins to be a fool, there is no stopping. I wish I had given back her handkerchief at the time; let me look at it again."

With these words he produced the article in question, and scrutinized it thoroughly; in one corner was written, in a delicate, female hand, "Isabelle Harton." Having satisfied himself that he had read the name accurately, he repeated it to himself several times, and mentally resolved that he would see its beautiful owner again before sunset.

The afternoon, accordingly, found him strolling about Brixton, inquiring for the residence of Mr. Harton. Several unsuccessful attempts to discover the nest of his bird of paradise were at last followed by one more agreeable to his wishes; and more than half distrustful his unusual method of seeking a lady's acquaintance, he approached a large, handsome mansion, situated on a little eminence, with a tastefully arranged garden in front. He was perfectly conscious that etiquette would hold up her hands in horror at the idea of his not being formally introduced; but he reflected that "faint heart never won fair lady," and mentally snapped his fingers in etiquette's face. He rang the bell, and presently a page appeared.

"Is Miss Harton at home?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; what you step in?" replied the butler, civilly. "What name shall I say?"

The young man's heart beat like a steam engine at the thought of his own audacity. "Be so kind as to take up my card, and say that Mr. Barker requests to see Miss Harton a few moments."

The page ushered him into the empty drawing-room and disappeared. Ralph braced himself for the coming interview. After a short delay, which seemed to him like the interval between the condemnation and execution of a criminal, the door opened, and the beautiful Isabelle entered the apartment. Without manifesting any surprise at such an unusual visit, she politely motioned him to a chair, and, seating herself at some distance from him, awaited the announcement of his errand.

"I must request your indulgence, Miss Harton," said Ralph, with a perfect outward self-possession, although inwardly he completely realized the strangeness of his position. "For having taken so great a liberty as to call upon you personally, without ever having had the honor of an introduction. My object is simply to return a handkerchief which I picked up in the street, bearing your name. I might have returned it to you without intruding upon your leisure; but I trust you will pardon the freedom I have ventured to use, in order to apologize more completely for what must have seemed so much like intentional rudeness. By some strange fatality, I have three times caused you great annoyance, although nothing could have been further from my wishes. I beg you to believe that I deeply regret my own awkwardness, and am most sincerely sorry ever to have placed you in such embarrassing situations."

"Indeed, Mr. Barker," replied the beautiful girl, with a pleasant and cordial smile upon her features, "I beg you never to think of it again; I assure you, you greatly exaggerate the importance of such trifles, which

require no apology at all. I am extremely sorry you have taken the trouble to come so far merely to restore a handkerchief which I was ignorant I had lost, until you mentioned the fact."

At the conclusion of his little speech (which he hardly think was an extemporé effort,) and during Miss Harton's reply to it, Ralph had been searching his pockets for the lost article, and picture the intensity of his chagrin and mortification as the truth came upon him like an avalanche, that he had left it behind! Isabelle instantaneously divined the real state of the case; she saw the blood rush to his face, reddening it to the roots of his hair, and swiftly retreat, leaving it pallid as marble. If she had not perceived the real distress of the young man's mind, the incongruity and absurdity of the whole matter would have overpowered self-control; but her quick sympathy with all kinds of suffering took away every inclination to laugh. Ralph at last spoke, with a forced smile upon his countenance, and a voice trembling in spite of himself

"It may seem, perhaps, a premeditated insult, Miss Harton, when I tell you that the handkerchief I thought I had with me has been left behind by some careless mistake of my own. I have once again made myself ridiculous in your eyes, but I promise you this shall be the last time. Your property shall be sent immediately by post; if I had no other motive than simply to vindicate my own sincerity, I should be concerned to see it restored. If you will only have the same charity for my last misfortune which you have so generously expressed for its predecessors, I will take pains never to need the same indulgence a fifth time."

So saying, he took up his hat and rose to go, but Isabelle eagerly beckoned him to remain.

"Do not feel so keenly about a mere nothing, I entreat you, Mr. Barker," she said, with genuine kindness in her large, beautiful eyes; "I shall never forgive myself for having been the innocent cause of so much chagrin, if you persist in viewing this idle matter through a microscope. Pray laugh at the whole affair with me, for we have both been equally placed in ridiculous light; and believe me, it is true wisdom not to waste feeling on such undeserving objects as little mistakes and accidents."

The unaffected kindness of her tone and manner went to poor Ralph's heart, and as we often feel more gratitude for little favors than great, he felt that her beauty was the least of her charms; for it was only the transparent veil through which shone her true womanly nature in all its loveliness. As he again rose to go, she extended her hand towards him; he took it in his own, and bowing his head, was on the point of imprinting a kiss upon the white paper finger, when the door suddenly opened, and Mr. Harton entered. Isabelle hastily withdrew her hand, and coloring deeply, said to her father, "Let me introduce you to Mr. Barker, papa."

The large, stout gentleman advanced, and offering his hand, said, with a penetrating glance in the young man's face, "I am always glad to welcome my daughter's friends; how do you do, Mr. Barker?"

Ralph stammered out something about the weather, and was evidently in no little confusion, when Isabelle came to his rescue, and said, with quiet self-possession, "Mr. Barker found my handkerchief in the street, papa, and was so kind as to come on purpose to restore it. I feel very much obliged to him, indeed, for his politeness."

"Barker, Barker," said Mr. Harton, repeating the name abstractedly, (he saw there was embarrassment on both sides, and wished to extricate them from it,) "an old school-fellow of mine was named Barker—Ralph James Barker. Perhaps you are a relation of his, sir."

"That was my father's name, sir," answered Ralph, internally thanking the old gentleman for his tact; "but he died several years ago."

"Then, upon my word," said Mr. Harton, warmly, "it is the luckiest chance in the world that brought you here, Mr. Barker. Your father and I were friends of long standing; and for years and years we corresponded together; but after I went to Calcutta, I suddenly ceased to hear from him, and never knew where he was or what had become of him. You must stop and dine with us this evening; I have a hundred questions to ask. I might have known you were Ralph's son," he added, looking in the young man's face: "same eyes, same hair, same everything. Well, well, it will be my turn next." And with these words the old gentleman left the room.

The two young folks remained in silence for some time. Ralph at last broke the pause, saying, "May I consider that I have Miss Harton's permission to remain, as well as her father's?"

"I shall always welcome my father's friends," she answered evasively, and a little distantly, adding in a more cordial tone, "I am sure nothing has happened to make your visit other than acceptable. Besides," she continued, a little mischievously, "when you next call, you may as well bring my handkerchief yourself instead of sending it."

Having thus seen her hero fairly launched on the "course of true love," we will hope that it "ran smooth" for the future, and that the little ripples at its commencement were not prophetic of subsequent matrimonial storms. One thing is certain, and that is

that about a year after, the *Times* contained the following notice: "May 11th, at St. Matthew's, Brixton, by the Rev. Alfred Coupler, D. D., Ralph Barker, Esq., of the Middle Temple, to Isabelle, daughter of Frederick Harton, Esq., of Buehy Hill, Brixton."

It may be interesting to add that Ralph's groomsmen on the occasion was Mr. Henry Livingstone, and after the ceremony was over he was overheard to whisper in the bridegroom's ear: "I say, Ralph, if you find any more handkerchiefs, send me one, will you?"

Whittington and his Cat.

It seems that this legend of the nursery is based at least upon historical truth. The Rev. Samuel Lysons has published his proofs; and he takes the following from a review of his book in the *Gentleman's Magazine*:—"Richard Whittington, the third son of Sir William Whittington, of Pauntley, in Gloucestershire, descended of a good and ancient family, but who were then in straitened circumstances; and Sir William died an outlaw when Richard was only two years old. Trade was then, as now, a common resource for the younger sons of good families; and, as there were no roads and no stage-coaches in the days of Edward the Third—and it is not probable that a mere boy, the younger son of a reduced house, could afford to have a horse of his own—there is no improbability in the story that he set out to walk to London and gladly availed himself of a pack-horse on the way. Mr. Lysons also adduces what appears to him good reason for believing that the story of his cat is literally true. He has, at all events clearly proved that Whittington did marry his master's daughter, and that he was three times Lord Mayor of London. He was one of the most wealthy of the great merchant princes of his day, and also one of the most pious and most munificent. He frequently lent large sums of money to the king, as it proved by extracts from the rolls; and the story of his burning the bonds may also be true. He was a mercer by trade, and supplied the wedding *trousseau* to the Princesses Blanche and Philippa, daughters of Henry the Fourth. That he built the nave of Westminster Abbey is proved by the Royal Commission for this purpose, A. D. 1415, printed in the appendix to Mr. Lyson's volume. He also built the chapel attached to Guildhall, and endowed the Church of St. Michael, Paternoster, in which he was buried; he also built and glazed the windows of the hall itself; he founded and endowed a college, and he left money to rebuild the prison of Newgate. Pennant, after mentioning the rebuilding of Newgate by Whittington's executors, says: 'His statue, with the cat, remained in a niche to its final demolition, on the rebuilding of the present prison. It was destroyed in the fire of 1666, and rebuilt in its late form.' In 1421, Whittington began the foundation of the library of Grey Friars' Monastery, in Newgate street. This noble building was one hundred and twenty-nine feet long, thirty-one feet in breadth, entirely ceiled with wainscot, with twenty-eight wainscot desks, and eight double settees. The cost of furnishing it with books was five hundred and fifty-six pounds ten shillings, of which four hundred pounds (equal to four thousand pounds of our present money) was subscribed by Whittington. The edifice still remains in tolerable preservation, and forms the north side of the great cloister of Christ's Hospital; having in two places an escutcheon with the arms of Whittington. On the ordinances, or rules, for the regulation of his college, is an illumination representing Whittington stretched on a tester bed, his body naked and encausted with sickness; his bedside surrounded by his (four) executors; his physician, and his group of twelve bedsmen, recipients of his charities. An engraving by Reginald Elstrack, who flourished about 1600, professes to be a *vera effigies*, or true likeness, of that most illustrious gentleman, Richard Whittington, Knt., and represents him in his robes as lord mayor, with a collar of SS, and his hand resting on a very pretty cat. It is pleasant to find such grounds for believing this favorite story of our childhood a true story after all; and that, to the delighted ears of a real flesh and blood personage, Bow Bells once seemed to sing, or say, 'Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London.'"

The old rule—"Marry for love and work for the siller"—is the truest. Dr Johnson had a noble contempt for those who marry solely for the sake of a dowry; he said of such a one—"That man, sir, has sold himself for the certainty of three meals a day!" How severe, yet how true!

The great cry is, with everybody, "get on! get on!" just as if the world were a travelling post. How astonished people will be, when they arrive in heaven, to find the angels who are so much wiser, laying no schemes to be made archangels!

Wit and Anecdote.

"Care to our Coffin adds a nail, no doubt
And every grin, so merry, draws one out."

The Mason and Slidell Case.
[Respectfully dedicated to Mr. Bigelow,
of the "Bigelow Papers."]

Goin' abroad to sell yer Country,
Was you, Gentlemen, do tell!
Go trippin' up afore you done it;
My! 'Twas somethin' of a "Sell."

Folks that do sich dirty business,
Travelin' on the devil's road,
O'r to ask themselves the question,
"Does yer mother know you're out?"

Reckon we're a little smarter
Than they took us for afore;
Anyhow, my boys, we've nabbed 'em!
Show 'em in an 'siet the door.

'Tisn't jist the kind of quarters
They'd ave chose, I tell you what;
Never mind, they're wery welcome;
Just as lives they'd stay as not.

Give 'em bread and water plenty,
May be 'till bring 'em round;
Tain't the beverage they're used to,
Where they come from, I'll be bound.

Shouldn't wonder if they're homesick;
Folks are apt to be, still,
They've a mighty pleasant prospect,
Lookin' out on Bunker Hill.

Wonder if it ever strikes 'em
How their Fathers fought an' bled,
Settin' up the glorious Union
They're a knockin' in the head.

Reckon 't must be quite refreshin',
Layin' wide awake o' nights,
Callin' back them grand old struggles,
Them old Revolution Fights.

Well they say the world's progressin';
May be 'tis, but 't's a queer,
While old Bunker Hill is standin',
We should have sich doins here.

Rebels fightin' 'gainst their country,
Traitors crossin' ocean's wave,
All to damn the blessed Union
That their Fathers died to save!

I'm not over-care in guessin',
But I reckon I can tell,
Pretty thin the bone you're after,
Messrs. Mason and Slidell.

It's "no go," depend upon it,
You can't come it quite,—cause why?
We're as wide awake as you are;
Guess you'll learn it, by an' by.

Stranger, when yer suit of homespun
With its Yankee trowsers blest,
Didn't think you'd come to this now,
Did you? an' you some amased?

Well, things do turn out the cutes,
And, for one, I'm mighty glad
Jest to welcome you to Boston,
And, for two, you're mighty mad!

Never mind, my boys, we've got 'em,
And I take 't is a sign
Of the blessed "Fur" comin',
Only stand and toe the line.

Their "Peculiar Institution,"
Knock it in pi, and see
What a mighty power and plucky,
Lay in those two words, "Be Free!"

Mr. President, your pardon,
But to me it's playin' clear,
Ef we'd meet 'em with that weapon,
It'd settle all this ere.

'Tain't no use to treat 'em tender;
P'ch right in 'em I say,
Ef they call their black folks cattle,
Confiscate 'em, right away!

That's the talk; it's no use wastin'
Words to prove to the outside,
God Almighty's in the business,
Ef we shirk it He'll decide.

And I tell you what, my hearties,
When He takes the matter up,
Whate'er draught we mingle,
You and I must drink the cup.

* Mr. M., it is said, has worn for a year
or two past "a coarse suit of gray clothing,
claimed to be home-spun in Virginia, as
indicative of his extreme Southern views,
but which was covered all over with Connecticut
buttons."

SOMETHINGS-OR-NOTHINGS.

"Variety 's the Spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor."

To see how hard a man strikes—tell him
he lies.

To see if a girl loves you—ask her like a
man.

To keep from being dry—stand out in the
rain.

To do away with spectacles—put your eyes
out.

To keep your poor relations from troubling
you—commit suicide.

To tell if you love a girl—have some tallow-
headed chap go and see her.

The man who carries all before him—the
wheel-barrow man.

To see if a man is your friend—make love
to his wife.

Dress plainly—the thinnest soap-bubbles
wear the gaudiest colors.

A good man is kinder to his enemy than
bad men to their friends.

Practice flows from principle; for as a man
thinks so will he act.

Money is a despotic queen, and binds her
slaves with fetters.

Those girls who like to be kissed best
always make the most fuss about it.

Often times the things that we most wish
to forget are the things we most love to re-
member.

Second disappointments are most severe,
like relapses in sickness.

Persons who usually write their names
illegibly never do so on a subscription-list.

Violent friendship sometimes generates
enmity, as ice may be made by the chemical
action of heat.

Gluttony is as common a vice as drunk-
enness; man sinned in eating before he did in
drinking.

The intoxication of anger, like that of
grape, shows us to others, but hides from our
selves.

They say that time is money; and he who
owes money generally wants to get as much time
for it as possible.

True friendship increases as life's end ap-
proaches, just as the shadow lengthens every
degree the sun declines toward setting.

If a petticoat government is not more oppres-
sive than now formerly, it is certainly double
in extent.

Why do our soldiers need no barbers?
Because they are regularly shaved by the
government contractors.

Look well to your daughters, Sparks
falling on your house are often less dangerous
than those coming into it.

The good deeds that most sons prefer that
their fathers should leave behind them are
real estate deeds.

That nation cannot be free that is bought
with its consent and sold against it; where
the rogue in rags is kept in countenance by
the rogue in ruffles; and where, from high to
low, there's nothing radical but corruption,
nothing is held contemptible but poverty.

The little vexations and minor miseries
of life can only be met with patience and philoso-
phy. They can't be "put down" like an in-
surrection, nor expelled like a bad church
member. The best that can be done with
them is to pay as little attention to them as
possible, and not to double their power by
fretting over them. As the immortal Shak-
spere says we don't remember exactly
where—

For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy, or there's none;
If there is a remedy, try and find it;
If there isn't—never mind it.

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from their excellent tone and durable
quality. No woman in the land should be
without them, and those who once use them will
not fail to give a supply."

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Testimonials of the Honorable Waters
Pianos and Melodeons.

John Hewitt, of Cambridge, New York, who has
had one of the Honorable Waters Pianos, writes as
follows:—

"A friend of mine wishes me to purchase a piano
for her. She likes the one you sold me in Decem-
ber 1856. My piano is becoming popular in this
place, and I think can introduce one or two
more; they will be more popular than any other
make."

"We have two of Waters' Pianos in use in our
Seminary, one of which has been severely tested
for three years, and we testify to their good
quality and durability."—Wood & Gregory, Mount
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"H. Waters, Esq.—Dear Sir: Having used one of
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found it a very superior instrument."

ALONZO GRAY,
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Vol. XI : : No. 13.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1861.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

The Night After Christmas.

THE following is an amusing parody upon
Clement Moore's unequalled "Night before Christ-
mas."

'Twas the night after Christmas, when all through
the house
Every soul was abed, and as still as a mouse;
The stockings, so lately St. Nicholas' care,
Were empty of all that was eatable there.
The darlings had all been tucked in their beds—
With very full stomachs, and pains in their heads.
I was dozing away in my new cotton cap,
And Nancy was rather far gone in a nap.
When out in the nursery came such a clatter,
I sprang from my sleep, crying—"What is the
matter?"
I flew to each bedside—still half in a doze—
To see open the curtains, and throw off the clothes;
While the light of the taper served clearly to show
The piteous plight of those who were below:
For what to the fond father's eyes should appear
But the little pale face of each sick little dear?
For each pet that had craved itself full as a tick,
I knew in a moment now felt like Old Nick.

Their pulses were rapid, their breathings the same,
What their stomachs rejected I'll mention by name—

Now Turkey, now Stuffing, Plum Pudding of course,
And Custards, and Crullers, and Cranberry sauce;
Before outraged nature, all went to the wall,
Yes—Lollypops, Flapdoodle, Dinner, and all;
Like pellets which urachus from popguns let fly,
Went figs, nuts and raisins, Jam, jelly, and pie,
Till each error of diet was brought to my view,
To the shame of Mamma and Santa Claus, too.

I turned from the sight, to my bedroom stepped
back,
And brought out a phial marked "Pulv. Ipecac."
When my Nancy exclaimed—"for their suffragings
shocked her—
Don't you think you had better, love, run for the
Doctor?"

I ran—and was scarcely back under my roof,
When I heard the sharp clatter of old Japal's hoof.
I might say that I hardly had turned myself round,
When the Doctor came into the room with a bound.
He was covered with mud from his head to his
foot,
And the suit he had on was his very worst suit;
He had hardly had time to put that on his back,
And he looked like a Falstaff half-fuddled with
sack.

His eyes, how they twinkled! Had the Doctor
got merry?
His cheeks looked like Port and his breath smelt
of Sherry,
He hadn't been shaved for a fortnight or so,
And the beard on his chin wasn't white as the
snow.
But inspecting their tongues in despite of their
teeth,
And drawing his watch from his waistcoat beneath,
He felt of each pulse, saying—"Each little baby
Must get rid"—here he laughed—"of the rest of
that jelly!"

I gazed on each chubby, plump, sick little elf,
And groaned when he said so, in spite of myself;
But a wink of his eye when he physicked our Fred
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He didn't prescribe, but went straightway to work
And dined all the rest, gave his trousers a jerk,
And, adding directions while blowing his nose,
He buttoned his coat; from his chair he arose,
Then jumped in his gig, gave old Japal a whistle,
And Japal dashed off as if pricked by a thistle;
But the Doctor exclaimed, ere he drove out of
sight,

"They'll be well by to-morrow—good-night,
Jones, good-night!"

Select Literature.

A CAMP FIRE STORY.

NOW AND THEN.

Doing guard-duty on one of these clear,
frosty nights, is what I call a "big thing."
Standing before a huge fire, glimmering rays
shoot into the dense pine forest which sur-
rounds you as if they, too, had partaken of
the spirit of vigilance, and were searching for
some hidden foe, one's mind naturally is af-
fected, and every shadow and tree has an
association which awakens the soldier to a
full appreciation of his sentinel duties. But
such a night as last night—dark, dreary, wet
and disagreeable in the extreme—has an
entirely different effect, and we clustered
around the fire piled high with seething
logs, which at times seemed to exert its best
light and most genial rays to spread humor
and life among those who stood smoking
around it. Then as if exasperated at the failure,
it would splutter and crack, contending fur-
iously with every drop of rain, and hiss out a
strong reproof at the element which was
making the sentinels so uncomfortable. But
the guard must be vigilantly maintained
through the night, we dare not sleep, for you
must know that sleep, courts the soldier's
eyelids as sweetly under the dropping rain as
it does in his tent, if perchance he has a gum
blanket for his bed, and a knapsack for a pil-
low.

I proposed a song, but the only music that
could be raised was made by a little corporal,
who doled out in a most melancholy style,

"Some days must be dark and dreary."
This seemed to be the only song that the cor-
poral knew, and the only one of that kind
that we wanted to hear. Under these aus-
pices I proposed a story, and the sergeant of
the guard, an old Mexican soldier, "up and
told" the following, which I quote, as nearly
as I can recollect, in his own words:

Seated in my tent, one evening, just before
the battle of the city of Mexico, the captain
came to me with, "Corporal, I have been re-
quested to send a trusty non-commissioned
officer to the general council to-night as a
messenger. Will you go?" I replied in the
affirmative, thinking the captain for his con-
fidence. Our company was, at that time,
detached from its regiment, and was doing
special duty at General Scott's headquarters.
In the discharge of that duty I had made a

point of being specially attentive, and had
thereby gained the confidence of our captain,
and once or twice was commended by old
"Fuss and Feathers" himself. I brushed up
my old clothes, and brightened up my shoes
and brass plates in the neatest manner pos-
sible that evening, and presented myself to
the Adjutant General for instructions. I
found that the council about to meet for the
consideration of General Scott's plans for
taking the city, was to be composed of all
the colonels in the division, and that my duty
would be to go errands, and attend to bring-
ing chairs, papers, or whatever might be re-
quired.

Well, the council met, and I was at my
post. It was the finest body of military men
I had ever seen together, and when they as-
sembled around that table, and the old gen-
eral stood towering high above the rest, I
could not help but admire him more than
ever. After the customary salutation and or-
ganization, they sat down in regard to rank,
beginning with General Worth, and succeed-
ing each other in seats, as seniority in rank
gave them privilege. It was no time for de-
lay, and the general spoke rapidly and with
earnestness, occasionally referring to some
one on the right or left for information or cor-
roboration. Thus carefully and explicitly
were the movements and marches, the sallies,
and sorties, the whole plan developed, so that
all seemed to understand. But presently a
plan was discovered, something was wrong,
and I saw by the perplexed look of those
around the table that some serious mistake
had been made, but for what cause, my knowl-
edge of military affairs did not enable me to
judge. A dispute arose between some colonel
and the engineer-in-chief in regard to the po-
sition and strength of some battery, and the
topography of the surrounded country. The
colonel said that frequent reconnaissance of
the ground, from the fact of his being en-
camped near the place in question, led him,
even in direct opposition to the chart of the
engineer, to protest against its truthfulness,
and he would urge upon the general to make
himself sure of the condition of affairs before
he fully completed his plan. But this would
not do; it was necessary that very important
and vigorous movements should take place
upon that very section of the defence, and
without a correct knowledge of the place, no
action could be carried on with safety or cer-
tainty. It seemed, in fact, to be a main point,
at which positive success would have to fall
to the American forces.

Finally, the colonel said that there was a
young lieutenant in his regiment who had a
correct chart of the defences, and a map of
the demesne thereto adjacent. The engineer-
in-chief said: "Very well, sir, you had bet-
ter send for your authority, and let us see
this great map." The general nodded his
approval, and the colonel gave me the name
and address of the lieutenant. The encamp-
ment was not very far away, and I mounted
my horse and rode off in haste to the regi-
mental headquarters, and found the very man
I was in search of in the colonel's tent, with
draughting paper on the table before him,
and sketches of the city and its surroundings
scattered everywhere. I handed him the
note, which he read and hastily tore up, ask-
ing me if I could wait until he could borrow
a horse? I told him I could, but in a few mo-
ments, and carefully wrapping up his sur-
veys, he placed them in a long tin case, and
mounting, prepared to follow me. On the way
he was conversed with so much earnestness,
and in such a mild, interesting manner, that I
felt encouraged to talk and chat, contrary to
my usual practice when on horseback. He
informed me that he was a graduate of West
Point, and that he had there fallen so much
in love with the science of geometry, that he
had made it an almost constant study, and
that now he found it very interesting, in the
interval of duty, to make sketches and sur-
veys of the city.

When we arrived at the general's quarters
again, the lieutenant was introduced, and at
his colonel's request produced his charts. The
party were astonished at their finish and
fine execution, and when, after examination,
they were found to be perfectly correct, Gen-
eral Scott came forward, and grasping the
young lieutenant by the hand, personally
complimented him on his skill, and thanked
him for his efficiency. The chief engineer,
somewhat chagrined at this display of learn-
ing on the part of his young rival, sneering-
ly said: "General, perhaps this young man
has some plan by which this part of the de-
fences may be attacked." Upon inquiry, it
was found that he had a plan, which was
produced with some degree of reluctance and
laid before the assembly. It was read, and
criticized, and corrected, and finally, to make
a long story short, adopted with some amend-
ments by the council. This displeased the
engineer, who seemed to think that the
lieutenant, though but a few years his
junior, had no right to display so much
knowledge of a science which did not belong
to his branch of the service.

"I need not tell you," continued the ser-
geant, "that, in the taking of Mexico, a few
days after the plan offered by this lieutenant
was of signal service, and that he was brev-
eted soon afterwards."

Here the story ended, and the sergeant re-
lapsed into his "pipe and silence." We all
looked for a while into the fire, when one of
the sentinels asked him what the name of
this young lieutenant was. He slowly puffed

the smoke from his mouth, and answered:
"I believe his name was George—George
B. McClellan."
"And who was that engineer?"
"I believe his name was George, too—
George T. Beauregard."
And we all smoked and looked into the
fire, until the sentinel called out:
"Grand rounds! Turn out the guard!"

Effect of Imitation.

Men and monkeys are called imitative an-
imals; and if they never imitated anything
but what was useful and good, the character-
istic would be an amiable one. As far as
the monkeys are concerned, we say nothing.
Their reasoning faculties are not guided by
any sense of consciousness. With mankind,
it is different. Noble deeds do inspire some
men, and their imitative faculty leads them,
perforce, to do noble things likewise; but
the perverseness of human nature, or rather
its proclivity to evil, more frequently leads it
to imitate much that is vicious, and to take
a special delight in duplicating scenes of mis-
chief and malignity. Women are little bet-
ter than men in this respect. The Camille of
the stage has tempted many an unprincipled
girl to throw herself away merely to enjoy
scenes of piquant debauchery, just as Jack
Sheppard, in the play, has given many a boy
his first impulse toward dishonesty.

Considering these facts, and the imitative
nature of humanity—particularly youthful
humanity—does not a strict morality require
that our books and plays, our novels and
dramas, should be written with a special eye
to the improvement of our race? Should not
everything that is calculated to hold up
vice in an attractive form, or to tarnish over
with a sickly sentimentality the wickedness
of the world, be banished from every pos-
ition in which it may influence the well-
minded? And should not everything that is
heroic, noble, chivalric, honest, and endear-
ing, be so presented as to fascinate the imagi-
nation, and inspire all with a disposition to
copy such exalting examples? If so, then
we greatly need a public censor; for if the
truth is told, since we are really a drama-
tizing people, our penitentiaries owe far
more for their contents to pernicious per-
formances, than to all the "original sin"
left in the human composition.

Good Advice.—These timely considera-
tions occur in a sermon recently delivered by
an enlightened and patriotic clergyman:

The state of the times demands liberality
and a generous expenditure on the part of
those who have the means—whose income is
greater than their wants. Such as these
should not study economy, should not aim to
save as much and spend as little as possible.
I hear many of this class talking of retrench-
ment, of reducing their expenses, of denying
themselves and their families this and that
to which they have been accustomed. I say no.
This is a mistaken policy. Why should you
save? You are in no danger of suffering.
Why should you spend less, you who have
more than enough, while thousands around
are wanting employment and bread, and have
nothing? What is to become of this class if
every rich man, every family whose income
exceeds, by much or little, their current ex-
penses, begins economizing and diminishing
expenditures to the lowest point possible?
What is to become of these people without
work or money? They must live. They must
have bread. Give them employment and
they will earn it. If you do not, they must
still have bread, that is certain, and
somebody must furnish it. No, I say again,
saving closely, with those who have abun-
dant means, is false policy in such times as
the present. Suppose your income has been
annually four thousand dollars—and suppose
you have lived at the expense of three thou-
sand dollars, is it wisdom, is it mercy, to
reduce your expenses to two thousand dollars,
on the plea of hard times? It is not hard
times for you. Better far keep on spending
your three thousand dollars. Do not expect
to save anything while the war lasts and
thousands are in danger of being out of em-
ployment. Live as you have lived,—spend
your income, even if you never did before.

Every new hat or coat, every new sofa or
carpet, furnishes work and bread to industri-
ous men. Every new bonnet or dress gives
employment to needle-women who are strug-
gling with poverty and suffering. How
much better to pay them the money, and
leave them to their self-respect and independence,
than buy and by to give it to them as a charity,
humiliating and painful.

A fellow was wending his way a
short time ago, through some narrow pass-
age, when he met a pretty, modest girl.
"Pray, my dear," said he, "what do you
call this passage?"

"Balaam's passage," replied the girl.
"Ah then replied the puppy, 'I am like
Balaam—stopped by an angel.'"

"And I," rejoined the girl, as she passed
him, "am like the angel—stopped by an
ass!"

"I am afraid you will come to want,"
said an old lady to a young gentleman.
"I have come to want already," he re-
plied—"I want your daughter!"

Dirge for the Year.

BY PERCY B. SHELLEY.

Orphan hours, the year is dead,
Come and weep, some and weep!
Merry hours, smile instead,
For the year is but asleep,
See, it smiles as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping.

As an earthquake rocks a corse
In its coffin in the clay,
So white Winter, that rough nurse,
Rocks the dead cold year to-day;
Solemn hours! wait alone
For your mother in her shroud.

As the wild air stirs and sways
The tree-swing cradle of a child,
So the breath of these rude days
Rocks the year—be calm and mild,
Trembling hours! she will arise
With new love within her eyes.

January grey is here,
Life a sexton by her grave;
February bears the bier,
March with grief doth howl and rave,
And April weeps—but, O ye hours,
Follow with May's fairest flowers.

God's Judgments, Blessings.

A THANKSGIVING SERMON PREACHED IN THE
BETHESDA CHURCH, READING, BY THE
PASTOR, REV. WM. H. WILCOX.

Published by Request.

Psalms 48: 11.—Let Mount Zion rejoice, let the
daughters of Judah be glad because of thy judg-
ments.

Men, it has been often said, are but chil-
dren of a larger growth. And nothing per-
haps, more clearly illustrates the truth of the
remark, than our child-like proneness to
judge things by their immediate and visible
effects. Those events which directly promote
our happiness we term blessings. We labor
and pray for them. We rejoice and give
thanks for them when received. We deem
them the special fruits and manifestations of
God's goodness. But those events which
bring us suffering and sorrow we call God's
judgments. These we deprecate and seek to
avoid. We deplore them when they over-
take us and pray for their speedy removal.
We deem them the manifestations of God's
wrath; simple evils inflicted upon us by his
punitive justice. If we can but bring our-
selves to bear them with a submission which
neither murmurs nor repines, we think we
do all that can be asked of us.

But the Bible teaches us to take higher,
truer, more many views than these. It
teaches us to estimate all God's dealings, not
by their immediate and visible effects, but by
their adaptation to promote our moral im-
provement. It impresses it upon us as one
of the most beneficent duties which God's
love has given us to do, to look habitually
with the eye of faith right through the rough
disguise which God's providences often wear
to the eye of sense. Then shall we see that
in whatever form these providences come,
whether men call them blessings or judge-
ments, they are all alike designed for the
welfare of man and are all alike the embodi-
ments of a wisdom that never errs and a
love that never wearies. And it is only as
we rise into this enlightened and christian
view of Providence that we can at all ap-
preciate what must otherwise seem the
strangely paradoxical language of the Psalm-
ist, "Let Mount Zion rejoice, let the daughters
of Judah be glad, because of thy judgments."

We are now as a people suffering under
the judgments of Heaven. The stupendous
crime which this nation has so long and with
such seeming impunity committed against
the negro, has begun at length to recoil with
most deplorable power upon the heads of the
transgressors. The great national sin of
slavery is bringing upon us a national retribu-
tion. We have already suffered much and
we know not how much more of punishment
the months, and possibly the years, to come,
may have in reserve for us. But instead of
deploring these things as evil and only evil,
let us rather on this day, consecrated to
thanksgiving and praise, endeavor to look
through the rough and thorny pericarp which
God's judgments wear, and see the
sol-nourishing fruit which they bear within.
Let us endeavor to obtain such a truthful
and comprehensive view of the discipline
through which Infinite Wisdom is now lead-
ing our nation, that as we contemplate what
it has already wrought and what lies almost
visibly before us in the future, we may feel
not so much like sorrowing over what we
have been, or may be called to suffer, as like
praising God for what His providence has
already done, and is almost audibly prom-
ising to do, for the highest good of our beloved
land.

I would by no means undervalue the evils
which lower so threateningly on our horizon,
and which have already burst with such
devastating power upon some portions of the
country. War, and especially civil war, is
always a dreadful thing. The losses of prop-
erty; the derangements of business; the con-
strained idleness of multitudes dependent upon
their daily labor for their own and their chil-
dren's bread; the vitiating influences of the
camp; the horrors of the battle-field; the
widows and orphans weeping for the loved
ones they will see no more; these and other
such accompaniments of war are not light
and trifling things. They are terribly stern
realities from which any people may well
pray to be delivered. But yet, unquestion-
ably and fearfully evils as they are, they are by
no means the greatest evils by which a nation
can be cursed. War, with all its train of

horrors, has sometimes been a public bless-
ing. The sword has proved like the sur-
geon's knife; it has drawn blood and inflicted
keenest anguish; but it has cut out the
cancer and saved the nation's life. And so
I trust and believe it will be with the war in
which we are now engaged. I believe that
our children and our children's children as
they shall look back upon the bloody scenes
through which our nation's growth is now
advancing, as we look back upon our revo-
lutionary war, will see that the judgment of
God which is now visiting us with the pen-
alty of our national transgression, was by no
means an unmitigated evil, but like God's chast-
isements of his ancient people, a most salu-
tary blessing in the form of a curse. And I
would (as has been said) that we might to-
day so pierce with the eye of faith the out-
ward form which this judgment wears, and
so perceive the life-giving blessing it is
to confer upon our land, that we should all
exercise the trustful spirit of the Psalmist and
say with our hearts, if not with our lips,
"Let Mount Zion rejoice, let the daughters
of Judah be glad because of thy judgments."

The design then of my present discourse
you have already anticipated. It is to show
that in the present condition of our country we
can find abundant ground for thanksgiving.
However much we may feel the financial
pressure or the derangements of business;
however painfully it may come home to our
own firesides and our own hearts, the separa-
tion or even the sacrifice of relatives and
friends; yet he who will take a broad and
patriotic view of the war and its results,
present and prospective, will not deplore it
but rejoice in it.

In contemplating some of these results, let
us glance in the first place, at some of the good
which the war has already done, and in the second
place at what it most distinctly promises to do.

What then has it already done for which
we should to-day give expression to our
thanking and praise?
In the first place it has revealed the patri-
otism of the people and the strength of the nation.
This has often been called a degenerate
age. Little if any of the spirit of self-denial
and self-sacrifice which our fathers exhibited
in their support to have descended to their
children. The disgraceful subservience of
many of our northern presses and party
leaders to the most humiliating exactions of
the slave-power—a subservience which seem-
ed never to have heard either of principle or
self-respect—has diffused through the South
the contempt so widely felt for the North,
and the confidence they have had in the suc-
cess of their rebellion; while at the same
time it has filled many a patriot's heart with
a sad distrust of our public virtue, and the
most gloomy fears for our country's future.
Not simply because of such shameful dis-
tinction of principle in the politicians them-
selves, viewed as individuals, but because they
are so generally more party thermometers,
than guides of the moral temperature of the
people to which they belong. And when time
it was apparently proved in many of our
Free States, that fidelity to Freedom was no
requisite to political success; and treachery
to principle was no impediment to
pleasures and to principle was no impediment to
pleasures; it seemed as if there was indeed rea-
son to fear that the people had to a deplora-
ble extent come to think more of the triumph
of party than the triumph of principle. And
when the Southern representatives contemptu-
ously branded the inhabitants of the Free
States as pre-eminently selfish and mercenary,
intent upon nothing so much as the acquisi-
tion of money and willing to submit to any
dishonor that would not interfere with their
gains, many a Northern man felt, that how-
ever exalted such country might be by
ignorance and prejudice, there was yet ap-
parently far more ground for them than the
lover of his country would wish to acknowl-
edge. And it was not the South alone that
rated the patriotism of the North so low; but
many very men whom the North had sent to
Washington to represent its public sentiment,
were in many instances openly in league with
the South. When this iniquitous rebellion
was preparing to clutch with its bloody hand
at the nation's life, and the question arose in
Congress whether it should be encouraged by
some suicidal compromise, or crushed be-
neath the heel of an outraged and indignant
justice, one of the Senators from New Jersey
is reported to have affirmed in open senate,
that "for every regiment raised at the North
to fight against the South, the South would
be raised to keep it at home." One of the most
prominent and influential politicians of New
York said to have pledged to the leaders of
the rebellion, the acquiescence, if not the ac-
tive co-operation of the Empire State in
their nefarious scheme. And Senator Hun-
ter of Virginia in attempting to show the im-
possibility of suppressing the rebellion by
force said that "it would require a hundred
thousand men and a hundred millions of
money; an amount of men and means which
the government could not possibly command
even for half a year."

I mention these things (and many more
like them might be added) to show what
ideas were entertained by prominent politi-
cians who might be supposed to be best ac-
quainted with the people, in regard to the
patriotism of the Free States. It was such
assurances as these, confidently given by
those who were thought best qualified to
speak, who so strengthened the hearts of the
rebels, and led them on in the firm belief
that no serious opposition would be made to
their plans. They were assured that the
North would be divided, and so constrained
by dissensions at home to acquiesce in what-
ever course the South might see fit to pursue.
But how wonderfully how gloriously have
such expectations been disappointed. That
attack upon Fort Sumter started the nation
sent such a flood of indignation through all
the loyal States as swept everything before it.
A patriotism which no one had imagined
to exist was at once aroused. Old party
lines were obliterated in the enthusiastic rally
of the people around the flag of our common
country. The politicians who had so traitor-
ously promised the leaders of the rebellion
a passive acquiescence at least, if not active
aid from the North, were confounded and
amazed, and soon saw the necessity of them-
selves taking ground openly and earnestly in
support of the government. The President's
call for troops was answered with a most
heart-stirring enthusiasm, until the hundred
thousand men that the Virginia Senator

thought it would be impossible for the gov-
ernment to raise, have been almost, and might
have been fully furnished by the single
State of New York. Nearly if not quite five
hundred thousand men, not one of whom has
been impressed or drafted into the service,
but every one of whom is a volunteer, have
promptly responded to their country's call.
More than double the one hundred millions
of money which it was said it would be so
difficult for the government to secure, have
been advanced at once by the banks of three
of our cities.

And such a magnificent outburst of patri-
otic devotion has not been merely revealed,
it has greatly increased the strength of the
nation. It has bound our loyal States to-
gether more closely than ever before. It has
given us a new confidence in our Republican
institutions. It has shown that in any great
crisis the people can be trusted; that below
all selfishness of party and the rancor of
party-strife there is in the hearts of the people
a true and earnest patriotism. It has made
us more gratefully proud of our native land
than ever before, and more ready to suffer
for her prosperity. It has called off
our minds from a dwarfing devotion to mat-
terial things, and taught us something of the
greatness of self-sacrifice for a noble end. It
has given a more exalted aim to our national
aspirations and a deeper earnestness to our
national life. And so both by what it has re-
vealed, and by what it has done, this wicked
rebellion, though originating in the enraged
ambition of disappointed politicians, and to
be tentatively recognized by us as a national
tribulation, the sin which often uses the
wickedness of man as its scourge; this wicked
rebellion has already accomplished so much
of good for the nation that most appropri-
ately we sing to-day the glad strain
of the Psalmist, "Let Mount Zion rejoice,
let the daughters of Judah be glad because
of thy judgments."

But again. A second benefit which the
war has conferred upon us is that it has great-
ly advanced and intensified the anti-slavery
sentiment of the land.

Slavery has been pre-eminently the one
great curse of our nation. It has been a
disease at our vitals, eating away our strength
and seriously threatening our national life.
For it is utterly at war with the whole spirit
of our institutions. Republicanism teaches
the equality of all men, proclaiming to the
world "All men are created equal." Slavery
scornfully denies it, and ridiculing this
first truth of Republicanism upon the very floor
of our national Senate; Republicanism honors
the individual, and a slave Republicanism
degrades him. Slavery is an atrocious
degradation of the human race. Slavery is
the mortal foe of aristocracy. Slavery is
simply aristocracy intensified. And so on
all the questions which lie at the very foun-
dation of society, Republicanism and Slavery
are as directly hostile as light and darkness,
health and disease. There is an irreconcil-
able, necessary antagonism between them,
so that one or the other must secure its own
life by the other's death. For the last thirty
years the profitability of cotton-culture has
enlarged the system of slavery in our
land, and it has almost seemed as if the
lean line of Pharaoh's vision, it was des-
tined to devour our Republicanism and trans-
form our entire nation into one great slave-
holding oligarchy. And whether it shall be
the triumph of Slavery and the overthrow of
Freedom, or the triumph of Freedom and the
destruction of Slavery. The very structure
of our land forbids the expectation of any
peaceful establishment within our borders
of two nations, one built on human freedom
and the other on human oppression. The
Creator himself has tied the North and the
South together by chains of mountains and
navigable rivers—bonds which the leaders of
this rebellion will find more difficult to
break than our national constitution or their
pledged faith to support it.

This, then, I say, is the real character of
the war in which we are now engaged. It is
a life and death struggle between Freedom
and Slavery. And one of the great blessings
which it has already conferred upon us is
that it has opened the eyes even of those who
have been blinded by prejudice, so that they
cannot fail to see what Slavery is. It has
aroused the country as it has never been
aroused before, and as nothing else appar-
ently could have aroused it, to a clear percep-
tion of the irreconcilable antagonism between
Slavery and Republicanism; and has shown all
with a most salutary distinctness, the absolute
necessity of the overthrow of Slavery in order
to the permanence and prosperity of our free
institutions. The President has given more
striking fulfillment of the words of scripture,
"In the net which they hid is their own foot
taken;" the wicked are snared in the work of
their own hands." This martial war was
begun at the command of Slavery. The
leaders imagined they were to found a great
nation, having this stupendous outrage upon
God and man as the corner-stone of their
political fabric. But instead of that they
have done more than the opponents of Slavery
could have done in fifty years to rouse the
indignant hostility of the free people against
Slavery, and hasten the utter over-
throw of his cruel sway.

For a year ago to-day we should have been
constrained to acknowledge that never since
the foundation of the Government, had
Slavery gained such power in this land as
wielded then. Never before had the pros-
pect been so dark for the cause of Freedom.
One after another of the ever-increasing de-
mands of the slave-power had been shame-
fully granted. The President was given more
power, pleading the cause of Slavery in
his messages, and wielding his enormous pat-
ronage to do its behests. The Supreme Court
had announced with disgraceful officiousness
that it was ready to decide Slavery to be a
constitutional institution, and a large num-
ber of leading politicians of the Free States
had openly taken the ground that by virtue
of the Constitution, the slaveholder has a
right which no State law can impair, to bring
his slaves into New York or Massachusetts
and hold them there as long as he sees fit.
And desperate endeavors were being made,
and with a most melancholy prospect of suc-
cess, to debase the public sentiment in re-
gard to Slavery. It found open and un-
blushing advocates not only in the press but
even in the pulpit of the Free States. Ser-

mons were not only preached, but published
and scattered far and wide under the politi-
cian's frank, the object of which was to show,
or if not openly to prove, at least to lend
their readers to feel, that this "peculiar in-
stitution of Satan is countenanced and jus-
tified by the Bible. Indeed it almost seemed
sometimes as if the nation in their proud dis-
regard of God was to be given up by him to
believe a lie and so bring upon themselves a
ruinous retribution. Such was the gloomy
prospect a year ago to-day.

But what a change has this one year
wrought. How differently is this great curse
of Slavery now regarded. If then, we should
have been constrained to acknowledge that
never before had Slavery been so strong;
now we can gratefully affirm, with none to
question the joyful truth, that never before
was Slavery so weak. Never since the foun-
dation of the Government has there been
such a wide-spread, intelligent, calm but
determined hostility to Slavery as there is to-
day through all our loyal States. Congress
and the Government have been disenthralled.
The President is no longer the obsequious
slave of Slavery. Government patronage is
no longer wielded to stifle the cry of outraged
Freedom, and force upon a protesting people
a Free Constitution. The air of Washing-
ton is no longer poisonous with Southern
malice. Our representatives can breathe the
free air of the land. Abolition is no longer a
term of reproach, synonymous with fan-
aticism; for this war has transformed us
into a nation of abolitionists. Many of our
most prominent and influential men, and
those too who have heretofore been noted for
their active and even bitter opposition to the
anti-slavery cause, have publicly taken ground
in favor of the overthrow of the system. The
change in this respect has been truly
wonderful. Leading politicians who a year
ago were regarded by many as ready to con-
demn everything to the South, are openly fa-
voring as the slaveholder's right, the tolera-
tion of Slavery through all the Free States,
are now earnestly advocating the abolition of
Slavery by the strong hand of military power.
And the religious sentiment of the nation
is undergoing a similar change. The N. Y.
Observer, which has probably done more than
any other religious paper in the land, to im-
pale the anti-slavery movement, and give to
the great Iniquity the shameful countenance
of the church, has been brought in one of its
recent issues to say, "Slavery is the great
cancer on the empires and the peace of the
nation. It is a curse to the South and a
curse to the North. The nation must be de-
livered from it." Surely there has been
most wonderful progress, since this rebellion
broke out, in the state of our public senti-
ment in regard to Slavery. This war has
hastened by half a century at least, the wel-
come day of our national deliverance from
this great curse. And if so (and I see not
how any intelligent observer of the times
can doubt it), then will we rejoice and give
thanks to-day, that God, in his wonder-
working providence, has permitted the wick-
edness of man in our day, as he did the mal-
ice of Haman, so to overpower and thwart it.
And who can but feel that the great in-
retributive hand in the trials and dangers
that surround us, still we may, and christian
trust requires that we should, look through
the judgment at the national blessings he is
conferring. And we may deeply we
may feel the present or fear the future, but
we cannot but believe ever so get the mastery
of our faith as to prevent our saying in the glad
and confident spirit of the Psalmist, "Let Mount
Zion rejoice, let the daughters of Judah be
glad because of thy judgments."

The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.

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The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DEC. 28, 1861.

Before another number of the JOURNAL reaches its readers, the year which is now at the threshold of death, and the hours of which have seen the birth of the greatest calamity that has ever befallen this, and we might add, or any other nation, will have been gathered to its predecessors and become a matter for history. And in accordance with a time-honored and very popular custom, we wish our patrons "A Happy New Year"—happy in everything, spiritual as well as secular. For us to go further, will entail the necessity of our saying something more that has been said over and over again; just as it is impossible to write or speak upon any of the popular topics of the day, without saying something that has been said by somebody, somewhere, before; and were we to stop here some might look upon it as work half done.

"If wishes were horses," it has been said, "beggars might ride;" and if wishes were happiness we all might be happy, for no one is so miserably poor but that he has some friend, let that friend be ever so humble, to wish him well. In wishing our friends a Happy New Year, they must take the wish for the reality should that much coveted boon not fall to their lot. It is useless for us to desire constant happiness. If clouds did not obscure the splendor of the sun, we would not value so highly its cheering rays; and if our lives were one continual course of happiness and serenity, we would not value them as we should, for the reason that we would not know their worth. So that it requires mingled joy and sorrow to make life what it was designed to be—happy.

To some the year about to commence will be fraught with happiness; their worldly schemes and desires will prosper, and all things will move on smoothly and satisfactorily; for in the midst of so much bliss, petty annoyances will be unnoticed. To others it will be a sorrowful year; the rod will fall heavily upon them; their hopes and expectations for the future will be blasted, and kind friends and dear ones will go the way of all flesh. But to all our sufferings there will be a bright side, if we will but seek it. When the spirit lowers and the frail body refuses to bear its burdens, the Angel of Hope will whisper blessed words of love and kindness in our ears, lifting us up and cheering us on until the goal of our desires is reached and our afflictions are ended. We are all born to sorrow; yet if we will view our troubles on all sides, we will find much that will enliven and lend new life to the monotony of time's course and give us hope and trustfulness wherewith to battle the obstacles which are ever arising to ruffle the complacency of our march to the grave. If we sit down and mourn over each little discord that jars life's harmony, we will never be free for a moment from sorrow or turmoil. But if we will bear up boldly against the storm, believing that ere the rising of the morrow's sun it will have passed away, and forever, we will find our burdens lightened and our spirits revived.

To look upon the faces of some people makes us think of a barren spot of ground upon which the sun has never shone. All soul appears to have fled, and in fleeing left a vacuum which nature, in abhorrence of such a vacuum, endeavors to fill with wrinkles and sourness, but without success. The presence of such persons alone—to use a strained expression—seems competent to sour the sweetest cream. We think the "oldest inhabitant" could not tell when a smile last gambled over their countenances. It is wrong and useless for a man to appear as if he were burdened with all the trials and troubles of the community, when, if he chose, he could feel and seem cheerful. This is not the kind of life that man was intended to live. He who passes a lifetime groveling in the slough of despondency, has not fulfilled the end for which he was created. He has not reached the height which his Maker intended he should reach, nor yet has he done the good that he should have done; his existence has been only a sham, and he goes down to the grave leaving behind him a memory which is as fleeting as the wind which blows a requiem over his solitary resting place. If a man has any soul within him, he will like to see him show it. We wish to see it illumined his counten-

ance and shedding a radiance on all around him, at all times. Ugh! it makes our teeth chatter when we meet a small-souled, pinched-up man, who seems so much the niggard that he cannot bestow even a smile upon a friend when he meets one, and who is nothing but a walking icicle.

Then let us make the coming year truly happy, both to ourselves and those around us, especially let us make home happy, by wearing a pleasant countenance and by doing all the good we can; so that when the time comes for us to balance our accounts with 1862, we will have no reason to mourn over things done or undone.

Perhaps some will accuse us of looking only on the dark side, while penning these few simple lines. That there are some great hearts which are ever overflowing with goodness, and which are never contented except when they are making others happy, is true; and for the sake of human nature, we are thankful that it is so. They need no encomiums, their deeds speak louder than the strongest words. "May their shadows never be less," or fewer in number.

Again we wish our readers, one and all, "A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

Christmas Doings in Woburn.

Christmas, we think, is fast becoming a general holiday in New England. Years ago Thanksgiving absorbed all the interest which is now divided between that day and Christmas. Our people are beginning to feel that they need more holidays; more respite from labor. They find that "all work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy." In the South, and in our large cities—New York and Philadelphia especially—the Christmas holidays are very generally observed. The slaves in the former are allowed a fortnight's rest, and make use of the opportunity by visiting adjacent plantations and spending a short time with their different friends. We are not exactly aware of the way their masters spend their time, but most likely it is in carousing and riotous living. In England, "from early morn to dewy eve," Christmas, above all other days, is the most observed; and probably it is more from the sumptuousness of the observance, than any other cause, that has gained the appellation of "merrie England." It has ever been to her a day fraught with merrymaking and all that serves to lighten the cares of life and give a new impetus to the spirits. The peasant in his cot, and the king upon his throne, have ever enjoyed their "merry Christmas,"—either in eating good plum-pudding, partaking in athletic sports, or engaging in the chase. But this has nothing to do with "Christmas Doings in Woburn," in 1861. Let us see what has done.

On Christmas eve the Young Men's Christian Association held a Festival in Lyceum Hall. The arrangements made for making the Festival successful, were ample, but the attendance of visitors was not large, and financially it was not a success. The evening was enlivened with both vocal and instrumental music, and those who were present enjoyed themselves fully.

On Christmas evening the children belonging to the First Congregational Sabbath School, with their teachers and a number of their parents, assembled in the Church and Vestry, for the purpose of receiving the bounties of a richly-laden Christmas tree, and otherwise enjoying themselves. The exercises of the evening commenced in the Church, with singing by the children, under the direction of the organist, Mr. W. H. Clarke. Rev. Mr. March then read selections from Scripture, after which he offered up prayer. Brief addresses were then made by Mr. J. G. Pollard and the Pastor. In this connection we take pleasure in mentioning the music. The singing was very good, but the playing by Mr. Clarke was truly excellent. We have heard musicians say, those who are competent to judge from experience, that the playing on this occasion has never been equaled in Woburn, and that they have paid dearly in Boston to hear no better music. This must be to both gratifying to the Society and to Mr. Clarke.

The gathering, after the exercises in the Church, repaired to the Vestry, when the burdens which weighed so heavily upon the branches of the tree, were soon dispensed. The bright beams which lit up each little face as the presents were distributed, must have made the most sorrowful heart beat gladly and have carried the memory of the oldest persons present back to the time when life to them was all a dream and the future but a blank. Some of the gifts were valuable, and were gratefully received by the recipients. The conduct of the children throughout the evening was exceedingly good and deserving of the highest praise.

The Baptist Society had a social gathering in their Church, the same evening, in which the children largely participated. Previous to taking supper, the congregation were entertained by addresses from Rev. Mr. Ricker, the former pastor of the Society, and Rev. Mr. Thomas of New York, and others. Three Supper Tables were set in the Vestry, the young occupied the first, the old the second, and the middle-aged the last; and the large company which sat down enjoyed the many good things before them with a keen appetite. It is supposed that between five and six hundred persons took supper. Much of the time was passed in social converse and singing. During the evening, the Pastor, Rev. Mr. Bronson, was presented with a purse of money, by Mr. John D. Tidd, on behalf of some of his parishioners. The present came unexpectedly to the Rev. gentleman, and was thereby rendered the more acceptable. The music furnished in the Supper room, by the Woburn Social Orchestra, was highly spoken of and much admired.

HAMPER'S MONTHLY.—This very readable magazine, for January, has come to hand, filled with all that is entertaining and agreeable. It is the best magazine of its kind in this or any other country. It is for sale at the Woburn Bookstore.

Lecture by Hon. Edward Everett.

This talented gentleman has consented to deliver a lecture in Woburn, next Tuesday evening. His subject will be—National Affairs. He has delivered this lecture in some of our leading cities and the metropolitan papers and people speak loudly in its praise. When the gifted talent of an Everett is brought to bear upon a subject it is sure to be treated ably, clearly and understandingly. The price of tickets for the lecture, is set at fifteen cents, and no one on these terms, can afford to be absent.

This lecture is given under the auspices of the Young Men's Literary Association, and if it is remunerative it will be the first one of a course. We hope that the success which the Association will receive on the above occasion, will lead them to increase their public spirit and give us a good course of Lectures.

RESIGNATION OF REV. MR. MARCH.—This gentleman has sent in his resignation as Pastor of the First Congregational Church, and the matter will be acted upon by the Parish next Thursday evening. Mr. March, we understand has accepted a call from Philadelphia, and will enter upon his duties there in a short time. It is to be deplored that Mr. March has been compelled to take this step, as he is a man eminently qualified to perform the many arduous and delicate duties which fall to the lot of a minister of the gospel. Under Mr. March's faithful preaching, his Society has increased in numbers and grown in grace; and a successor, possessing all his qualities, will not speedily or easily be found. But our loss will be his gain.

TO SPORTSMEN.—Many persons are in the habit of shooting various kinds of birds, without any other object in view than sport. Now if those persons will leave such specimens as may fall into their hands,—it makes no difference what kind they are,—at the Post Office in Woburn, they will confer a great favor upon a gentleman who is endeavoring to make a collection of all the birds found in Massachusetts.

WE have received the "Twelfth Annual Report of the New England Female Medical College." The Report shows the affairs of the College, as far as funds are concerned, to be in a very good condition. This is owing to the bequest of the late Col. Wade becoming available, of which the report of the Secretary says:—

"This bequest, with the income of the Scholarship Fund for two or three years, amounting to over four thousand dollars, becomes available very opportunely, both for the College and for students; so that, though the past has been one of the worst possible years for collecting funds, it has, in fact, been the most fortunate year, financially, of any in the history of the College."

"The natural effect of the Scholarship Fund will be to attract a large number of excellent candidates; for, as Col. Wade correctly remarked, many of our best students will be those who have not the means to sustain themselves. Already is this effect observable; for in no year have so many promising candidates applied as within the few weeks since the Scholarship Fund was announced as open to applicants."

The Treasurer reports the Assets to be \$1,685.22, and the Liabilities \$1,650.00.

NOVA SCOTIA GOLD.—The Nova Scotia gold mines are increasing in importance every day. A short time ago a man secured a lump worth \$2700. The following item will give our readers some idea of the quantity of gold which is being found in that Province. We copy it from the Pictou Chronicle:—

"The Halifax papers of last week announce the arrival in that city of several large lots of gold from the Wine Harbor and Sherbrooke diggings. The Chronicle says that in addition to small lots previously received, about 450 ounces of pure gold reached the capital on Thursday, the result of the labors of three working parties. One of the gentlemen sold 120 ounces yesterday to a firm in the city, at \$18.50 per ounce, and it is expected the whole will realize high \$10,000. Part of this amount has been washed out of the soil overlying the quartz reefs, and the remainder from the quartz."

DENTAL.—It is with pleasure that we call attention to the card of Dr. J. R. Dillingham. He is meeting with great success in performing ALL Dental Operations without pain. His preparation for deadening the sensibility of a tooth, preparatory to filling, has given him a large practice in that department of his profession; and his long experience, and the beauty and utility of his operations, rank him as one of our first Dentists.—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

A young girl in Paris lately took a dislike to her boarding-school, and coming home at vacation, refused to return. Her parents placed her under strict surveillance, as they feared she meant to commit suicide, but she managed to get a pair of scissors, and so far succeeded in cutting her tongue out that her power of speech is despaired of by the surgeon in attendance.

THE CHARGES AGAINST GENERAL BENHAM.—General Rosecrans's charges against General Benham have been received at the War Department at Washington, and a Court Martial will immediately be ordered. General Benham is charged with having permitted General Floyd to escape, with disobeying the orders of his superior, and with conduct unbecoming an officer. Gen. Rosecrans is expected at the capital, and will probably be present at the trial.

AN OLD SETTLER.—In excavating an old well on the farm of Jessie Nickerson, in North Chatham, recently, a bed of oyster shells was found at the depth of several feet from the surface, and among them a *live oyster!* As the well was filled up some seventy-five years since, and has never before been excavated, this oyster must have reached the ripe old age of eighty years, or more!—*Barstable Patriot.*

THE Unitarian Society, intending having a Social Gathering in Lyceum Hall, on New Year's evening.

Letter from the Union Guard.

We have permission to use the following private letter, which has been recently received from a member of the Union Guard.

HALE'S HILL, VA., Dec. 11, 1861.

The weather for the past week has been delightful—more like May than December. A week ago four hundred of the 22d including myself, with four days rations, went out on picket duty, about six miles from Camp, near the Leesburg Turnpike. One hundred of the men under Capt. S. T. Thompson were quartered in an old log house, minus doors and windows. We managed to keep comfortable at night by hanging up rubber blankets to the windows; and to prevent the enemy from seeing the light from the window—as we expected trouble near the lines—a mammoth fire-place, capable of containing half a cord of wood, was kept blazing during the night.

About dark while the men were getting supper ready, the faithful sentinel gave an alarm. He heard the tramp of cavalry; "fall in" was the order, and in less than time it takes to pen this, a hundred bristling bayonets were in the street, and would have been a match for three times that number of cavalry, had they appeared; but they did not, and so the men went to their quarters disappointed. While I was posting the guard, the sentinel informed me that he saw three armed rebels who fled to the woods as soon as discovered by our sentinels.

Last Saturday a painful accident occurred in the Regt. A soldier, who had been on picket duty, was cleaning his musket, and thinking that it had been discharged, capped and snapped it. The deadly messenger flew with lightning speed through the tent, passing through the body of private Heath, through the tent again, and with fearful rapidity across the parade ground, and over the shoulder of another man. Verily in the midst of life we are in death.

An esteemed friend, Mr. G. R. Gage, visited the Union Guard last Sunday. The boys gave him a hearty shake. Mr. Gage took tea with Capt. Thompson and then started on his errand of mercy. Weekly prayer meetings are held in the Regt., conducted by the Chaplain, and some have given evidence that they turned from darkness to light and embraced the gospel of the Son of God. A Sabbath School will commence as soon as a suitable tent can be procured.

F. L. B.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.
Christmas Hymn.

Many a year has come and ended,
With its joys and with its pain,
Since the Saviour's star ascended
In the heavens' blue domain.
Shepherds, on that holy even,
Gazed, and wondered and adored,
When the Angel of Jehovah
Told them of the blessed Lord!

How, in Bethlehem of Judea,
On that very night was born,
Jesus, Immanuel, the Saviour,
Come to save from sin and scorn,
List to the celestial anthem—
How its tones the spirit thrill;
He to God the highest glory
Peace on earth, to men good will."

Listen to the wondrous story
Of the great Messiah's birth—
"Sent of God," and heir of glory,
Yet rejected of the earth.
Droste of mercy and of kindness
Hallow Jesus' sacred name—
Of the folly and the blindness,
That can spurn the Saviour's claim!

His a pilgrimage of duty,
And of toil for others' weal;
Radiant with heavenly beauty,
All his acts their source reveal.
From his birth night in the manger
To the crucifixion hour,
He, to human aid a stranger,
Trusted in Jehovah's power!

Still his star above is glowing
With a pure and steady ray,
Every sinful wanderer showing,
To the blessed Christ, the way.
Still proclaiming the heavenly song—
"Peace on earth, good will to men."
Hear the voice of God's evangel—
In all hearts let Jesus reign!"

P. H. S.

GREENWOOD, Dec. 25th 1861.

For the Middlesex Journal.

SCHOOLS, &c.—For a number of years the several boards of School Committees in this town have labored by annual Reports and otherwise, to bring the evils of the practice of absence and dismissals from school, before the community with a view to their correction. But like noxious plants, it is hard to eradicate them, though their growth may have been checked. Parents agree that such school regulations should be adopted as will most conduce to the progress of the school, yet when such arrangements abridge the liberties of their own children, they sometimes feel that the Committee and teachers are usurping powers which the law does not delegate to them. Yet the Committee are justly held responsible if every hindrance be not removed to the rapid progress of the hundreds of pupils attending the schools. It is a bad practice to allow children to be late at school, or to be dismissed before its close. If not there in season an idle pupil will justify himself in his lessons are not perfectly committed. And it is a fact, that some to avoid a difficult lesson, will obtain a dismissal before it comes on, or absent themselves entirely for the session. The very difficulty which it is important for them to surmount, they are allowed to evade, and the best teachers are thwarted in their purpose of thorough training. If parents could see this evil, and similar ones, as those seen when duty it is to look them in the face daily, the school appropriation might be diminished one-fourth, and our schools make as much advancement as they now do.

All are not aware to what extent the "billet" system is carried on. Let an instance be given. At a visit to one of the schools recently by a member of the board, observing one after another being dismissed, he enquired of the teacher if that practice was common now? to which she replied that it was very common, and very annoying, that during the last term of twelve weeks she received three

hundred written excuses. Now this is one of the smallest of the thirteen schools, containing only about one-seventeenth of the scholars. All the schools may not be equally afflicted, though some are more so. In some cases fifteen or twenty such excuses have been received in a day. But take the figures of the above named school as the basis of calculation, then we have this statement: If one school of twelve weeks produce three hundred excuses, thirteen schools of forty weeks will produce thirteen thousand such excuses. Some schools have been more prolific, and some less than the one named, but the schools will average more than forty weeks to the year, so perhaps it may be safely reckoned that thirteen thousand excuses (as they are termed in our schools) have been received in a single year,—excuses to be relieved from the blessings of the schools.

The following has been one of the regulations of the School Committee for the last five years:—"That teachers be requested not to dismiss pupils before the close of the school, except in extreme cases, without the written request of parents or guardians; and in no case against the best judgment of the teachers." The subject is worthy of an able pen, but hints sometimes are instrumental in hastening remedies.

The following compliment to South Reading and to Massachusetts, is contained in the army correspondence of "Carleton" to the Boston Journal, dated Frederick, Md., Dec. 19th: "I had an invitation to take a dish of baked beans, also a piece of mince pie, baked in a South Reading, Mass. oven, and as different from those greasy, flabby pieces of dough, denominated pies in this section, as rich old wine mellowed by two scores years, is from the sharpest Jersey lightning whiskey." "It is a gratifying sensation for your correspondent to obtain such pies as those which come from Massachusetts, but they do not grow in this latitude."

Members of the Horticultural Society are getting up a club to procure one hundred vines of the Delaware grape, to be forwarded as soon as suitable in the spring. Quite a number of vines of this delicious fruit are already cultivated in town.

The regular meeting of the Home Education Association will be held on Monday evening.

M.

So. READING, Dec. 23, '61.

FRIEND MOODY.—The following letter which I received a few days since from a gentleman who has recently come to war from this place, will have a local interest if it should appear in the Journal. Yours truly, J. D. M.

CAMP ANNAPOLIS, MD.,
Dec. 19th, 1861.

DEAR SIR.—Agreeably to your request I now sit down to give you a short sketch of my journey to the land of "Dixie," and also of my present whereabouts. I left Boston Thursday, Dec. 12th, at 6 o'clock in the evening, from the Providence Depot, in company with seventy-five other recruits, designed for the various regiments now at the seat of war; fourteen of which with myself, were for the 17th Regt. We reached Groton, R. I., at 10 o'clock the same evening. Here we left the cars and took the steamboat "Plymouth Rock" for New York, which place we reached at 5 o'clock Friday A. M., Dec. 13th. We marched from the landing place to the ferry boat "J. C. Derry," which took us across to Jersey City. Here we took the cars again for Philadelphia, which we reached about noon. We passed through this city a distance of about five miles, in the horse cars, when we again took the "steam horse" for Baltimore. We crossed this city and passed through the ever-to-be-remembered "Pratt street." I will here say to the credit of the "Ladies Soldiers' Relief Society," that we were cordially received and well supplied with hot coffee, sandwiches, and many other things which cheered the inner and outer man,—which was far different from what the Mass. 6th received when they passed through here last April, and far more agreeable to us as you may well suppose. We stopped but a few minutes at this place and then took the cars for Annapolis Junction, and passed on our way, the Relay House, of which I had so often heard and read. We arrived at the Junction at 7 o'clock Friday, and intended to have passed directly to Annapolis city, but owing to the cars being about an hour behind the time, we missed the train and were obliged to take up our quarters for the night at this place. Every hotel being full we were obliged to spend the night the best we could, which was rather uncomfortable I assure you. The next morning after partaking of Government rations, we proceeded on our way for Annapolis city, and at half-past 11 o'clock we arrived at that place with a good flow of spirits and in sound health. I am now one mile south-west of the city on as pleasant a camping ground as there is in the Union. There are also ten other regiments located near us. After I arrived here I proceeded to the quarters of Lieut. B. F. Barnard of South Reading, who received me very cordially and with whom I took dinner and supper, and through whose kindness I was assigned a place in tent No. 5, Co. K, with as steady and well behaved a set of men as there is on the field. Friend B. is now in the Commissary department and according to order from the Colonel, read at dress parade yesterday, he has improved things much since being placed there. One word about Suters. From my little knowledge of them, and judging of those of other regiments by the one attached to our own, I would not speak of them so mildly as to call them necessary evils, but rather military curses. Let me explain. There are many luxuries and articles of food which the soldiers have been in the habit of having, but which from the nature of the case, they cannot have in the army. These things can after a short time be dispensed with without injury to health. But these articles many of the soldiers will have if they can get them, without regard to price. The sutlers have them and sell them at an enormous profit. Cheese which is worth seven or eight cents in Boston, they sell for seventeen; butter thirty-five; a piece of tobacco worth

eight cents with you, they sell for twenty; and every thing else in like proportion. But this is not the worst part of the game. If you buy ten cents worth of anything, and you give them a dollar from which to take the pay, they do not give you back ninety cents in change, but tickets which are worthless except to be returned to them in exchange for their goods. This is the way that the poor soldiers are swindled out of their money, while the sutlers rapidly grow rich. I hope for the sake of humanity and justice that Government will either regulate the prices of their goods or else turn them out from the army altogether.

One thing of interest here is the original camp ground of General Washington, which is just outside of our lines. The well which he caused to be dug is still here, and is forty feet deep; and when we came here it was bricked up, but the bricks have since been removed, and used to build chimneys for our cook-houses. There are many things of interest of which I would be glad to write you, and will endeavor to do so as soon as I have a little more leisure.

Respectfully, your friend,
H. L. HASKELL.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

RELIGIOUS.—At the Congregational Church last Sabbath, the pastor officiated in the morning. Text in Philippians 3d Chap., part of 20th verse. "For our conversation is in heaven." The word conversation is more properly translated citizenship. "The Christian Citizen," was the theme of his discourse.

Afternoon, Rev. Mr. Hooker of Medford preached from the Text in Psalms, 30th Chap., part of the 5th verse. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." The uses and benefits of affliction.

LYCEUM.—A meeting of the citizens interested in the formation of a Literary Association, was held on Monday evening last in the lower Lyceum Hall. Salem Wilder officiated as chairman, and Allen P. Boon as Secretary. A Committee appointed at a preliminary meeting, consisting of Messrs. Boon and Stanton, reported a plan of organization, which was taken up, each article separately, and adopted, after various amendments. The name of the association to be the "Winchester Lyceum." Its object is by debates, essays, declamations, lectures, and other exercises to promote the intellectual improvement of its members. Its officers to consist of a President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer and Three Directors to be chosen by ballot on the first meeting in January, April and October, or whenever vacancies occur. The duties of the first four are such as usually pertain to those offices, with the addition in the case of the Assistant that he shall have power to appoint an Secretary to officiate in his absence who shall be responsible to him. The Directors in the absence of the President and Vice President, shall preside in the order of their election, and they are authorized to levy such assessments as may be necessary to defray the current expenses of the Society. Any person may become a member by a majority vote of the members present at any regular meeting, signing the Constitution and paying an admission fee of fifty cents. Any person may receive an honorable discharge if square on the books of the Treasurer, and no charge of improper conduct made against him, he may rejoin without fee by signing the Constitution. The meetings of the Society to be every Monday evening, unless otherwise ordered.

From the discussion upon the various points in the Constitution it was apparent, that the Society has already good material in its ranks, sufficient to make its meetings interesting and profitable. A Committee consisting of Messrs. Norton, Wadleigh and Wilder, were chosen to report a list of officers for the association at the meeting on Monday evening next at the same place, at 7 o'clock. Let all who feel an interest in the objects of this organization, who desire not only to benefit themselves, but the young men in our community who are subject to many temptations which beset their path, come forward and give their names and influence to its support.

SOLDIERS' AID SOCIETY.—The interest in the good work of this Society continues unabated, and the weekly meetings are as fully attended and made as profitable, if not more so, than at first. As an evidence of this another invoice of articles was sent away this week. They were packed in one box and two barrels, and the contents were as follows, viz: 7 quilts, 3 blankets, 21 pillows, 41 pillow-cases, 16 cotton-flannel night-shirts, 20 pairs cotton-flannel drawers, 6 cotton shirts, 3 dressing gowns, 6 blue flannel shirts, 4 pairs blue flannel drawers, 1 blue woolen jacket, 9 pairs woolen socks, 14 pairs slippers, 41 napkins, 6 towels, 6 pairs scissors, 60 pin balls, rolls of gun-cloth and pieces, 3 bottles of wine, 2 bottles of currant jelly, package of stationery. The donations were forwarded to Mrs. Parkman the Receiving Officer of the Ladies Auxiliary Society, Boston.

CHILDREN'S CONCERT AND CHRISTMAS TREE.—This annual pleasant festival which Mr. J. C. Johnson, prepares for his singing school, which is composed of nearly all the children in town, was observed in the usual manner on Tuesday evening last (Christmas Eve) in the Vestry of the Congregational Church. A portion of the back part of the vestry was reserved for the children, and their seats arranged in the usual form. On each side was a Christmas tree laden with presents; and the iron columns were also ornamented with gifts. At 7 o'clock the children, to the number of some two hundred, marched into the vestry headed by some little boys arrayed in Zouave dress and carrying spears, &c. Most of the children had banners with the insignia of the cross emblazoned upon them, while others bore the flag of the white, red and blue. These banners and flags, with the dresses of the children, so varied in their shape and color presented a very beautiful sight.

[We are compelled for want of time and space, to omit "Excelsior's" report on the programme of the Concert,—Ed.]

At 8 o'clock the concert closed and the presents were distributed by Mr. Johnson assisted by the older girls. This latter part occupied about an hour and afforded infinite delight to the children. As I have said before, I think, Mr. Johnson's labors for the children in this department are deserving of great commendation and it is gratifying to see by the large attendance on this occasion, that his efforts are duly appreciated by the parents. It would be pleasant, if the girls and boys would remain in the school when they reach the ages of 14 years and over, and not feel that they are too old to take part in such an entertainment. It is fortunate that Mr. Johnson is willing to give so much time and labor to the children of our town without remuneration, and all who can, should avail themselves of the opportunity afforded for instruction in singing.

EXCELSIOR.

READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

In the absence of items of news, I send you this week, some scraps from old records which I will denominate—Chapter 2d.

READING, Dec. 13th, 1757.—Samuel Reed wife & one child; Samuel Badger and wife & two children; Josiah Green and wife; Ruth Chandle and child; Elizabeth Tattell were warned to Depart out of this town.

MARCH, 1759.—The persons hereafter named were warned to Depart out of this town of Reading to the several towns to which they severally Belonged, and the warrant Returned to the court, viz: Nathan Easton to pepperell; Andrew Sherron to Marblehead; Mary Pool to Andover; Elenor Larabee to Lynn; Abby Flood to Tuxbury; Benjamin Peale to Salem; Williams to Concord; Joshua Bancroft to Worcester; Mary Hitchens to Lynn; Ephraim twist to Lynn; Reuben Boutwell and two children to Wilmington; Kendall Townsend to Wilmington; Elizabeth Dodge to Dorchester, Canada; Benjamin, ye child of Aaron Eatons, wife to Tompson, Joshua Danforth and wife and three children to Andover.

MAY, 1760.—the persons hereafter named Being warned out of town were Returned to the session of ye Peace:—a child of ye wife of Thomas Richardson from Boston; one Farmer.

JUNE 26, 1771.—Elizabeth Buck warned out of Reading to Wilmington and the Caution Entered By the clerk of the General session of the peace.

SEPTEMBER 21, 1772.—Jacob Carter & Lydia his wife with their children hereafter named that is, Benjamin, Lydia, Mary, Martha, Amos and Kerzia were warned to Depart out of Reading to the town of Woburn; Carter & Familie was taken in By Deacon John Smith, the Caution entered.

1773.—Ephraim Jonson & his familie, James Pool & Ebenezer Richardson to the Place they last came and the Caution Entered April ye 8th, 1773, Ephraim Parker, Constable.

FEB. 1774.—thankful Brown, & abial & John her children, and a young man named Luis that lived with mr. Cornelius Sweetser, warned out of town to Stoneham, by amos Borden Constable.

NOTICE.—Came into the enclosure of the Subscriber on the ninth instant, two Sheep right ear cropped square, the other Sheep right ear notched. The owner is requested to call and pay the cost that has or may arise on said Sheep and take them away. Reading, Aug. 11, 1815, David Weston.

Agreeable to adjournment I have this day sold at public auction a stray heifer taken up on the highway by Morrill Beard. William L. Kidder purchased the heifer at eight dollars that being the highest sum offered. Expenses to Edmon Damon for Keeping said heifer eight

land on the other side of the pond, we shall be in the proud position to demand the respect of all nations of the old world.

A discourse was delivered last Sabbath in one of our churches, on the "Hobbies of men," from which much valuable instruction may be gathered. I think it would be gratifying to some to have a discourse on the hobbies of women by the same author; but whether the audience would be equally large in the latter as in the former case, I of course do not pretend to say.

Allusion was made last week to the subject matter of exchanges. I now desire to add what was then inadvertently omitted, that frequent and cordial exchanges have taken place between the Old South and Baptist pastors. I supply the omission as an act of justice and take pleasure in so doing.

LENO.

Special Notices.

Y. M. L. A.

The first of a course of lectures under the auspices of the

Young Men's Literary Association,

will be delivered by

HON. EDWARD EVERETT,

On Tuesday Evening, December 31st,

in LYCEUM HALL, WOBURN.

SUBJECT—OUR NATIONAL AFFAIRS.

Tickets 15 Cents each.

To be had at the stores and of the members.

Doors open at 7 o'clock.—Lecture will commence at 7½.

WOBURN, Dec. 28th, 1861.

A CARD.

The committee of the Social Festival held by the Baptist church and society on Wednesday evening, desire gratefully to acknowledge their indebtedness to the WOBURN SOCIAL ORCHESTRA who gratuitously gave their services for the occasion, and by the variety and excellence of their music, added greatly to the pleasures of the festival. The committee are persuaded from the frequent commendations bestowed upon the band during the evening, that this expression of their own feelings will be heartily endorsed by all the friends present.

Woburn, Dec. 27th, 1861.

To Consumptives.

The advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption—acted by desire to benefit the afflicted, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will cheerfully send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), free of all bill and explicit directions or preparing and successfully using the same, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,

Williamsburgh,

Kings County, New York.

7-3m*

There is an increasing demand for Homeopathy:

the success of its practitioners over all the other

schools and especially the happy results attending

the administering of the medicines in families who

have adopted it, has led thousands to rely upon it

altogether. There has not probably anything been

done so popular as the introduction of Doct.

Clifford's Homeopathic Remedies, these preparations

put up in convenient form, easy to administer,

and so good in their operations as curative agents

have superseded all other forms of medicine in localities

and they are only to be known, to be adopted

everywhere. They consist of forty different kinds

of medicines for all diseases. We enumerate a few among the list. For fevers and

inflammations, worn fever, colic in children, and

the infirmities of old age, such as rheumatism, cramp

of cold, neuralgia and all nervous affections,

headache, dyspepsia, indigestion, eruptive diseases,

fever and ague, piles, catarrh, whooping cough,

biliousness, etc., etc. they are put up in boxes and

sold for 25 cts. each, they are also sold in cases to

assist the wants of families, price according to the

size, a case of 30 vials sold for \$5. and larger cases,

price in proportion to a full assortment.

For sale at the Woburn Bookstore, M. S. Burr &

Co., Boston, wholesale agents, or sent anywhere

on receipt of price, 25 cts. per box. See that each

box has his name.

Married.

STONE—RICHARDSON. In Winchester, 25th

inst., by Rev. Mr. Bronson, Horace P. Stone of

Woburn, to Miss Ellen Richardson, of Winchester.

Died.

TWEED—In Stoneham, 19th inst., Mrs. Sarah

Tweed, aged 86 years, 6 months. Mrs. Tweed was

the mother of Mr. James Tweed of this town.

ONE PRICE ONLY!

Good Fall and Winter

CLOTHING!

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS!

OVERCOATS!

BUSINESS COATS!

DRESS COATS!

PANTALOONS!

VESTS!

UNDERSHIRTS & DRAWERS!

Shirts, Collars,

Cravats, Stockings,

Gloves, &c.

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES,

Vestings, &c.,

FOR CUSTOM WORK,

MAY BE FOUND AT

MACULLAR, WILLIAMS & PARKER'S,

192 Washington Street,

BOSTON,

9-4w. Opposite the Marlboro' Hotel.

Almanacs for 1862.

LADY'S, OLD FAIRER'S, LEAVITT'S,

and CHRISTIAN ALMANACS for 1862, can

be found at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

JANUARY.	MAY.	JUNE.	SEPTEMBER.
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Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

IN INSOLVENCY: December 25th, 1861.

NOTICE is hereby given that Honorable

WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON, Judge of Court of

Insolvency in and for said County of Middlesex,

has issued a Warrant against the estate of SYL-

VESTER HAINDEN of Reading in said County,

Cabinet Manufacturer, an Insolvent Debtor, and

the payment of any debts, and the delivery of any

Property, belonging to said Insolvent Debtor, to him or for his use, and the transfer of any Prop-

erty by him, are forbidden by law.

A meeting of said Hainden's Creditors will be

held at the Court of Insolvency, to be holden at

Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the

eight day of January next at nine o'clock in the

forenoon, for the proof of debts, and the choice of

an Assignee or Assignees.

JNO. R. DEARBORN,

Deputy Sheriff, Messenger.

13-3 w.

NEW YEAR—1862.

TOYS, FANCY GOODS, &C.

Dolls and Doll Heads in variety, Fruit, Bead,

and Willow Baskets, Cushions, Wax An-

gels, Beads, Drums, Whips, Whistles,

Rattles, Domino Masks, Paper Sol-

dier Zouaves, Fire Engines, Toy

Brushes, Jumping Mice and

Jack, Wagons, Rings,

Harmoniums, "No-

ses," &c., &c.

Alabaster Inkstands, Pearl and Shell Card

Cases, Pearl and Ivory Paper Knives, Domi-

noes, Backgammon Boards and Check-

er Men, Puff Boxes, Watch Stands,

Bracelets, Necklaces, Porte-

monails, Perfumery, Hair

Oils, Extracts, Brush-

es, Combs, &c., &c.

WOBBURN BOOKSTORE.

SPONGE FOR CURRIERS' USE.

JUST received, 500 lbs. of best Curriers' Sponge, which will be sold cheaper than the same article can be purchased for in Boston.

B. W. CONANT.

Woburn, December 7th, 1861.—3 m

A Wonderful Little Microscope.

MAGNIFYING small objects 500 times.

will be sent to any applicant on receipt of

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in silver, and one pink stamp.

Five of different powers for one dollar. Address

MRS. M. S. WOODWARD, Box 153, PHILA-

DELPHIA, PA.

3m-12.

Diaries—1862.

A LOT OF DIARIES FOR 1862, can

be found for sale at

WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

ARMY CHECKER BOOKS.

PERSONS having friends in the army,

will find at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE,

some very convenient ARMY CHECKER BOOKS,

which can be carried in the pocket. It will cost

but NINE CENTS to send this article by mail.

Call and examine.

BOUNTY LAND, PENSIONS, &C.

TO DISABLED SOLDIERS, SEAMEN,

and MARINES, and Widows or other heirs of

those who have died or been killed in the service.

HAS. C. TUCKER, Attorney for Claimants,

Bounty Land and Pension Agent, Washington

City, D.C.

Resoluted to procure for Soldiers, Seamen

and Marines of the present war, who are disabled by

reason of wounds received, or disease contracted

while in service, and Pension Money and

Arrangements of Pay obtained for widows or other heirs

of those who have died or been killed while in service.

Bounty Land procured for services in any of the

other wars.

HAS. C. TUCKER, Washington, D.C.

Also, address MIDDLESEX JOURNAL Office, Wo-

burn, for further information.

GIFT AND JUVENILE BOOKS,

CONSISTING OF "A Gift for You," "Lex-

icon of Ladies Names," "A Popular Gift Book,"

"Sunbeam Paper," Autograph Books, Annals,

&c., "Specimens for Young Eyes," "Ice King,"

"Christmas Stories," and a lot of Libraries

containing a variety of different books.

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BIBLES! BIBLES!!

A LARGE ASSORTMENT of the above

in various styles of Binding, and at all prices,

can be found for sale at WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

GAMES!

A VARIETY OF NEW GAMES—"THE

QUETTES," &c., &c.—can be found at the

WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS.

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is offered for sale at the

WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

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George N. Comer. Price \$1. For sale at

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East Woburn Grocery Store.

H. RAMSDALL informs the inhabitants

of EAST WOBURN that he keeps con-

stantly on hand a large and well selected stock of

GRACKLES, of all descriptions, and of the best

quality; also, Crockery and Glass Ware; all of

which will be sold at the very lowest cash prices.

East Woburn, Sept.

Godey for January,

For sale at WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

Harper for January,

For sale at WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

WILLIAMS & CO.,

No. 65 & 67 Union t., Boston.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Plain & Fancy Tin Ware,

AND DEALERS IN

COOKING AND PARO STOVES.

FOR SALE, THE

FIRST QUALITY KEROSENE OIL,

AT

WAR PRICES,

With good Lamps of all kinds to Match.

Lamps altered to burn Kerosene Oil at short no-

tice.

We also have a

Nice Lantern to Burn Kerosene Oil.

ALL ARE INVITED TO GIVE US A CALL.

WILLIAMS & CO.,

65 AND 67 UNION STREET, BOSTON.

NEW MEDICAL TREATMENT.

The great remedy for the cure of disease.

Hot Air Bath,

OF ROMAN AND TURKISH ORIGIN, IS

NOW IN SUCCESSFUL OPE-

RATION AT

NO. 12 AVON PLACE, BOSTON.

DR. L. TILTON, may be consulted upon

Diseases of the Skin, in every form, such as

Canker, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Ery-

sipelas, Scald-Head, Pimples,

Eruptions of Every Kind.

